

SMART SET

August

25
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*Startling-
Because It's
True*

WHAT WE GIRLS ARE AFTER

* Please Accept Special Offer Below

Kissproof

The
Lipstick that STAYS ON
no matter WHAT one does!

"My DEAR, this new KISSproof LIPstick is simply AMAZING! It stays ON and tells no TALES, if you know what I MEAN! I just put it ON and forGET it. I KNOW my lips will look smartly NATural and youthfully KISSable all day or evening LONG, no matter WHAT I do! I'll NEVER use ORDinary lipstick aGAIN, my dear!"

This magic new lipstick can be obtained at all modern toilet goods counters for 50c. Just be sure the case is stamped "Kissproof". It's worth while insisting on the genuine—ordinary lipstick can NEVER give the same results.

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As a Special Limited Offer we will send you a genuine Kissproof Lipstick in brass case; a Kissproof Compact Rouge complete with mirror and puff; a Kissproof Loose Powder Vanity of Kissproof Face Powder; a charming Loose Powder Paste Rouge; a bottle of Delica Brow with camel's hair brush for applying; all for coupon below and only 30c! Not stingy samples but a whole month's supply of each—the full size packages would cost over \$3.00! In striking New box—ideal for week-ends.

For your beauty's sake please accept this Special Offer. Don't delay. Send coupon before you forget. Kissproof are nature's own cosmetics—made to enhance natural youthful beauty. And how they stay on!

* Special Offer Coupon

(Mailed same day receives)

Kissproof, Inc., Dept. C-132
3012 Clybourn Ave., Chicago, Ill.
For 30c enclosed (stamps or coins can be safely sent) send Kissproof Treasure Chest as outlined above. Include 16-page booklet, "Clever Makeup—Nine-tenths of Beauty," and 8 x 10 Art Print of Kissproof Girl, free. I use

☐ Flush ☐ White ☐ Brunette
☐ Ivory Face Powder (Check which)

Name _____

Address _____

Free!

8 x 10 Art Print of Kissproof Girl, printed in 12 colors, included free with your Kissproof Treasure Chest. Mailed for framing.

Does the young wife know more about feminine hygiene?



— or the woman who is a little older?

YEARS ALONE do not bring knowledge when it comes to such intimate subjects as feminine hygiene. The younger woman may belong to a circle less given to whispering, less given to mystery. And members of this younger set often surprise the woman in her thirties by their open-eyed familiarity with these matters—a familiarity which completely overshadows the half-truths and misleading information that were current a few years ago.

So the days of furtive secrecy are gone and the real mother rejoices that her daughter can face such facts more frankly than the older generation.

The shadow cast by a constant dread

Every married woman knows the feeling of dread which has surrounded this whole question ever since she can remember. She has seen bottles in the homes of her friends. Bottles bearing the hideous skull-and-crossbones. Bottles containing bichloride of mercury and various com-

pounds of carbolic acid. Bottles at which doctors and nurses shake their heads disapprovingly.

And yet, if these poisons are not used, how is *any* woman to obtain real, surgical cleanliness?

Why Zonite is supplanting these poisons

Where so great a need existed, there was bound to be an answer. In this case the answer was *Zonite*, the great, new personal antiseptic. And not only an antiseptic, but a germicide. *Zonite* actually kills germs — stamps them out completely.

With *Zonite*, no woman need have any fears. It will not harden the delicate membranes. It will not cause areas of scar-tissue. It will not lead to accidental poisoning if swallowed by mistake. *Zonite* is a godsend to every woman in the country.

This remarkable antiseptic is ab-

solutely non-poisonous, absolutely non-caustic, absolutely harmless to body tissues, in every phase of its use. It can even be held in the mouth; in fact dentists are prescribing it for oral hygiene and using it in their own homes.

Yet *Zonite* is actually *far stronger* than any dilution of *carbolic acid* that can be allowed on the body!

This free booklet answers all questions

You will find the whole subject of feminine hygiene covered in the special booklet mentioned in the coupon below. A booklet that has set at rest the fears of thousands of women. Frank and authoritative. And *free*. Send for it today. *Zonite Products Corporation*, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

* * *

Use *Zonite Ointment* for burns, scratches, sunburn, etc. Also as a powerful deodorant in *vanishing cream form*. Large tube, 50c.



ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Please send me free copy of the *Zonite* booklet or booklets checked below.

- ☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

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(In Canada: 165 Dufferin Street, Toronto)

JUN 30 1928

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SMART SET

WILLIAM C. LENGEL
Editor

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Cover Design Painted by Henry Clive

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS, Who Ought to Know
Begins Next Month a New Series on

What Every Woman Wants to Know
The First Being What CLEOPATRA Knew About IT

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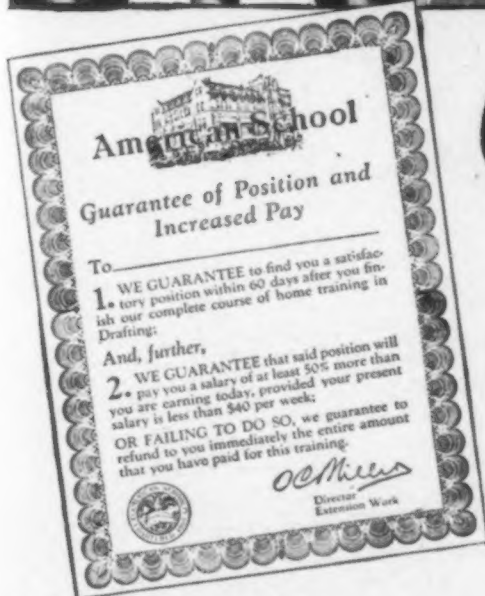


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PREPARING you to fill a fine Drafting job at a substantial raise in pay...

Employment

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Come into Drafting!

Men who can read blue-prints and draw plans are "sitting pretty" these days. No wonder, when you consider that every machine, every building, all industrial activities start on the Drafting table! Intensive production, record-breaking construction operations, have created a great demand for expert Draftsmen capable of designing and calculating original plans.

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Get this point—that Drafting isn't just one line of work—it reaches out into the Electrical, Manufacturing, Building Construction, Automotive and Structural industries. That is why you'll find well-paid Drafting positions advertised in all industrial centers of the U. S. 70,000 vacancies reported in the past 12 months. And that is why I advise men to go into Drafting, particularly if handicapped by lack of high-school or college education. Today you are in competition with high-school and college graduates for the better-paid jobs. You must have specialized training to win.

The Entering Wedge to Success in all Building and Manufacturing Lines

I recommend Drafting, too, because it can be QUICKLY learned at home, in spare time—without quitting your job, without losing a day's time or a dollar in pay. Because you're sure there will be a good position waiting when you are ready for it. And because the work is so fascinating and offers better-than-ordinary chances for advancement. For the Draftsman is in close contact with important work and BIG MEN, and he is right in line for promotion to Superintendent and other executive positions.

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to prove you can learn at home, in your spare time!

You will never have a more serious personal problem than deciding your future life-work—so we merely urge you to LOOK INTO

Drafting. See how you like it, see if you learn as readily as most men do, get the facts about the opportunities, the salaries paid, the jobs open, the chances for promotion. This is why, on receipt of your name, we will send you the first three lessons of our Drafting course without cost or obligation.

'A Drafting Job GUARANTEED paying 50% more than you earn today—or not a penny of cost!

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Please send without cost or obligation:

1. Three Drafting Lessons.
2. Facts about the opportunities in Drafting.
3. Your Guarantee to train and place me under money-back penalty.

Name

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Age.....Occupation.....

One Flew East and One Flew West



ONE found what he was looking for; the other never did. One flew with unerring instinct straight to the City of Heart's Desire; another flapped around aimlessly, lost his sense of direction and came fluttering home at last with a broken wing. That's what happens when every brood of young things scatters. You've seen it happen in your own home, your own school and your own office. In every group some inevitably turn to success, some to failure—some fly east and some fly west. Which way are you flying?



WHAT happens to all the beautiful girls who come to Broadway to go on the stage? Some get there and some don't of course! Some fly east and some fly west! Are the ones who succeed more beautiful, more talented than the others or just lucky? Are the ones who fail all birds of a feather who flew the wrong way? If you have any stage ambitions yourself, or even if you are just humanly interested in the fate of these beautiful creatures of brilliant plumage don't miss the article by Mark Hellinger

Ten Darlings of Broadway

In September SMART SET

DOES the modern girl need her wings clipped? Is she flying too fast and too far in the wrong direction? You'd hardly expect to hear a modern boy say, "Yes," emphatically, would you? But that's exactly what one modern boy is going to say in September SMART SET. Cornell Woolrich has written two successful novels—not all about boys either. He knows you girls and he doesn't mind telling you that the boys aren't so crazy about some of the things you do. Maybe his article will make you hopping mad but even if it does you really can't afford to miss

Girls, We're Wise to You

By CORNELL WOOLRICH

In September SMART SET

YOU know all about the theory of companionate marriage but how does it work out? Who can tell better than the most famous pair that have tried it? Are they glad they did it? Would they do it over again if they knew all they know now about its advantages and disadvantages? Would they recommend it to others? Well, you'll see when you read

Ask Us About Companionate Marriage We Know!

By JOSEPHINE HALDEMAN-JULIUS
and AUBREY ROSELLE

In September SMART SET

DID you ever know a girl who was so very, very good that she would go to almost any length to avoid the breath of suspicion? And did you ever know that same little girl to grow so very, very lonely for the companionship that money couldn't buy that she forgot to be conventional and followed a generous human impulse that led her straight to happiness. If you've ever tried hard to fly east when you really wanted to fly west you'll love this story of a good girl who surprised herself by running after a good boy. It's by the author of that delightful book, "Bad Girl." Yes, we mean

A Lady With Money

VINA DELMAR'S Story

In September SMART SET

HOW do birds fly in the mating season? First east, then west? Or do they keep in constant pursuit of one bird regardless of direction? That seems to be the way the pair of dazzlers behind the cosmetic counter of the Gotham Drug Company doped it out. Wherever that cuckoo bird, Jerry the pugilist, winged his way, there darted Seena in swift pursuit. You see she wanted to go into the nest-building business with Jerry. How Alyse, the other dazzler, feathered her nest you'll find out when you read

Ain't Nature Wonderful?

In September SMART SET

WHAT does every woman want to know? The way to the City of Heart's Desire of course! The way to the heart of a man! Why do so many fail to reach it? Because they fly east when they should fly west. They are bossy when they should be submissive, possessive when they should be understanding, jealous when they should be tolerant, critical when they should be flattering. But can a woman learn all these things? "She can," says Adela Rogers St. Johns and she's going to tell you how in "What Cleopatra Knew About IT," the first of the articles on

What Every Woman Wants to Know

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

In September SMART SET

Whether you are flying east or west in this vacation season don't forget to take a copy of September SMART SET which will be on all the newsstands August first

The Greatest Human Interest Life Story Ever Written

*J*ACK GILBERT, the idol of Movieland, has written an astonishing autobiography for PHOTOPLAY. This remarkable life story, told with amazing color and candor, is now running in PHOTOPLAY. Get the newest issue of PHOTOPLAY on the news-stands and read the first-hand confessions of Jack Gilbert. Every word was written by the movie star himself.



*T*WO big prize contests are running in every issue of PHOTOPLAY. \$5,000 in cash prizes will be paid by PHOTOPLAY for solutions in its big cut-face puzzle contest. \$500 in cash prizes is being paid every month for the cleverest solutions in PHOTOPLAY'S Nutty Biography contest. Both of these contests offer fascinating games for movie enthusiasts.

Photoplay Magazine

Now on Sale at all News-stands

Prize Contest Awards

Do Decent People Like Wild Parties?

PRIZE WINNING LETTERS

SMART SET gave its readers an opportunity to express their opinions after reading T. Howard Kelly's article about wild parties. And SMART SET's readers have gone SMART SET one better in sending in letters that are so well written, so thoughtfully worked out, and so interesting that they made picking the winners an exceedingly difficult task. The attitude of our readers toward wild parties is very well expressed in the letter of one of the winners who says, "A snappy party now and then is relished by the best of men." That seems to be the essence of all the letters submitted by our contestants. Nine out of ten readers feel that every girl or boy—and elders too—should have a fling now and then, and that a wild party is one of the best ways to let off steam.

THE first prize winner has put into words the younger generation's attitude toward life in general and wild parties in particular:

"The world, at least a large portion of it, has succumbed to the lure of jazz. And what is jazz? The expression of the primitive, the elemental, the beast, the hoodlum child, within men and women. We are pagans way down at the core of us. But thousands of years of civilization have produced culture, refinement, respect for others, in short, have set our feet on the mountain trail to ultimate perfection.

"But every now and then some group of mankind gets tired of the long steep trail—it is difficult!—and slides down again to wallow in the valley mud. Even the older generation feels the unrest. I can't sit still at one of these parties given by nice folks still trying desperately to cling to the old standards. I want the low laughter, the soft music, the noise, the wail of 'blue' saxophones, feet stamping, hands clapping, the intoxicating rush to one's head, the insane desire to do something different, something wild. Wild Parties. All a discordant, crashing prelude to what? Destruction? Oblivion? Are we, as a country, as a race, going to the dogs? I don't know; none of us knows. It's got us, this wild-party stuff. But I think we shall eventually come back to simple, useful living when this wild impulse dies. Many have, already."

THEN again, another of our readers claims that it is advertisement and exaggeration, plus a larger and looser degree of sophistication that accounts for the wild parties. Here is what he says about "we youngsters."

"Do decent people like wild parties? No, not if they are decent. The devil in the best of us likes to come out for an airing occasionally, but decent people keep the old boy under control. That is what is meant by refinement and self-discipline.

"Old rounders we have always had with us. Their manner of disporting is all that has changed, and obviously, they advertise it more freely and openly now than ever before.

"I have heard my grandfather tell of his wild parties and he was born a hundred years ago; and my father of his, and he was born before the Civil

War. Parties we have nowadays; wild women, too. But remove the publicity and the present generation wouldn't be so terrible."

The prize winners in this contest are:

FIRST PRIZE, \$15

Evelyn Hawisher, Lima, Ohio

SECOND PRIZE, \$10

Jack Grey, Mount Pleasant, Iowa

THIRD PRIZE, \$5

Opal Nugen, Arkansas City, Kansas

TEN \$1 WINNERS

Barbara Rowe, St. Louis, Mo.

Genevieve Hayes, Springfield, Mass.

Jack D. Brooks, Newagen, Me.

Sam Cavite, San Francisco, Cal.

John W. Floyd, San Francisco, Cal.

Nan Silver, San Francisco, Cal.

T. M. Kern, Oakland, Cal.

Dorothy May, Colorado Springs, Colo.

Eleanor R. DeRose, Bellwood, Ill.

Eva L. Dunbar, Oakland, Cal.

Are These College Girls Typical?

PRIZE WINNING LETTERS

WHEN SMART SET published the first instalment of Warner Fabian's story, "Unforbidden Fruit," little did we dream that such a flood of letters would find its way into our offices, heaping compliments on Mr. Fabian for his vivid, true-to-life picture of life in a girls' college. However, our readers didn't all agree when we started a contest built around the three heroines of the story. But let these readers tell you, in their own words, just why they do or do not think Verity, Sylvia, and Sara are typical college girls.

The first prize winner states emphatically that these three girls are friends of hers, that she knows them better than Mr. Fabian, that she herself is one of them. Here is her letter:

"I am ever so glad SMART SET has decided to weave a contest around this story because it gives me an opportunity to express an opinion that has been in my mind since I began reading Mr. Fabian's characteristic, college-life story, 'Unforbidden Fruit.'

"You will find in every nine colleges out of ten in the United States my three very good friends: Sylvia, Sara and Verity. What college hasn't its Sylvia Hartnett whose subtle beauty and irresistible personality make her the chosen leader of her 'dorm'? Or mention the college that hasn't a Sara La Lond, a girl who makes a few friends but makes a friend for life when she does make one. And tell me the college that is minus a flirtatious, dramatic Verity Clarke.

"But I know these girls not only from the life-like pages of SMART SET; I meet them, speak to them, eat with them, sleep with them and play with them every day of my college life.

"You see, I can say very truthfully that these three friends of mine I know so well in SMART SET, Sylvia, Sara, and Verity, are typical girls' college types. And let me go down on record as saying that SMART SET has portrayed these girls in a realistic, beautiful, entertaining and interesting manner."

BUT then we have the other side of the case. The second-prize winner does not believe the girls in "Unforbidden Fruit" are

typical, but types of the present day girl.

"Are the college girls in 'Unforbidden Fruit' typical? No, not typical. It would be more honest to say they are types. There are as many kinds of college girls as there are many kinds of girls everywhere else. The gay, irresponsible girls like Starr, the scholarly but magnetic-personality ones like Sara, the daringly, beautiful, dual-souled ones like Sylvia, and the normal, good-fellow girls like Verity, can be found in any women's dormitory. But you will also find the all-round girl in goodly numbers, one who combines the gaiety with love of books and study, personal beauty with a real capacity for intellectual eagerness and for doing something worth while. You will find the grinds, the girls who turn their minds and bodies into machines and come out Phi Betes. You will find the purely athletic type, the purely intellectual, the purely flapper. You will find all sorts of modifications and combinations."

It certainly is too bad that space doesn't permit our publishing more of the letters our readers submitted—especially those of the other prize winners. They are all carefully thought out, and they are honest opinions. SMART SET takes this opportunity to thank its many readers who participated in these two contests. And don't forget the big contest which closes the twentieth day of August, and for which you must submit a letter of not more than a thousand words telling SMART SET what story, feature or article you liked best and why, in the May, June, July and August issues. Good luck!

The prize winners in this contest are:

FIRST PRIZE, \$15

Helen Sieb, New Paltz, N. Y.

SECOND PRIZE, \$10

Janice Meredith Goodrich, University of Vermont, Burlington, Vermont

THIRD PRIZE, \$5

Evelyn Kredell, Illinois University, St. Louis, Mo.

TEN \$1 PRIZE WINNERS

Barbara Bauer, Tyler, Texas

Vera Boxell, Ball Teachers College, Muncie, Ind.

Kathryn R. Dodge, Orleans, Vermont

Alice Snow, Washington Square College, Woodside, L. I.

Inez Woodard, Boulder Creek, Cal.

Vivian McCullough, Ardmore, Okla.

Jewel Rose, Canyon, Texas

Rosetta Brown, Boulder Creek, Cal.

Ruth Paul, Milwaukee, Wis.

Hazel V. Stutzman, Sidman, Pa.

Aleck Smart's Limerick Contest

ALECK SMART'S Limerick Contest brought us the usual number of lines from bashful poets. You poets are such sensitive creatures it's too bad we can't give you all a prize so your feelings won't be hurt—but if you didn't win this time don't cry. We'll run some other contests for you some day. The first prize goes to:

Mrs. W. F. Axelby, Greenfield, Mass.

The one dollar prizes go to:

Mrs. Dan Dyer, Los Angeles, Cal.

Octavia L. Kadow, Manitowoc, Wis.

Josephine Humphrey, Los Angeles, Cal.

L. A. Wachlin, Sayville, N. Y.

George W. Fink, Tuscaloosa, Ala.

ANNOUNCING THE NEW McCLURE'S A MAN'S MAGAZINE

TIMES change so fast. Significant events pile one on top of the other from week to week. Note just a few of the changes that have happened in the last ten years. From a painful business depression we in America have soared into an era of tremendous prosperity that is being echoed throughout the world.

Lindbergh, an obscure mail pilot, flies the Atlantic alone, becomes one of the greatest heroes in history, and millions of young men seek to emulate him—not only in some modest achievement, but in spiritual standards for young men.

AMERICA is the happiest nation on earth—perhaps, on the whole, the happiest that ever existed. It is a nation built on business, and the men who are developing that business and carrying it on are not mere dollar-chasers. They are builders of happiness for themselves and for millions of others.

McCLURE'S will be a man's magazine, because people are more interested in *men* than ever before. The recent success of the new form of biography proves that. I believe that we have a new valuation of the power of personality for achievement. By that I do not mean achievement in business alone. Achievement in politics, in the arts and in the sciences.

I do not mean that McCLURE'S will not interest women. Look about you and note the interest that the modern woman is taking in achievement and the part she is playing in it. She has a new conception of her own happiness. She, too, wants to achieve and wants to know the real basis of accomplishment.

The flapper is gone. A new and finer type of young womanhood has taken her place. It didn't take mil-

lions of our young women long to realize that they were on the wrong track, and the trend is back to femininity.

I HAVE always admired McCLURE'S and its spirit. When I was a young reporter it was my greatest ambition to write for it. Reference to the files of McCLURE'S Magazine in its early days shows one thing with surprising clearness: It was strictly in pace with the tempo of the times. The ten years ending in 1908 were marked by an almost unbelievable expansion, enterprise and growth in this country. Sam McClure caught the spirit, and the pace his magazine set was terrific. It was a success because it could be read without any loss of the tension to which the majority of the people were keyed.

A MAGAZINE can succeed only when it is keyed to the spirit of its expected readers. Today the tempo is extremely fast and young men, middle-aged men, girls and women are too busy seeking a career, too intent on making good, to have patience with any reading matter that does not entertain or help them.

It is a mighty delicate proposition for any publisher to attempt to outline a definite and permanent policy on any publication. It must keep pace with changing times and events.

History is going a mad pace. But men and women are synchronizing themselves to it with little difficulty.

McCLURE'S will try to pace itself with its readers; that means a tempo faster than the average magazine is hitting. The issue of the magazine now on the newsstands will show better what I mean than anything I can write about it. I wish you would read it.

JAMES R. QUIRK, *Publisher*

Every Ambitious Girl Owes It to Her Man to Tell Him About

THE NEW McCLURE'S

On Sale Today At All Newsstands

How Long can LOVE Last?

Could your love survive Unfaithfulness?

...Some women say, "Perhaps."

Would you hold true through failure?

...Some wives say, "I would."

But would you stick to your man if you found he was a THIEF?

...Most women say — "Never!" — But Mary Randall says:



There are some Movies you can't AFFORD to miss. Colleen Moore in "Happiness Ahead" is one of them. It has everything you want in a Motion Picture—amazing real-life drama—high romance—delicious comedy—and "the greatest box-office star in pictures"!

MY little birthday party for 'Babe' was at its height... We were so very happy — just married two weeks, you know... And then in the very midst of it THEY came for him!... 'He's Wanted—for grand larceny!' said one of my terrible unbidden guests... All my dreams seemed to crash to little pieces. I could almost see them lying broken and dejected at my feet!"

That is how lovely, innocent little Mary felt when

she faced a terrible love-test before which wiser women would have cringed.

If you want to know how truly great Love can be, see the surprising way in which Mary meets this crisis and the amazing developments that follow, in "Happiness Ahead."

With Edmund Lowe. From the story by Edmund Goulding. Scenario by Benjamin Glazer. A William A. Seiter Production.

Keep Smiling!

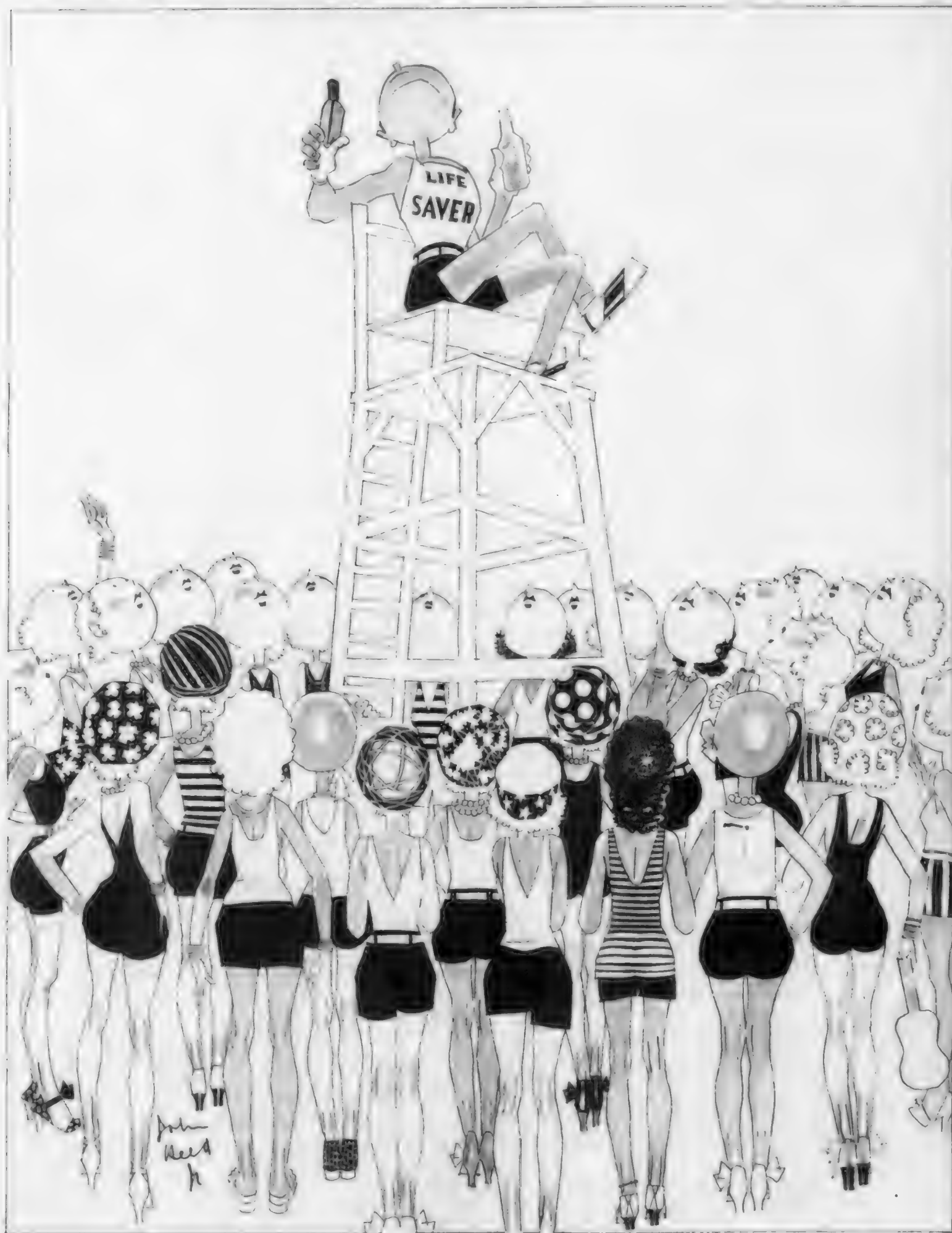
There's Happiness Ahead for you, in this and dozens of other great

**First
National
Pictures**

coming this Summer and Fall! Watch for them... They take the Guess-work out of "Going to the Movies."

John McCormick presents
Colleen Moore
in
"HAPPINESS AHEAD"

JOHN HELD'S Own Page of Wit and Humor



R~R~R~Romance!

*He Was 18
And His Mother
Still Had Him Tied
To Her Apron-Strings
But What Chance
Has a Mother
Against a
Red-Headed Girl?*



MAMA'S BOY

HE WAS so good-looking and well-dressed and athletically trim that it seemed a shame for him to be scowling bitter black rebellion at the sidewalk, so early in the morning. Especially on such a glorious spring morning with the sunshine, as clear and as heady as Rhine wine, dripping down through the trees.

Yet scowling he was, and almost on the verge of tears. Not baby tears—a boy who could heave the discus further than anyone else in Central High School wouldn't cry baby tears—but reluctant, stinging tears of helpless shame and futile resentment.

Perry Clinton, age eighteen, weight one hundred and fifty, height five-eleven, resented being bossed by his mother. Bossed, dominated, and imposed upon!

Not that she was mean to him! Perry often wished she would do or say something really harsh that he might have grounds to take out on her the accumulated rebelliousness which had been smoldering beneath his pleasant and rather mild exterior for much longer than even he suspected.

One might suppose that Perry would finally have learned that his flights toward independence stood no chance of getting past the disciplinary fly-swatter of his maternal Mussolini. But the spirit of long-suffering late John Clinton lived on in his tall hard-shouldered son and seemed never to give up hope, as John in flesh had done about the time the ink got dry on the marriage certificate.

Perry's latest fumbling at revolt had been that very morning, at breakfast, when he asked if he might use the car occasionally. Why not, now that he was a Senior in a really spuzzey high school and was being invited to parties where an

auto was as essential as a pocket-flask, which is to say it was somewhat more necessary than trousers?

His mother looked at him across the breakfast table. "I don't think you'd better," she said and her dominating gray eyes ground down his courage. "The hill traffic is dangerous at night and besides, Perry, I let you drive when we're out together."

"Aw, it isn't just the driving, Mom; it's having a car like the other fellows, to use when I want it. Makes me feel like a penny waiting on change always to have to date double, and bum a ride any time the gang goes anywhere."

"Why, I should think you'd like to have another couple along when you go out in the evening," his mother said.

AND the interview, Perry reflected, had ended then, there, quietly, without jarring, yet with the dismal finality of the last screw in a coffin lid. It maddened and swung him more than an open brawl.

Hence the morning scowl of bitter black rebellion at the sun-puddled sidewalk in a land where, if real estate brochures are to be believed, happy children are growing at the rate of approximately one inch per hour, and birds are falling out of the trees exhausted by joyful song.

Perry raised his head and sighed. He squared his remarkably broad shoulders and tried to appear less unhappy. He succeeded in carrying himself more jauntily and even whistled a little, but in his heart he was still brooding over the unexciting conventionality of his life in general, and in particular the feeling of caged impotence engendered by that breakfast conversation.

A New Story of High School Life

By ROBERT S. CARR

Just Out of High School Himself

With Drawings
from Life
By C. R. CHICKERING



"Hey you!" called Mickey and tooted the horn in a funny little syncopation. "I'll fix that little hussy!" said Eleanor Clinton. She started to raise the window but Perry stopped her. "Gosh, Mom, don't yell out of the window at her," he said. "That's awful!"

"Hey you!" hailed a husky feminine voice to him just then. Perry started and turned. A flame-colored roadster squealed to a halt beside the curb. Out of it leaned a girl with wild hair that flamed the roadster into dull inconspicuousness.

"Say," she continued in that deliciously husky voice, "can you drive?"

Perry looked at her for three seconds without even breathing. Then he said, "Yes!" quite loudly, and his heart began

to rise in his throat like the mercury in a thermometer.

"Then hop in and help a guy out," she said. She flung open the door and slid over in the seat out from under the steering-wheel.

Slowly Perry crossed the grass-plot to the curb and put one timid hand on the door. His eyes did not leave hers. There was a breezy recklessness about her that called to the rebelliousness in him.

"Come on!" she insisted. "I need a chauffeur and I'm in a hurry."

Perry got in and shut the door, partly because he was used to taking orders from a woman, partly because he was adolescent enough to be egotistical and easily touched on the matter of his driving, but mostly because it was spring and the girl had red hair.

"I'm twenty minutes late at the field right now," the girl said as he drove carefully off, "and it takes me about half that long to get into my flying togs, so if you'll pay just as much attention to the outside scenery as possible, I'll save those ten minutes." She reached down and unbuckled a slipper.

He felt her moving and twisting on the seat beside him, and occasionally her shoulder or elbow would bump him. He



"Jump!" Mickey shouted. Perry scrambled out of the cockpit. One! His breath choked off! Two! Three! He pulled the knotted cord of the parachute

knew she pulled a thick woolly sweater on over her head because the cuff of one sleeve slapped his ear.

"You can peek now if you want to," she said presently.

He turned and looked at her. She was tugging the snug brown cover-all suit up around her shoulders and worming her arms into the sleeves. She had a careless little face with clear tanned skin and cool blue eyes. Her wrists and hands were brown too, and looked strong.

"What's your name, boy?" she asked.

HE GRINNED, which made him feel much better. "Mine's Perry. What's yours, girl?"

"Mickey. Isn't that a terrible name?"

"I don't think so," said Perry.

Their eyes caught and clung. Something invisible but powerful flashed between them, as between two electrical contact points. Mickey's red lips parted slightly, and her breath quickened. Perry, rapt-eyed and oblivious went through a boulevard stop sign. A raucous chorus of indignant auto horns brought him to his senses with a painful crunch, but he was frightened more than a little before he slowed down.

Mickey looked up from lacing a pair of high soft leather boots and frowned impatiently. "Give her the gun and zoom some of this traffic!" she said. Then she translated, "I mean, step on the gas and don't be afraid to pass a few cars."

Perry accelerated manfully, but he had learned to drive to the accompaniment of "Slow! Careful! Keep your foot on the brake," so he hesitated at a corner to give the right of way to a motorist who shouldn't have had it. He edged timidly to the left of the slow truck ahead, but because there was another car approaching he dropped meekly back in line.

Mickey looked at him sharply. "What's the matter? Haven't you got any nerve?"

Perry flinched and tightened his lips. He said nothing, but he swerved out around the truck in a savage roar of speed that drove the approaching car frantically to the curb. The fenders raked lightly. He cut in ahead of the truck so sharply as to bring a spattering of oaths from the driver.

The radiator was boiling by the time they reached the flying field, and so was Perry. He had never dreamed that he could drive like that. It gave him a tingling, swaggering feeling that was new and delightful. He flashed Mickey a triumphant look as he parked the car in the grass by the fence.

But she paid not the slightest attention. Almost before the car had stopped moving she was over the side, running toward the middle of the field, where there were two planes and some people were waiting.

Perry shut off the motor and walked after her uncertainly. He saw her talking with a man in puttees who was probably the director. She carefully inspected a bulky pack that was handed to her, strapped it on her shoulders, and climbed into the cockpit of the smaller plane. A camera man and the director got into the other. Mechanics twirled propellers, and they took off together with a roar of wind and two little cyclones of dust.

Perry watched them climb and circle in the sun to get the proper lighting. He saw a tiny figure crawl over the edge of the cockpit of the smaller plane and walk, dark against the sky, out on the wing. Midway it stopped, crept to the perilous edge, poised and exchanged signals with the pilot.

Suddenly it stepped off, backwards, feet first. It made a little streak against the sky as it

fell. Then it put forth a quick shoot of fluttering white that clung and fattened in the air, suddenly to bloom into a full round blossom. The plummetlike drop became a serene downward sailing. The figure swung like the pendulum on a fancy clock. As it neared the earth it waved its legs exuberantly. It lit in a neighboring field with the white parachute bobbing and wallowing like a live thing.

Not until he saw her actually standing up did Perry relax his agonized tenseness. "Whew!" he gasped, and wiped his forehead on his sleeve. The gesture brought his wrist-watch within range of his eye and he saw that it was eleven o'clock.

WITH a heavy cold feeling of apprehensive guilt he realized that this was the first time in his life he had ever played hookey from school, or gone very far without his mother's consent. His teachers would demand an excuse. His mother would find out. She would make him tell her! He paled a little. And add to that the perfectly natural nervous reaction from his most unnatural spurt of daring on the drive out, plus the breath-taking ordeal of Mickey's parachute drop, and it equals a rather weak and washed-out Perry standing in the grass of a perfectly strange flying field a long, long way from home and school.

Mickey came climbing over the fence, carrying the parachute like an armload of laundry and Perry ran to help her. She met him with a quick smile. Her face was rosy flushed from the drop and her close-fitting canvas helmet framed it like a picture in a locket.

"You sure saved my life by driving me out here," she said. "The director told me that if he had had to wait one minute longer it would have been just too bad for little me."

Speechless with a fearful sort of respect for her, Perry took the bundlesome 'chute out of her arms and together they walked over to meet the smaller plane as it taxied in and stopped. The pilot, a wiry fellow with a wee mustache, leaped out and slapped Mickey admiringly on the back. He seemed to know her quite



"Now let me take you for a ride," Mickey said, "up where there's no traffic." After a gulp Perry stammered out that which he would rather cut his tongue off than say—"I'm afraid my mother wouldn't like it." When Mickey saw that he was serious she burst into merrily scornful laughter. "Your mother wouldn't like it?" she said. "Why, you poor little thing!"

well, which made Perry wild with an emotion he could not name. He dumped the 'chute on the ground and stood there uselessly.

Mickey turned from laughing with the pilot to Perry. She laid one slim hand upon the cockpit of the plane. "Now let me take you for a ride," she said, "up where there's no traffic. Want to?"

Perry opened and closed his mouth twice, silently. Then he shook his head and backed away from her a few inches.

"Why not?" she demanded.

And after a gulp or two Perry stammered out that which he would have cut his tongue off rather than say—"I'm afraid my mother wouldn't like it."

Mickey peered at him incredulously. When she saw that he was serious she burst into merrily scornful laughter. "Your mother wouldn't like it?" she said. "Why, you poor little thing!"

SHE was laughing to herself even after they had gotten into her roadster. Perry slumped silently, helplessly, beside her as she drove, humiliation crawling over him like a horde of savage ants. He was not aware when she stopped laughing and began to study his face. He did not see the amused derision go out of her eyes and sympathetic interest come in. All he heard was her husky voice, softened surprisingly to ask:

"Really and truly, a great big buck like you, tied to his mother's apron-strings?"

Her sympathy brought instant response. He lifted his face. "Oh, not exactly that," he began, "but—but—" And suddenly it welled up and spilled over, the jeremiad of his wing-shorn youth. He told her of his resentfulness, his futile strivings against the velvet-padded stone wall of his matriarchy.

By the time Mickey stopped the roadster in front of his house she had heard enough to melt her cool blue eyes and make a dangerously thin line out of her full red lips. She yanked on the hand brake and faced him grimly.

"Listen here," she said sternly, "did you really want to go up in the plane out there at the field?"

"Well," said Perry, "yes."

"Did your mother ever tell you not to ride in planes?"

"No, but she would."

"As long as she didn't, though, you wouldn't have been disobeying her. And the danger of her ever finding out would have been somewhat less than the well-known one-tenth of one per cent. So why didn't you?"

She had curled up on the seat, her left arm hanging across the steering wheel, her hair very red in the sun, and as she talked she leaned earnestly toward him.

He found himself caring little about what she said and much about her lips. He reached for one of her hands as it lay along the back of the seat toward him. She withdrew it. The little gesture discouraged him.

"I better go in," he said. "My mother will see me out here in the machine and have a caterpillar."

"Your mother," Mickey said "has already seen us. In fact, she's making perfectly terrible faces at me from the front hall window right now. Listen, that woman has got you bluffed, that's all. You have nerve. You've proved that to me but it's hidden down deep in you. Something's got to wake it up, drag it out, put it on its feet. I'm going to be that something. Will you follow directions?"

Perry nodded like a mechanical doll. Her blue eyes

held him. He could not utter a single word in answer. "Oke!" she said. "Now when you go in the house you're going to get it in the neck bad, aren't you?"

"I suppose so," he admitted.

"Do you only suppose so? We'll have to make sure. The way to do that is—is—let me see . . . Oh, for you to kiss me good-by! That'll make her awful jealous. It always makes bossy mothers jealous to see their sons kissing girls. Come on,



Finally Perry turned around. It was his mother, almost in tears. "Perry," she wailed. "You're all over dirt!" "Sure," he said. "Just did a little parachute drop"

Mickey into his arms with a cave-man vigor that wrung a gasp even from her, the little dare-devil. It was practically the first time Perry had ever really kissed a girl; certainly the first time he had kissed a red-headed girl, and he went at it as if it might be his last.

"Hey you!" came a muffled voice. "This was s'posed to be just an exhibition kiss. Let me go!" She pushed against his chest and freed herself but she was smiling happily in spite of her pretended indignation.

She started the motor, her blue eyes sparkling with warmth and with moisture. "Now go in the house," she directed, "and when your mother starts reading you the riot act, assert yourself. Don't be impudent or anything foolish, but just let her know that the declaration of independence has been signed. Tomorrow's Saturday and I'll be around for you first thing in the morning. We'll go out to the field, swipe Hal's plane, and go up and turn a dozen loops! So long and good luck!" The roadster shot off.

Eleanor Clinton opened the door before her son was halfway up the steps. She met him considerably more than halfway across the front porch. She did almost all the talking for the next half hour. While Perry didn't sever any maternal ties or quote Patrick Henry, he did carry himself more creditably than ever before. Mickey's kiss had had the same effect on him as a stiff gulp of good whiskey. It had given him a brazen sort of nonchalance and courage. In the midst of his mother's most fiery tirade he calmly walked out into the front hall toward the door.

"Where are you going now?" she asked.

HE TOOK out his watch and showed it to her. "I'm going to school," he said quietly. "You don't want me to miss the whole day, do you?" And as he strolled whistling away, Eleanor Clinton was for once, speechless.

But by breakfast the next morning her steady barrage of

she's watching now. Let's give her a real eyeful! Ready?"

Perry felt his heart enlarge and speed up as Mickey's lips rose toward his. "Hurry up," she said. "I've got some more to tell you before your mom comes bounding out and scalps us." Her face drew closer. Her hands fluttered up to his shoulders and rested there like small brown friendly birds.

Slowly at first, swiftly gathering momentum, like an avalanche down a mountainside, Perry's restraint fell from him. He swept

matriarchal influence had made inroads on his new-born courage. She cowed him over the grapefruit.

"Aw right then," he agreed weakly. "I won't see her any more."

"That's fine, son! Mother's so glad to hear you say that! After all, Perry, I know what's best for you, don't I?"

Now it happened that the Clinton family's breakfast nook was a bay-window affair which over- [Continued on page 98]

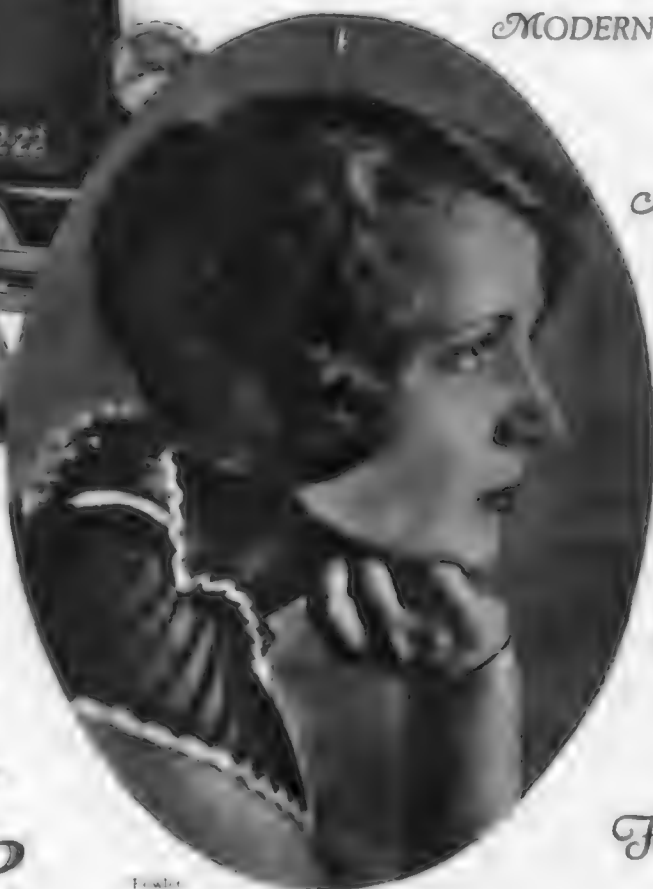


*She's 22
So's Her Auto License*

VELVA DARLING

MODERN GIRL PHILOSOPHER

*Likes Herself
A Little Bit More
Than Any One
Else—So In
This Disclosure
of What She
Demands of Life
She Speaks
For All Her Sisters*



What We Girls Are After

WE'RE after life and love! We're out to get our man! The Northwest Mounted Police has made its reputation on a spotless record for never failing to "get the man" it once starts after.

We're already noted for having made that record. It's bringing down upon us a deluge of middle-aged, face-lifted, coy-eyed female imitators who will do anything from paying a hundred dollars a week for a twenty-one-year-old male escort to a thousand dollars for a rose petal complexion they don't get.

When they can't imitate us successfully, then they begin handing out advice on methods by which we can make our lives happier, and finer, and bigger.

"In order to be happy," they say, "you must make the world respect you. Be dignified. Never let a man know you love him because the minute you do you lose him."

"Be ladylike. Never take the largest sandwich off the plate, and always think of everybody else but yourself first like we do!"

They certainly do! If they think about themselves it makes them ill.

They sit back in rocking chairs on summer resort hotel verandas and gasp and, "Oh!" and, "Ah!" over the scandalous wreckage of morals these girls' exhibited knees are bringing about especially among our pure manhood.

Back and forth they rock. Their plaited crêpe de Chine skirts patterned after Poirer's latest model, which sway in the summer breeze, are paid for by "dear John" or "dear Wilbur" back in the hot old city tending to business.

"Oh, yes, Wilbur just loves business. You couldn't get him to leave."

So in exchange for—certainly not her company, for he is perfectly willing to have her stay three hundred miles away nine-tenths of the time—but in exchange for something, "dear Wilbur" is sweating out his days behind a desk.

What is it she is giving him in exchange for her board and room, and clothes, and—oh, yes, that pink and blue enameled cigarette case she bought the other day? So smart, you know!

What is she giving him? Perhaps it's peace. He apparently pays her enough to stay away from him.

They watch a crowd of shapely limbed young stenographers and sales girls, secretaries and young actresses on a vacation, running across the lawn in front of them.

"See that! No dignity! No reticence! Actually running after those nice young men!" A couple of those "nice young men" had played bridge for half an hour last evening with Mrs. Wilbur and Mrs. John but those bold young girls actually came over and pulled them away! What on earth has gotten into the manners of the present [Continued on page 80]



Drawing By MERO

"We're after life and love!" says our Modern Girl Philosopher.
"We're out to get our man! We're after our place in the sun!
We want the right to throw out of our lives everything that doesn't bring
us happiness. We want to be free to enjoy youth while we have it"

Take a
Joy-Ride With
This
Overland Trail
and Her
Girl Friend—
Not to
Mention Their
Boy Friends



3,116 Miles

WHEN I, boy and girl friends, was first introduced to daylight amid the uncouth splendors of a flat on the west side of Harlem, the parents I picked out of the grab-bag grotesquely decided that the very name for this bewitching little stranger was Bridget Schultz—Bridget after Ma and Schultz after Pa. Ma, I know, would sooner have made the latter Mahoney, also after herself, had she not realized that people would of course converse and eyebrow over such a decision, so she just sighed and laid up one thing more against Pa.

She might have saved herself the worries. As if I would trot around any such a handle! I am at present, you see, the little damsel who presides over the second booth in the Salon Beauté de Paris—um, hm, the cute-looking one, tiny, with the big eyes and the jet black hair—which is on Fifty-seventh Street and so exclusive that if you were merely to sneak in the door and take a peek at the place they would probably charge you three or four dollars for the adventure. But if you did, the name you would see over my booth is Mlle. Lucille. That's me. Lucille Lane. And if any of you people ever gets industrious and blats anything of my other self, I am exactly the person that knows how

With Drawings from Life
By EDWARD BUTLER



The young man looks across at me and winks. Really he is an awfully nice-looking chap. "If you want somebody to make a play for," I murmur to Claudia, "there's a lad to just suit you. Young, handsome, wealthy." "Humph," sniffs Claudia, "he's nothing but a chauffeur. Nothanks." Those are her very words so you can't say I didn't give her a fair chance

to Hollywood

to hand you the Ritzy manner and the frosty eye and tell you convincingly that you are talking through a Derby. I have forgotten my past.

Of course, New York being what it is, the mere fact that the Salon Beauté de Paris charges twice what anybody else does is enough to make the entire feminine element of the populace overcome with the craving to let us transform them into the image of Helen of Troy, and when you add to that the circumstance that we actually achieve the best permanents in town, to say nothing of our "youthifying" finger wave and our twelve-in-one bob, why, you will understand that the only way anyone can get near us is by appointment. And on my busy list the most regular of all my customers is Claudia Castleton, Tuesday and Friday afternoons.

THE other days of the week I see Claudia at home. Honest! Because she and I, you must understand, share an apartment, for Claudia, in spite of her looks, is just a working girl. The people that see her on the street, at the races, or sipping tea at the Ritz, would all of them swear to you that her name

The people that see Claudia on the street, at the races, or sipping tea at the Ritz would all of them swear to you that her name must be Astor, Vanderbilt or Morgan



must be at least Astor, Vanderbilt or Morgan. She is, and here is the whole secret, merely employed by the famous Thérèse. Inc., Couturiers, of which the boss is a Frenchman from Grand Street named Mr. Wisenstein, to mingle with the very smartest set while wearing the latest thing in Thérèse creations. Claudia is a perfectly stunning blonde, tall and swaying, though not, as you might say, bright.

"Where do you have to go this afternoon, honey?" is my



"What do you care about a job? We're starting for Hollywood next week," Claudia confides to me. "It's a perfect cinch for me to crash the movies, and I'll take you on as my personal hairdresser"

query one Tuesday as I set to work on her in the Salon Beauté de Paris.

"Oh," she answers, entirely minus enthusiasm, "just up to the opening of the new society tea-room in the Biltmore."

"Ain't that tough?" I comment.

"My feet hurt," is her irrelevant reply, "and I suppose I'll have to dance with old Ethelbert Lytton again."

"What I don't see," says I, "is, if that Lytton lad is such a bore to you, why you don't give him the atmosphere. You had a grandfather of your own."

"What?" shrieks Claudia. "Listen, if I gave the air to every one of the old stutter and beg men that wants to marry me I'd be out of breath for ten years. Be mature, can't you?"

"But you've got plenty of bracelets," I go on. "What's the use being so Alaskan?"

"Mr. Lytton is going to get me into the movies," is her dignified answer. "He owns stock in three companies."

"That's a good story, too," I snicker. "Claudia, I can get you in the movies any day. Tickets are only a half a dollar each."

"And he has the swellest automobile," she goes on dreamily. "A Rolls-Royce roadster. He lets me drive it all the time."

"Well," says I, "if those things count for so much, why don't you marry him, then?"

"Say," she warbles.

"The man I marry will not only have to have everything in the way of wealth that Mr. Lytton has, but will have to be young and good-looking as well."

"Ho hum," I yawn. "Really, Claudia, you're saturated. Don't you know that you can have either young love, or old money, but it ain't in the books that you can have both? Since you don't want old money, why don't you stop all this fooling around and accept Joe McGish's mad attentions? Honest, he ain't such a bad scout."

JOE, mesdames and messieurs, has been following my fair-haired apartment mate around now for about a year with eyes that are so hungry that they pretty nearly make you overlook the rest of his countenance, which I must confess no one has ever thought of calling aristocratic. He knew Claudia, it seems, when they were schoolboy and schoolgirl together or something like that, and has always thought of her the way some people do of Sèvres porcelain. Joe is proprietor of a gymnasium and Turkish bath which may make real money some day. His profession, however, gives Claudia the writhes, although her most recent masculine ancestor was a bartender, but because of that and of his Third Avenue expression she won't look at him.

"Joe McGish," is her cry in answer to my suggestion. "Really, Lucille . . ."

"Come out of the clouds," I interrupt.

"You could do plenty worse."

"I'll marry him the day Bill Thompson flies to England in a sewing-machine."

Claudia explodes. "Listen, are you nearly finished? Mr. Lytton is going to meet me at the store to drive me up to the tea in the Rolls-Royce and I don't want to be late."

I end her monologue by burying her face in beauty cream and to be perfectly truthful the massage that follows is not one of the gentlest. Frankly, these sixty-three-year old cavaliers that want you to let them be a brother to you give

me a pain where Nellie wore the ruffle, and when I think of my charming chum rushing around with Mr. C. Ethelbert Lytton I am annoyed, and how?

Well, who should be at the apartment when I get there after work but Joe McGish himself, waiting outside the front door behind the wheel of a gasoline go-cart that looks somewhat as though it was one Columbus brought along with him and forgot when he started back.

"Hello, Lou," he bellows as I come up. "Say, ain't this smoky?"

"What is it?" says I. "A Pope-Hartford?"

"A guaranteed Panhard," he announces. "It's a surprise. You see, since Claudia is become so crazy about foreign cars I thought I'd trot one out and take her breath away."

"You'll do that, all right," I assure him. "You'll probably give her hysterics."

"Why?" he asks. "What's wrong with it?"

"It cost under ten thousand dollars, that's all, Joe," says I. "and you know all Claudia can see is the stuff they used to make teeth out of."

"I don't care," is Joe's reply. "It's a good old bus, anyway."

"Sure it is," I lie.

HIS face brightens and he looks up at me. "Let's take a little ride till Claudia comes home," he suggests and steps on the starter with a noise like the bottom falling out of a freight-car full of andirons.

"Ah, ah," I check him, thinking of my nerves. "No, you come on up and wait for her in the apartment."

It is, then, an entirely domestic scene that Claudia arrives on a half an hour later. Joe is sitting around with his coat off, I having placed him in a corner with orders not to move after he dropped a cup and two plates while trying to set the table, and I am crowded into the two-by-two kitchen evolving our meal.

Joe greets her exuberantly. Honestly, he is a positive hound for punishment, and he no sooner sees her than he forgets everything except how crazy he is about her.

At the moment Claudia ignores him completely. "You or I will have to see the janitor" she tells me.

"Why, what's the matter?" I inquire.

"This thing," she says, "of allowing rubbish to be left in the street in front of the house. Why, when I drove up I was ashamed to have Mr. Lytton see such a thing, some old antique chariot parked at the curb! Can you imagine it! It probably belongs to the iceman."

I can see Joe clearing his throat to speak, but I manage to make signs to him to keep his words, whatever they are, where they belong.

"I fixed it, though," goes on Claudia. "I ran into it!"

"What?" I cry. "With the Rolls Royce?"

She nods. "I couldn't help it," she explains. "How was I to know there would be anything like that standing there? I just slid around the corner and gave it a push, as it were. It didn't hurt the Rolls any, but we sort of mused up one of the junk heap's fenders and took its tail light off. Serves it right."

A look of anguish passes across Joe's face. If any other person in the world had scratched that car of his I believe he would have simply destroyed them, but for Claudia—well, he wouldn't care if she decided to push it into the river. "You done right," he encourages finally, gulping back his chagrin, and for the first time Claudia notices him.

"Hello," she says.

Joe opens his mouth helplessly, trying to answer. His speech, you see, was to be a request that she accompany him for a ride in the Panhard, and now he doesn't dare utter it. But Claudia hasn't got time to stop and worry about him, for some

excitement or other, only temporarily displaced by her annoyance, now comes bubbling to the surface.

"Honey," she carols to me, "the most wonderful thing has happened. What do you think?"

"I can't imagine," says I. "Tell me! Did you find a quarter?"

"Mr. Lytton is going to Europe," she crows.

"Europe?" I repeat. "And you . . . ?" I lift my eyebrows inquiringly while Joe moans.

"Oh, he was dying to have me make it a honeymoon trip," she warbles. "but I couldn't see that. So do you know what he did? He said I could use his car all | *Continued on page 103* |



She says it so positively that in spite of myself I begin to get a little excited. Hollywood! Think of strolling in some place for a soda and finding yourself sitting alongside John Gilbert or Harry Langdon!

The Inside Story Of the Gay Life that Goes On Behind the Barred Gates of Our Country

Revealed By
A Well-Known Clubman

A MEMBER of a well-known country club along the Jersey coast recently asked me to join his club. It's a beautiful place, offers the finest golf, tennis and swimming facilities and boasts an impressive membership. But Pete did not stress these attractions in his effort to sell me the idea. Here were his selling points, points that people have apparently come to regard as the main reason why anybody should join a country club today.

"I'll guarantee you lots of fun," he said. "We've got a smart, high-stepping crowd that hits the mile-a-minute pace and the best bootlegger on the coast serves us exclusively. We give him so much business he'll soon be able to retire. All of our bunch under fifty plays around, looking for trouble, if you know what I mean. Just to show you how broad-minded we are, we only bother keeping one club rule: 'Gentlemen will not appear on the main floors in shirt-sleeves'."

"It sounds mighty tempting, Pete, but I can't see commuting to New Jersey for my fireworks when I already belong to the same kind of club on Long Island. After all, you know, this country club racket is about the same everywhere when it comes to what's going on behind the gates." I spoke from actual experience.

To put it briefly most clubs have become gilded and glorified road-houses with a dash of social flavor and the spice of exclusiveness. Liquor flows like water and the "sky's-the-limit" atmosphere is intriguingly charged with a current of high-voltaged sex play.

Although all country club by-laws forbid members to bring liquor on the premises, everybody drinks on the beaches, lawns and verandas. Heavy love affairs are the vogue and the freedom of a modern house-party prevails everywhere. Consequently the risqué situations that abound are accepted as part of the scheme of things.

I'm going to prove these statements by giving you an account of last week-end at a certain club when I entertained my cousin, Jack, a naval officer. Although what went on was cut to the usual country club pattern, I have a special reason for using last week-end as an example. Jack has been in Oriental waters for three years. Consequently, I had to give him a few points on today's country club racket.

After I suggested going to the club Jack's first idea was to invite two girls to go along with us. His sailor make-up craved romance.

"You don't have to bring your own romance to a modern country club," I assured him. "It's waiting there for you, Jack.

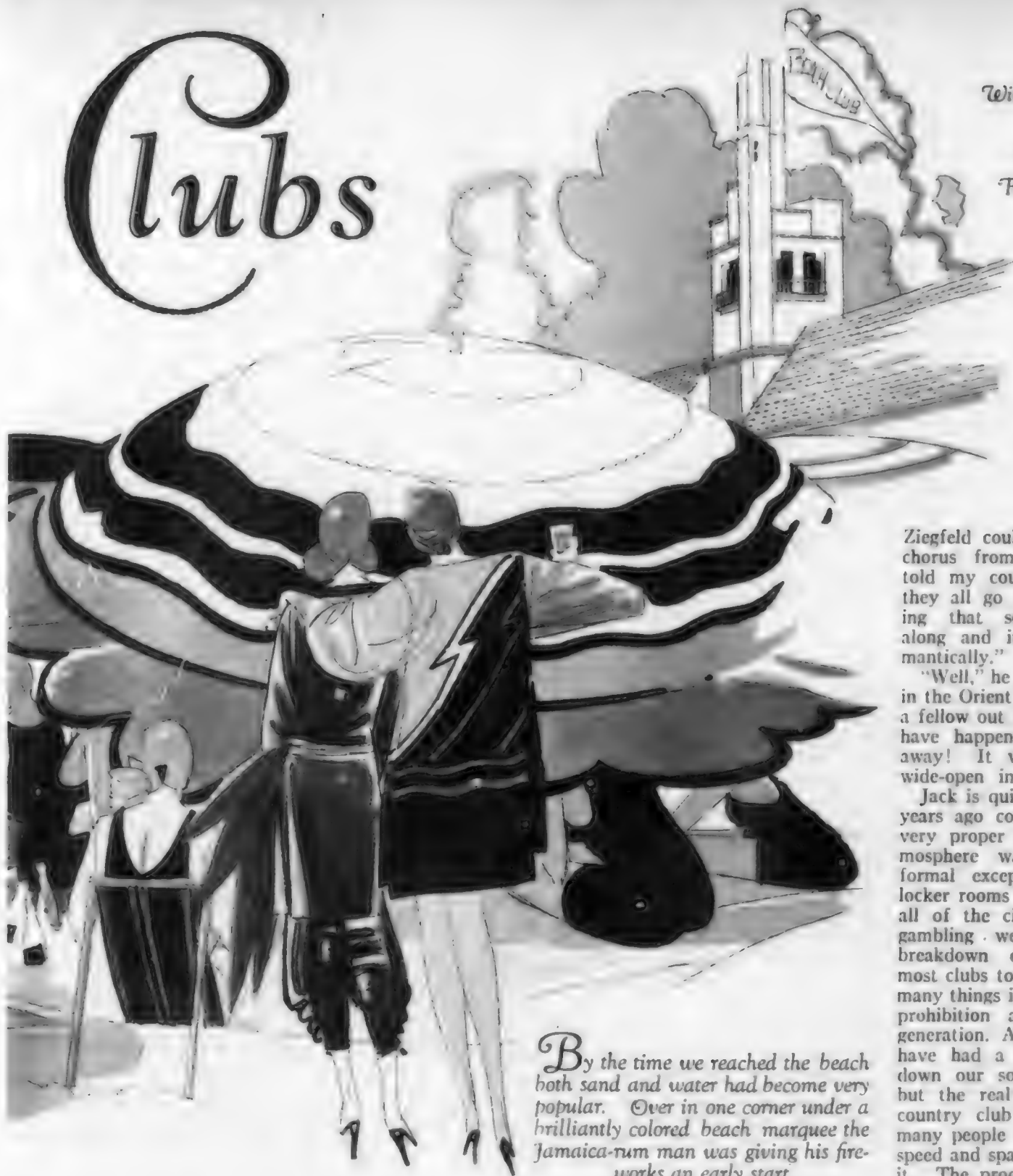


The place is full of beautiful women looking for what we call 'trouble.' If you take a girl out there you only handcuff yourself. The thing to do is bust out alone and be free to make a play for the one, or the ones that give you something to think about."

"But I thought you said most of the girls out there are married. Where do we get off at this rate?" he demanded.

Clubs

With a Drawing
By
RUSSELL
PATTERSON



By the time we reached the beach both sand and water had become very popular. Over in one corner under a brilliantly colored beach marquee the Jamaica-rum man was giving his fireworks an early start

I told him that very few country club husbands and wives allowed marriage to interfere with their good times. They come and go as they please. The country club sets are usually looking for speed, sparkle, thrills, and jazz. They have few scruples about flirting, drinking and gambling and to them marriage is not the strict pact our grand-parents considered it.

I HAVE seen many young married women join a club set with no idea of having affairs with other men. Yet, within a short time these girls have been in the midst of a romantic adventure.

I have seen lots of other married women go in for love affairs in country clubs because their husbands became such outdoor sport enthusiasts that the wives were left to amuse themselves. There are male golf and tennis bugs who give all their time to these games during the day and are too tired to entertain their wives in the evening. It is only natural that the attractive young wives of such men are not going to sit around and twiddle their thumbs.

"We've got a collection of golf and tennis widows that

ing up everywhere and the large memberships in these clubs.

It was a glorious, golden summer day, the kind that lures all country "clubbers" to their favorite rendezvous.

"There'll be a great crowd out, Jack, and everybody'll be on top of the world," I said.

We were on the way down to Long Island in my speedster. A yellow roadster zipped by us. The two girls in it turned and waved at us. They were beauties.

"Know 'em?" asked Jack.

"Certainly. They belong to the club. Both of 'em are playing around with each other's husbands—"

"Good Lord!" said Jack. "I thought women who did that hated each other. Why, those girls rode by like the best of friends!"

You find quite a few situations like this in country club crowds. It's really looked upon as an ideal arrangement. I often hear bored young matrons express the wish that their equally bored husbands would find a thrill in the wife of the man who interests them. It simplifies matters.

It's purely a matter of conjecture as to what these country club affairs between married people [Continued on page 83]

You~ My Beloved

With Drawings
from Life
By G. D. SKIDMORE

What Nona Has Previously Told You:

I REMEMBER it so well that introduction on the tennis courts when I looked at you and said, "Rather nice man, this Richard Brading!" Your eyes seemed to say, "Not a bad-looking woman."

We went to your flat for tea that afternoon and you sang to me. When you looked into my eyes as I left, I knew that life had many things in store for me, but not peace.

That was the beginning. For a time I saw you often. How well I remember those wonderful evenings in your flat when you would sing to me or we would talk of books.

You told me of your concert that was to be given in June. How well I remember that day. My friend Jill and I sat in the front row while an audience went wild with delight. I was afraid of your popularity after that and tried to avoid you.

Then one night in February you begged me to come over and I went. I couldn't refuse. Months of halcyon days followed and I basked in the sweet intimacy of your companionship. But in the spring you were away from London a great deal and in May you spoke to me of Olive Desmond. I always thought of her as the Huntress because of her fondness for riding after the hounds. In July you became engaged to her. I said in my heart that it had to be, but what a strange sickness came over me.

I did not hear from you all that summer, but one day in October you phoned and soon I found myself in your flat hearing about your fishing and hunting. Olive seemed to be boring you already and hope was high in my heart. Somehow I knew she wasn't the woman who could hold your love.

All that winter and spring we met as we used to before your engagement. Then came the fatal August 1914, when war was declared and you left me heart-broken.

In April Robin Anderson stepped into my life. How shall I describe the tenderness and kindness of this man who became my husband?

After I told you of my engagement, you wrote back of your marriage to a Miss Edith Howard. I never expected to hear from you again.

I look back on the six years that followed—those first six years with Robin as the happiest in my life. Even my aunt who disliked Robin at first grew fond of him. We were placidly content with life and each other.

Then one night out of a clear sky I received a letter from you. After all those years! All the remembrances of those wonderful times we had came back, thrilling me as the thought of you had always had the power to do.

"Aren't you dressed yet?" I asked as Jill appeared in the doorway. "Perhaps you'll explain what this sudden visit to a desolate city means," she said. "I believe you've come to meet that devilish bit of quicksilver all gotten up as a he-man," she began but I wouldn't let her go on





The
Perfect Love Story
of a Woman's
Golden Hour
By
SHEILA
DONISTHORPE

Nona's Romance Continues:

FOR several days I talked to myself firmly. "Of course I'm not going to answer that letter; didn't I swear never to start torture of that kind again?" A small voice answered, "But need it be torture? Why couldn't we be just friends? Such a thing as friendship could exist between a man and a woman, a nice comfortable sort of feeling, which left no marks or scars, but just created a small interest."

Yet, had not your letter sent every pulse racing, stirred all I thought was dead in me?

Yes, but that was the first shock of seeing your handwriting after all those years.

"What about Robin?"

"Well, Robin wouldn't mind my having friends."

"I really can't see the slightest harm in replying in just a friendly way."

The result was that in less than a week I had written to you.

You did not answer this letter but one afternoon a few weeks later, just as Elsie had brought in tea, she announced, "Mr. Brading."

EVERYBODY, of course, knows the tale of the man who couldn't swallow the oyster, because it wouldn't come up and wouldn't go down. Well, that's exactly how my heart behaved.

We stood and looked at each other, opened our mouths to speak, then blurted out, simultaneously, "Well, how are you?"

It wasn't fair. I had on a beastly dress of some thickish material and my hair was going to be shampooed that evening, so that I felt plainer than the things that hang outside butcher shops with lemons in their mouths. And when a woman feels plain—well, death's a joke.

You were looking me up and down and I could see you thinking, "How she's altered, got somehow married and frumpish." That made me feel deadly married and frumpish. I tried to make nervous, jerky conversation. Imagine trying to make conversation with you. I was so stilted and formal myself that I made you equally so.

Heavens! It was a nasty afternoon.

After tea you lit your pipe, stuck your feet out and talked a lot about the war while I kept on wondering why I hadn't just happened to have on the rose crêpe or gray georgette

instead of this hateful old brown gabardine with long sleeves.

I was relieved when you got up to go.

I saw you reach for your coat and hat and a hysterical kind of giggle overcame me. Were you going to shake hands? I had never shaken hands with you in my life. I was sure I should laugh; waves of laughter were already bubbling up at the thought of it.

"Well, good-by," you said.

A sudden hateful thought brought the color flooding to my face. I could feel you thinking, "She expects me to kiss her." A somber anger invaded my heart and I quickly turned my face away but not before you had heroically bent down and lightly brushed my cheek.

Oh! If you had only known how I hated that kiss, hated you, myself, everything.

I CAME back to the sitting room, my eyes filled with foolish tears. What had happened to make things so different between us? Surely a few years' absence should not have obliterated everything so completely between two people who had loved so devastatingly.

I had been deadly dull, I knew, but you might have made allowances. The shock of seeing you like that, of being unprepared.

And you? Something had happened to you too. That marvellous swaggering vitality, that spirit of joyousness, where was it? You seemed grave; some of the deep tones had even been washed from your voice; it seemed paler somehow.

I need not have worried as to whether I ought to have answered your letter or not. If we could meet like that!

I dashed away the silly tears as Robin came in.

Presently I said:

"Robin, am I getting to look old or anything? Plain? Frumpy?"

"All four, terribly."

"No, seriously, Robin, please?"

Robin told me things which brought balm to my miserable heart; his eyes had never lost their honeymoon language.

"That's nice," I purred, "but I don't strike other people like that; it's only because you're a dear old idiot and have got used to me and would like me any old way that you say it."

"Why this sudden panic?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing, only Richard was here this afternoon and I didn't seem to strike him that way, that's all."

Robin was quiet for a minute or two, then he asked:

"How did he strike you? That's more important."

I shrugged my shoulders. "He's changed a good deal, too."

I got off Robin's knee and lit a cigarette.

"People do change in six years." Somehow my silly voice would not keep steady.

You would never attempt to see me again. Of that I was quite sure. A man of your type would forgive many sins: murder, theft, unfaithfulness but to have become boring, that was unpardonable. So that was all over, finished. I had a queer feeling of being on the edge of the world.

But it seemed that I was wrong. I was motoring home from Sonning one evening in July, where Jill and I had been spending the day on the river with Dale Armstrong and a few kindred spirits, and I learned that you had called at the flat that afternoon. I received this piece of news, which years ago would have sent me cart-wheeling round the room, with mixed feelings. In a way I felt glad that I had missed you. Life was very smooth and peaceful just then. I seemed to have reached calm, untroubled waters and I had no wish to be shaken out of their comfortable depths.

But your letter, arriving a few days after this visit, sent all

my cherished placidity flying helter-skelter into oblivion

"July Twenty-seventh.

"My Dear,

"I was sorry to miss you the other day, but it was my own fault for bursting in without warning. I am off to Scotland on Tuesday next and as I shall have a morning, afternoon and evening up to seven-thirty to hang about London, I wondered whether you'd join and hang about with me. Just you and me. To this end, will you do me the honor of lunching with me at Hyde Park Grill-room at one o'clock? Don't answer this but if you can't come, leave a telephone message with the porter and I shall eat my food alone. I will wait for you till one-fifteen. Having lunched, we can then see what's what. Do be an angel and come and cheer me up. Heaven knows I need it.

"Yours,

"Richard."

Intriguing letter of a diplomat! Moon-cool nonchalance combined with a faint hint of genuine feeling. I need not imagine you were thirsting for a sight of me. No, you were going to hang about and merely wanted somebody to come and hang about with you. You would wait till one-fifteen. Not a very gracious margin of time. But the masterpiece was, "Do come and cheer me up. God knows I need it."

My watchfulness lay in ambush for that anguished appeal to my sympathy. That old cue as hoary as it was unfailing since Adam first practised it on Eve. Well, I would accept your invitation in the same spirit as it had been given. I had nothing much to do that day and there seemed no point in not going. Besides, I wanted to sweep away the impression left by our last meeting, which had shown up so tepidly against all our past vivid memories, blurring the entire chain of them by one flawed link. Robin, whose work always took him out of

town during the end of the summer, was away so there was nobody to be consulted.

I dressed unhurriedly in black. Jade earrings, a long chain of jade and a mouth too red to be true, were the only notes of color I struck. By the time I had finished putting the finishing touches it was one-fifteen.

I strolled to a taxi. I'd teach you to give me a quarter of an hour's grace.

THEY brought me to your table tucked away in some remote corner. So you really hadn't waited. Why, of course you hadn't! You had said one-fifteen, and here it was one-thirty-five. Man of your word, square chinned, catch me hanging about for any woman and all that sort of thing. Superbly Richard-ish.

I began to feel a little less jaunty and a little more excited each moment.

You accosted me with:

"So you did come. Good. Here, waiter, cancel all that first order; we'll have something else now."

"Don't renounce your roast beef of old England for my sweet sake," I said.

"Bruff and scrubbish. We're going to have lobster à l'Americaine, grilled chicken and raspberry Melba; they do it rather well here—and send along the wine list."

I peeled off my gloves while you ordered Pol Roget.

"Am I lunching with a war profiteer?" I inquired. "I am



Robin," I said, "do you love me too much to want to know about Richard?" "Perhaps," he said. His eyes betrayed nothing but a light challenge



"Richard," I said, "before you go I want to tell you something." Your arms were still about me as I blurted out the truth. You were amazed, dumbfounded. "But it's over six years ago," you said, "and still you couldn't forget me? Oh, my dear, my dear, what am I to say to you?"

gained by all this reckless extravagance of yours, Richard.
You grinned at me.

"Dear old Funny, it's nice seeing you again. I'm so glad you could come. I'd almost given up hoping."

That warm look, that same deep tenderness of voice. Oh, this was dangerous work. All the jauntiness, the pert cool friendliness with which I had carefully encased myself seemed to be slipping away each minute, thawing like frost from a window-pane at the sun's first glow.

With an effort I jerked my mind back to Robin; Robin, so dear, so safe, with none of this tormenting devilment in him! Skillfully I dragged him into the conversation.

"Yes," you agreed, "I'd heard he was an awfully decent sort, a thorough sportsman. Glad you're so happy, my dear."

"I am happy, Richard," I said. My heart pleaded with you to let me remain so.

"Well, it's a good thing one of us is happy," you replied.

"And you are surely?" I asked.

You gave a short hard laugh.

"My married life is torture."

So that accounted for the cheer-me-up touch.

Again the rôle of angel-friend was denoted and again I rose ready.

"But you wrote me you were so happy."

"I KNOW; that lasted about a month. Since then it's been terrible. I didn't know it was possible to live such a life of nagging. We don't see alike in any one way; we're from different spheres. Well, I've made a pretty mess of my life and the worst of it all is that it's got to go on forever. If it weren't for my baby I wouldn't stand it."

Real misery surged from the darkness of your eyes. I couldn't bear it. I never was able to stand seeing you unhappy.

"My dear, I'm sorry. I didn't know," I said.

"What's the good of sniveling about it? I wouldn't tell anyone but you, even now. It's been going on for years but lately I've begun to feel as if I can't stand much more."

"But surely she must love you tremendously?"

Again that mirthless laugh. "Love me! Why, she's colder than this champagne we're drinking. From the way she behaves, she can't stand the sight of me and all the love I had for her has long been destroyed by her appalling temper and eternal nagging. She's suspicious of everything I do; says the most spiteful things about my family and my friends."

"Women friends?" I asked.

"I have no women friends."

"Couldn't I be counted as one?"

"You? My dear, why, your name is like a red rag. She's always been terribly jealous of you."

"Is that why you didn't want me to answer your letter about today?"

"That was partly it, yes."

"Does she open your letters when they come from the post?"

"No, but she knows your handwriting and your stationery."

"Oh, Richard! For you to be unhappy like this! It's heartrending. The one person in the world I could have sworn would go through life joyously. Don't you ever do things together, tennis or music and the things you used to enjoy?"

"She doesn't play tennis and hates me to be away from home for any length of time. She tries to play my accompaniments but she never really likes doing things, going out or seeing people. All she seems to want to do is to sit at home and sew."

To think of keeping a husband, and such a husband, that way! It was impossible for me to picture you and her.



"But she's fond of the baby of course?" I asked him.

"Oh, I suppose so, in her way, though I do everything for her. The child even sleeps in my room, bless her."

"What!" I cried.

"Good gracious, yes. Edith and I have had separate rooms for ages. She says Angela disturbs her so I have her in my



You were looking me up and down and I felt deadly married and frumpish. I could feel you thinking, "She expects me to kiss her." A somber anger invaded my heart and I turned my face away but not before you heroically bent down and kissed my cheek

room. I adore that; she comes into my bed in the morning and we have the most wonderful cuddles."

Something, as you said that, tugged at my heart-strings.

"Why, you're only a baby yourself," I said.

Later we went to see that wonderful play, "Success." Do you remember the elusive charm of Moyna McGill's Sally?

Your eyes were touched with tears as you whispered, "Why did you bring me to see this; it takes me back to all our days together; it brings back my own past so vividly."

We went back to the flat for tea.

"Sing to me," I said.

WAS it because I had not heard your voice for so long that I had minimized its beauty? That afternoon there seemed a holiness about it, an understanding of suffering that had not been there before. Your voice was singing in my heart, wrapping me in its warmth, till life seemed transmuted to new splendor, touched with silver light.

I got up from the piano. It wasn't safe, all this vivid beauty coming from you. It caught and frightened me. Before I knew how it came about I was in your arms.

"Just as high as my heart," you whispered as you had always whispered in the past. You were showering kisses on my mouth, on the curve of my throat. I was being brought back to life again by the touch of you. I, who did not know that I had been so long dead. You were towering over me with the great strength of your dark beauty. I felt small in your arms, small and suddenly alight.

It had always been the same, would always be to the end. This thing between us could sleep for a thousand years and at the first touch awaken and shake us. It was a living, writhing force, stronger than the great winds of heaven, more blinding than the lurid streaks of the most formidable storm. Your love was enfolding me, broken words were tossed from

you like bruised flowers; it seemed as if you and God and the earth were all intermingled and one. Combined and united you formed an insistent urgent presence, opening up the gates of life, till I could no longer bear the blaze of it, the glory of such sudden light.

Some hours later you said, "How I wish I didn't have to travel tonight. I might so easily have stayed till tomorrow."

"Can't you?"

MY DEAR, it's too bad but I can't. It takes me a whole day and a night to get to that part of Scotland; don't forget it's up in the wilds and the Grants are sending down a special ferry to meet me. But look here, I'll only be away a month, and then we'll have a few golden days all to ourselves again at the end of August. I'll write to Edith that I'm leaving after the thirty-first, and then I'll manage somehow to get away on the twenty-eighth. Can you be here?"

"I'm supposed to be with Robin at St. Margaret's all during August. In fact, I leave for there tomorrow."

"But you could come up by the twenty-eighth?" you insisted.

I hesitated. "I might; I'll see if it can be done," I replied. I knew that if I had to make the journey barefooted on broken glass I would be happy doing it.

"Richard," I began, "before you go, I want to tell you something."

"Come on then." Your arms were still about me.

"I don't think I can," I whispered. The painful red mounted to my face. "It's so difficult."

"Come on, whisper it," you smiled.

I felt stupidly shy and told you so.

You laughed your disbelief. "Shy, with me!"

"Only with you."

"Well, cuddle down in my arms and I won't look at you; I've got my head turned right away. Now you can go ahead."

And it was so I blurted out the truth to you. Moments passed and you had not spoken. Your silence terrified me. You would have preferred

that I had had no such confession to make; you resented such steadfastness.

"Richard," I implored, "you're not angry with me!"

"Angry with you? My sweet, I'm abject, humbled at your revelation. I don't know what to say, how to make it up to you. All these years. Why did you do it? How is it your husband has permitted this state of things to exist?"

"I did it because you were the first and only person I ever loved that way. It would have been a kind of treason. Don't you see, I couldn't? Don't you understand that inner part of me, my soul, if you like, would always belong to you? You were in my heart, my blood."

You still seemed utterly dumbfounded.

"But it's over six years ago," you declared.

"I know."

"And still you couldn't forget?"

"I was beginning to, a little, when your letter came and pulled me back again to you."

Suddenly you caught me to your heart.

"Oh, my dear, my dear, what am I to say to you? And for him, too."

"Robin's rather a splendid person, you see."

"He's made me feel like a cad."

I wound my arms round your neck. "If you say things like that I shall be sorry I let you know anything about it. Let's forget it. I only told you because I thought it would make you a little proud, a little glad. In all those six years, although I think they have been the happiest, at least the most tranquil, of my life, that part of me was never altogether asleep, but was just waiting for you, I think. And like Sally, in "Success," I often came and knocked on the wall but you never seemed to hear."

"Oh, my dear," you answered, "I'm going to make it all up to you now." God grant that I can. [Continued on page 93]

He Scoffs at Custom, Pokes Fun at Convention And Is the



Charles Leisner

Weren't you surprised when you read that H. L. Mencken had taken issue with Judge Lindsey's companionate marriage program? So were we. The bad boy of Baltimore looks like this caricature by Covarrubias when he is debunking literature but when it comes to his views on the tie that binds he is the pleasant-faced human being you see in the photograph above



Courtesy A. A. Knopf

An Authorized Interview

By GEORGETTE CARNEAL

With H. L. MENCKEN

source of his delight in her is his trust in her. His hope, if he is normal, is for a complete merging of their interests, and indeed, so far as it is humanly possible, of their personalities.

But what must be his attitude when he finds that she is not his one irrevocable friend, but the one who can desert him the easiest, as the companionate marriage reformers would have it, without the slightest legal or social risk to herself? Is there any chance of happiness in such an arrangement? If there is, human psychology has undergone a revolution that I am not aware of, and in which I do not believe.

The younger generation, with its theories of companionate marriage, is full of gas.

As a bachelor and hence a neutral, I find myself completely convinced after thirty years of observation, meditation and prayer that the happiest marriages are those which are the most conventional.

What the world needs is something to stabilize marriage, not brumagem reforms like "companionate marriage"; something that will, for instance, save marriages that are merely wobbling.

WHY, actually, does the average prudent man hesitate to marry today? Because he is not sure that he can hold the woman? No one but a maniac marries with the thought of divorce in his mind. The normal man believes that he and the woman will get on together and remain married. Every time the probability of that is diminished, another cause of doubt is introduced into the transaction.

A normal man does not marry a woman thinking of her as a possible enemy, as the "companionate marriage" experts seem to believe; he marries her thinking of her as a perpetual friend. He is willing to show her his secrets, to give her his full confidence; he is, in fact, eager to do it. The whole

Of course marriage is a refuge for the less enterprising and courageous types of men, or for men who have tired of adventure. But I see nothing discreditable in that. It is simply a fact. No sensible man wants adventure without limit. Even the most foolhardy soldier looks forward to peace in the end.

There are, to be sure, persons to whom marriage of the conventional kind, or indeed, of any kind, is a sheer psychic impossibility. I know plenty of them. They lack that yearning for intimate and unbroken companionship which is a normal attribute of both men and women. They are slow to yield their confidences. Adventurous by nature, they set

Last Man in the World You Would Expect to Take a Stand

In Defense of Marriage

no value upon security. Indeed they dread it most terribly.

But the average man, luckily for posterity, is not that sort. Adventure holds no lure for him. He does not want to be free; he wants to be secure. In the presence of women, such a man is uneasy and unhappy. He sees in every provocative glance a menace to his peace and safety, and in every flash of rouge a plain warning. What he yearns for with a great yearning is a safe harbor from such perils.

TO THE needs of such a man—and he is still in the majority—I believe that the monogamy that prevailed among us until the reformers got loose is admirably adapted. For it not only makes him feel safe; it also gives him a lofty purpose in life, and a feeling that he is somehow honorable, laudable and deserving. Giving him some one to trust, it makes him trustworthy himself. He is at peace, and hence happy. The reformers with their prattle only disquiet and alarm him. I suggest that they be hanged.

As foolish as is the idea of "companionate marriage," just so foolish are the divorce laws in most American states. The trouble with the divorce laws is not that they facilitate the break-up of marriages, but that once two people have decided that they cannot live together any longer and want to go their separate ways, they make this procedure impossible. The average decree, far from resolving the matter, and permitting the two to get away from each other, is simply the beginning of even worse raids and forays than those that have gone before. Their claims upon each other continue, and each can annoy the other, which four times out of five they do. The worst hatreds that I have ever encountered issued from just such post-connubial combats.

Are they avoidable? I believe they are. They can be avoided by abandoning half measures for whole ones; that is, by making every divorce complete and absolute, once both parties want it so, as an annulment is complete and absolute. As a matter of fact, I would like to see annulment introduced more often, and without its present legal difficulties.

But I believe that our divorce laws will remain substantially unchanged. It would be a gross violation of the American scheme of things to make them realistic and honest. In American law, the truth is regarded with horror. The whole object of law is to conceal it. Thus, I believe that our divorce laws, if they are changed at all, will be changed by increasing their hypocrisy rather than by diminishing it. There is, indeed, a movement in this direction in various states.

I do not condemn the fact that adultery is the only legal ground for divorce in many of the states. Practically all domestic disputes resolve themselves into adultery in the end, either actually or in effect. I'd be quite satisfied to see all other causes for divorce obliterated.

The abolition of the family is another modern idea that I find nonsensical. Among a thousand men who yearn to get rid of their wives and escape the responsibility for their

children, I think it is safe to say that you will discover at least nine hundred and ninety-five scoundrels. The normal, decent man needs no law to make him remember his obligations of honor. Besides, the family is the only institution that has a sound biological foundation. The state is an artificiality, but the family is very real. Its roots go back to the lower animals.

I believe that America would be a much finer country and a much more decent one if the European ideas of family fidelity were revived here. I cannot imagine any person being uninterested in the welfare of his own people or wholly careless of the effects of his own acts upon them.

The home is not a source of oppression for the young people of today. There is not the slightest sign that more liberty would be of any value to them. The more intelligent among the youngsters are not in revolt. They realize that family solidarity to some extent involves family authority, and that they must yield now and then in the interests of order and decency. Their time will come thirty years hence.

What marriage and the home need is more convention, not less. And by [Continued on page 102]



From a Painting by Nikol Schattenstem

Mencken has never married. He has no regrets. "Marriage is a bargain in which men get the worst of it," he says. "Women are vastly superior to men and marriage is their method of obtaining a fair share of the world's goods"

*He Won in the Game of Hearts
as Easily as in Tennis
but Winning Back the Respect
of the Only Girl
Was the Hardest Job
of His Life*

Love



I CAN'T say that all girls fell in love with Dick Lewis at first sight, though many did at that! But no girl who had once seen him could pretend mystification over some one else being infatuated with him. Dick Lewis in whites, darting about a tennis court, working swift magic with his racket, slim agile, dynamic, savagely dominant and yet adorably boyish his tousled reddish hair glinting in the sun was a figure to make any girl's heart flutter. He could talk entertainingly too and dance with all the grace and abandon of a professional. I fell in love with him playing tennis, before I knew anything of these latter two accomplishments however.

I was twenty-one that summer and on my first trip East. I was visiting an elder married sister who lived on Long Island. As I look back now I realize that I must have been a raw, really laughable kid. I thought myself very sophisticated however. Oh, my yes! Wasn't I a graduate of a western state university? Hadn't I been one of the most daring of the well-known younger generation in my locality? Wasn't I a sane capable modern?

I didn't feel at any disadvantage when I came East. If anything I was better versed in modern literature than most of the people I met. To be sure I hadn't had an opportunity to see the current New York shows but I was well up on the reviews.

"Have they warned you that I strangle little girls as a pastime?" the famous champ said. I stammered something unintelligible. "You're afraid of me," he teased. "Don't be! I'm rude but harmless"

Sets

A Bride's Own Story of a Champion Who Found Himself



With Drawings from Life
By VERA CLERE

Whenever the talk ran to books or music or art I felt I could hold my own. I was a little surprised, though, at how little I heard of literary, musical or art discussion. The bulk of the talk was bridge, scandals, sports, real estate or stock market.

Then there was a line of kidding that was too light and fast for me. I didn't get it all. What I did get made me blush in spite of my boasted modernity and I blushed the more for what my imagination suggested to me when I didn't get it. My blushing attracted attention. I was referred to as the girl who still blushed.

I was intrigued by some of the men I met but I didn't really like any of them. They made me feel a little uneasy. They were more interesting than the boys I had known in the West but I didn't like them nearly as well.

Perhaps that was because I didn't understand them but I didn't realize that at the time. I learned later.

I'd been East for nearly a month when I first saw Dick. There was a tournament at Forest Hills. A party of us drove over from my sister's place, three cars full. I was beginning to be just a wee bit bored by the crowd. You see there I was, a heart-free girl on a trip and not the suggestion of a romance thus far. Say what you please but the fact is, no fancy-free girl ever started on a vacation trip without the suspicion and hope of a romantic adventure.

Dick was playing when we entered [Continued on page 85]

IRVIN S. COBB *Announcing*



Sheltered behind the microphone, that marvellous device which has so universal a tongue, but no eyes to see with, no mirrors to betray with, you can pour out your soul

IT May Be Only A Voice to You~

THERE'S a lot of talk about the radio, about how it carries news, entertainment, music, pleasure to uncountable thousands and multiples of thousands in remote places; how it brings the world to the bedsides and the hearthstones and the watchfires of invalids, isolated folks, forest dwellers, to keepers of lighthouses on lonely coasts, to dwellers in homesteads buried in the wilderness, to lumber camps, to ranch-houses, to sod cabins lost on the edge of the desert, to inmates of prisons and asylums, to patients in hospitals, to all the shut-ins and the castaways and the maroons, to the pioneers of our remaining frontiers.

It is true talk, too. Since we harnessed up the ether waves the scope of mankind's communication with mankind has so immeasurably been widened that the imagination boggles at the effort to comprehend it. The invention of the radio is incomplete until a word is found to describe what it has done for humanity.

BUT there is another side to this radiobusiness which is not so generally advertised or so well understood as the rest of it is. Now, this phase was brought to my attention here lately and, briefly, in this space I propose to tell about it.

I was under contract to tell stories over the air. On the evening appointed for my "appearance," as they

call it, I reported at the broadcasting station an hour or so before the beginning of the time allotted to the program in which I was to figure. I wanted mentally to con over my part. So an assistant manager gave me the freedom of a reception room adjoining one of the studios, saying I could have privacy there.

AS I was pacing back and forth, rehearsing inwardly the tales I meant to repeat, a door opened and a young man swung himself in on a pair of crutches. He had a great barrel of a torso, a fine head and a strong pleasant face, but his legs were bent, withered, useless things.

"Pardon me for interrupting you," he said, "but I left my hat and overcoat in here somewhere. Oh, there they are yonder."

He heaved himself across the floor, his twisted feet dragging, and possessed himself of his belongings. On his way out he paused at the threshold.

"I'm hurrying home to my apartment so I can tune in and catch you," he said. His voice bespoke contentment and his smile was winning. "I'm like most of the crowd who work at this radio game. I'm a bug at listening in."

"Oh, so you have a job here?" I asked, wondering to myself how a man so [Continued on page 88]

Smart Set's Gallery of Beauty



First National

ALICE WHITE

*She's the red riot of Hollywood. Alice achieved the cinema impossible—
rose from script girl to stardom in less than two years*



A movie star of the first rank, May deliberately retired to conquer a new art—writing. When lovely lady stoops to literature, who wouldn't wish to be an editor?

James C. Gurney

MAY ALLISON

*A little girl who
started in the chorus
and became the
queen of the Follies.
Went dramatic in
"The Gold-Dig-
gers" and today the
speculators watch
for her shows*



INA CLAIRE

Hal Phyla



LILY DAMITA

She's the French blonde hired to be the sight that greets Ronald Colman's brown eyes now that Vilma Banky has deserted him for individual fame

With Howard Chandler Christy

ALBERTA VAUGHN

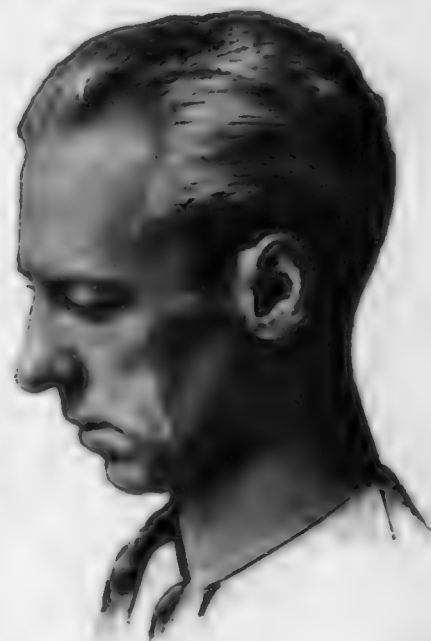
"Early to bed, early to rise," etc., in Hollywood. That's how Alberta Vaughn became a star—really



Edwin Bower Hester

O. O. McINTYRE'S Best True Story This Month

The Girl at Monte Carlo



THERE was a deadly coldness and precision in her voice. So much so that I turned from the monotonous drone of the croupier at a gaming-table in the Sporting Club at Monte Carlo to stare rather impolitely.

She had said, "And they call this fun!" There was the sneer of the utterly defeated and I had expected to see one of those ancient and withered hags with clawlike hands who are always hanging about the tables, whipping up their courage with brandy.

INSTEAD I saw a young girl, certainly not more than twenty, and yet that indefinable something that stamps high-living had marked her like the fiery dots of a rattler's fangs on clear white skin. Here was flaming youth that had spurted into its whitest flame, devastating and a little terrible.

A gentleman with a perfumed and fan-shaped beard and a red ribbon across his white expanse of shirt-bosom glanced at her and his lips curled into a cynical smile. Then he returned to his play. The ball spun and clicked—spun and clicked. It struck me that life was like that and I forgot the girl whose eyes seemed saucered in such despair but whose manner had been so defiantly reckless.

After a time I tired of watching the play and moved out into the night. It was one of those soft blue evenings that come only to the coast of the Mediterranean.

Here and there were pricks of starlight cold and gleaming. Fashionable crowds were promenading along the sidewalks strung with a lacey necklace of lights. Bands were playing Broadway's melodies.

AT A table along a café terrace my glance fell upon the girl. My curiosity had been piqued by her vibrant girlishness coupled with such aged worldliness so I took a table next to her, lighted a cigarette and determined covertly to study her. I feigned glancing over the headlines of the continental edition of the Daily Mail.

"Would you care to buy me a gin?" It was the girl.

Slightly nettled for I was not looking for a cheap tryst, I finally replied, "It would be a great pleasure," and I moved over to her table.

An ubiquitous waiter brought her drink and a mint for me. She gulped it down and called sharply, "Encore, Garçon."

I felt a little undone and ashamed of my powers of perception. What I had supposed was a girl of interest was in reality a common little "nymph du pave," the type so persistent and beckoning along the Parisian boulevards.

She had consumed nearly all of her second drink as I was in the midst of these reflections and, of course, not very attentive.

"Not what you think!" she [Continued on page 82]



The girl sensed my trend of thought. "You were wondering," she said, "how you could get away gracefully in the shortest time"

The Woman

Who was the mysterious midnight visitor to Jim Brent's studio?

Why did he conceal the fact that she had been there?

What made Sallie think it was her lovely sister, Nancy?

Where was Sallie herself that night?

Read what Nancy told you last month and see if you think it is possible to save the honor of the two lovely girls who are now so involved

AFTER my father married again I came to live with my sister Sallie and her husband, Hollis Carter. They always had a household of company and I made many new friends, among them Bert Allen, a young and wealthy doctor, and Jim Brent, a portrait painter.

I think both of them liked me a lot. In fact I thought Bert was going to propose to me before he went to Europe that spring—but I guess he wasn't sure what my feeling for Jim was so he left without saying a word.

I saw a lot of Jim while Bert was away because he was painting Sallie's portrait and both my sister and I formed the habit of popping into the studio at all hours to see how the work was progressing.

Just about the time the portrait was finished Bert Allen came back from Europe unexpectedly. I'll never forget the day—for it was the beginning of tragedy for all of us.

Jim's brother Austin was found dead in the Brent apartment by Jim and Bert. Circumstantial evidence at first pointed to Jim as the murderer.

Even my sister's husband Hollis, who was Jim's lawyer, said his alibi about being at the theater alone didn't sound true. Hollis believed Jim was lying to shield some woman.

"That's just guesswork," I thought but I saw a look of surprise and anger cross Bert's face. I remembered then how upset he had been when he found out I had gone to Jim's studio several times alone. He'd always been frightfully jealous.

One day I had gone to the studio and found that Jim needed a model for a design he was making for invitations to the Fine Arts Ball, so I posed for him after he promised he would not make the face look like mine. When I was leaving Jim asked me to come again on the very night his brother was murdered. Surely Jim would not have asked me to do that if he had been planning a tryst with some other woman. I felt sure of that.



Sallie and I went to Jim's studio late in the she forgot the envelope and the handkerchief then, asked me to come back later. I went

But later developments proved Hollis was right. The elevator boy at the Brent apartment said he had seen a woman in a dark dress in front of the Brents' door about ten that evening.

Foster, a detective whom Bert and Hollis had engaged, discovered that a woman answering the same general description had left Jim's studio with him about midnight. They had taken a taxi and the driver had identified Jim. Who, then,

In the Case

Another Chapter In A Breathless Serial of Indiscretion



afternoon to see him about the portrait. I suppose
So much for your circumstantial evidence! Jim
and stayed until the cab came"

was the woman? Was it the same one who had been at the
apartment earlier that evening?

Sallie and Hollis, Bert and I could talk of nothing else.
We were all terribly upset. Can you imagine my feelings,
then, when Bert got me alone a minute and said pointblank,
"Nancy, where was Sallie the night of the murder?"

It was at that point that my story broke off last month.
Now I will tell you what followed:

OF COURSE when Bert
Allen asked me, point-
blank, where my sister
Sallie Carter was on the night
Jim Brent's brother was mur-
dered, I couldn't, for the mo-
ment, answer him. I had
really thought that he was
going to say something quite
different. Something about
his love for me perhaps, or
how much he had missed me,
while he was away in Europe.

With this tragedy that had
so suddenly come upon us, it
seemed impossible to believe
that he had only been back
two days. But of course,
with Austin Brent shot and
his brother Jim under arrest
for killing him, we were all so
taken up with the murder
that we had scarcely time to
think of anything else. It
poisoned our lives, in a way.

We were sure Jim wasn't
guilty, but in the face of the
evidence the police had against
him, it seemed hard to prove
it. An alibi was what Hollis

Carter, Sallie's husband and Jim's lawyer, were after. Even
Bert, who had no reason to like Jim, and was jealous of him
on my account, was doing his best to help. That was why
he asked me that question.

It almost knocked me out of my seat. I did not know what
to say. Jim had been very attentive to Sallie, as well as to
me. I knew at once that Bert had figured out that on the
night Austin Brent was shot they might have been together.
That, if true, would force on Jim Brent the alibi he seemed
determined not to prove for himself. His own story was that
he had been at the theater, alone.

With these thoughts crowding my brain, I hesitated, and
Bert repeated the question.

"It may seem a queer thing for me to ask, Nancy," he said,
"and of course if you'd rather not answer it, just say so. But
if you do happen to know where Sallie was, that night——"

With Drawings
from Life
By W. U. CHAMBERS



I pulled myself away from Bert's arms. "We'll have to get Jim straightened out first. And Sallie. If she's the sort of woman you think she is maybe you wouldn't care to marry into the family"

I pretended not to understand what he tried to tell me. "Why Bert," I said, "what do you mean? She told me she was going to a concert at the Lyric."

"Did she go?" Bert asked.

"I suppose she did," I answered. "If you want to know, why not ask her?"

Bert turned on me quickly at that, and lowered his voice. "Is it possible, Nancy," he said, "that you do not realize what a terrible situation I'm in? Here is Sallie's husband doing his best to find out where Jim was that night in the hope of saving him from this charge of murder. Can you imagine anything more dreadful than for Hollis to find out that Jim was at his studio, and that the woman with him was Sallie? To find out that the woman in the case was his own wife! It would be ghastly."

"**M**AYBE it would," I said, "but Hollis isn't going to find out anything of the sort."

"Why not?"

"Because Sallie wasn't with Jim that night."

"It's like you to say that," Bert said. "I admire you for it. But just the same, I have reason to believe that she was."

"You must have mighty good reasons, Bert," I said, "to accuse my sister of such a thing. Why don't you ask me where I was?"

Before I knew it, Bert put his arm around me and kissed me.

"Don't talk nonsense, darling," he whispered. "The last thing in the world I'd do would be to bring you into this mess. I love you, don't you know that? I want you to marry me. If this dreadful affair hadn't upset us all so, I'd have asked you the moment I got back from abroad for your answer."

I pulled myself away from Bert Allen's arms very quickly. "We'll have to get this affair straightened out first," I said. I didn't want Bert to touch me. "If she's the sort of woman you think she is, maybe you wouldn't care to marry into the family."

"Don't be silly," he said. "It's you I want to marry, not Sallie. As for Jim Brent, I'll do the best I can to help him out, but there is no use pretending I'm fond of him. I've been too jealous I guess for that. It made me angry to think he'd taken you to his studio. Not because I thought for a moment there was anything wrong about it. You understand that, dear, don't you? But because he ought to have thought more of you, or your reputation—"

"Don't," I interrupted angrily. "Visiting a man's studio, in these broad-minded days, is hardly considered a crime. You talk as though I were some frail young thing who couldn't be left alone with an attractive man for half an hour without doing something foolish."

Bert stopped me. I saw he was annoyed.

"**P**LEASE," he whispered. "That isn't fair. I'm blaming Jim Brent, not you. Such things look bad, especially for a young girl. And you've got to remember Jim's reputation. You know as well as I do how many old gossips there are in this town who would be tickled to death to spread all sorts of stories. You might just stop in at his studio for a few moments to smoke a cigarette, be seen coming out, and inside of twenty-four hours they would be calling you Jim Brent's mistress."

"I've been to his studio more than once, Bert," I said. "Two or three afternoons, at least."

"Well, you shouldn't have, darling, for the reasons I've just given you. As for spending an evening there with him in secret that's a very different matter."

"Still, you accuse Sallie of it," I said.

"No, I don't accuse her, although being a married woman, she can do things you can't. I don't accuse her. But the facts do. Foster's facts."

"What facts?" I asked.

Bert interrupted me, once more lowering his voice as though he thought some one might be listening.

"I didn't tell you everything Foster and I found out. There was other evidence at the studio that the police paid no attention to. I didn't like to mention it with your sister and Hollis present but there was a handkerchief with Sallie's initials on it."

"She might have left it at any time," I said.

"Yes," Bert went on. "She might. There isn't any positive proof, of course. It was the handkerchief that made Foster think of getting in touch with the telephone company and the taxicab people."

"I think you are making mountains out of mole-hills, Bert," I said in a very small voice. "Sallie had been going to Jim's studio a lot on account of her portrait. The handkerchief might have been there for a week, or a month."

"That isn't all," Bert continued. "Somebody, some woman, had been using rouge, powder, a lip-stick and left them there."

"Don't be silly, Bert," I interrupted. "Jim Brent was a portrait painter. He had a little room there with a mirror, wash-stand, all sorts of toilette arrangements for his subjects. Anybody might have used those things, at any time. I have myself."

"Then how about this?" Bert felt in his pocket and took out an envelope.

"What about it?" I asked and stared at the bit of paper. I saw that it was addressed to Sallie in her husband's handwriting, and in the upper left-hand corner was the name of an out-of-town hotel.

Bert pointed to the postmark.

"Don't you see?" he whispered. "Sallie must have received this letter from Hollis on a late afternoon delivery the day of the murder. How do you explain the fact that it was in Jim Brent's studio that night unless Sallie took it there?"

"She might have sent it," I said.

"What for?" asked Bert.

"I'm sure I don't know," I said. "What was in it?"

"Nothing. The envelope must have contained a letter from Hollis but there was no letter in the studio. No fragments of a letter, just this envelope lying [Continued on page 74]



"I'm so terribly sorry, Nancy darling," my sister said. "Having to confess like that before Hollis and Bert. It was awful. But I was afraid all the time it was you." "Sallie," I said, "I don't know what you mean. Weren't you with Jim Brent that night?" Sallie gasped. "What on earth are you talking about, Nancy? Of course I wasn't. You just said you were"

Are You Kids As Wise As You Think You Are?



I THINK it's about time to shoot a few holes of common sense through these glib modern theories about youth's new frankness and freedom. And first of all, I'd like to ask our young people themselves whether this very word "youth," which we've been bandying about so much of late, has any definite meaning to them.

Does the girl of sixteen really have a social class-consciousness with all the other girls of her age? Does she ever once think of herself in the rôle we have dramatically assigned to her, that is, as an Amazon in a revolutionary army waging the battle of the rebellious teens against tyrannical middle age?

Not a bit of it! All that is fiction of the lecture platform. For more than a decade, the sociologists, teachers and popular philosophers have been making our hair curl at the spectacle of youth in revolt. The challenge of our children! The younger generation united in rebellion! Adolescence defying the world!

There's nothing to it. Youth hasn't any social solidarity. Our young people aren't an organized legion of nymphs and fauns sprung full-panoplied out of thin air to rally round the standards of moral revolution and cry, "Down with the ethics of the elders!"

On the contrary, they are as they always have been, the normal children of ordinary mothers and fathers. They live most of their time under the paternal roof. Their contacts with the family and with persons of greater age than their own are still more intimate than their contacts with each other. Youth is inextricably interwoven with the fabric of adult life.

AND, believe me, the rotten part of the fabric is not the warp of youth but the woof of middle age. If some youngsters today are running wild and getting away with it, their parents are exclusively to blame. If others are falling into the trap of their own smartness and winding up in courts such as mine, it is because their parents have less conscience than the probation officers whom we must appoint as pinch-hitters for negligent fathers and mothers.

Not long ago I heard the whole case summed up graphically by a member of the younger generation. It was at a father-and-son banquet given by a church organization in my home town. A high school boy was unexpectedly called upon to tell what he thought about fathers. He started off with the aplomb of an experienced after-dinner speaker:

"Do you remember," he asked, "the story about the farmer's

boy who was straddling a rail fence by the road when a stranger came along? 'Hello, sonny,' said the stranger. 'Is your dad anywhere about?' 'Sure,' answered the boy. 'See that barn back there?' 'Yes.' 'See them hogs out beyond it?' 'Yes.' 'Well, the one with the hoe is dad.'

"That," the young speaker went on, "is the way lots of us boys feel about our fathers and the reason is because parents are too hoggishly interested in their own good times these days to pay any attention to their children."

They are. This lad hit the nail squarely on the head. No matter how self-sufficient our youngsters may seem in the whirl of their own gaiety, inwardly and earnestly they crave confidences, comradeship and guidance that only their parents can give them. But the parents haven't time; they've gone off on a spree by themselves.

When parents complain of the wildness of the younger generation, I feel like asking them to look to their own habits

With Drawings
By ROBB
BEEBE

No matter how self-sufficient our youngsters seem in the whirl of their own gaiety, inwardly they crave comradeship and guidance that only their parents can give



By JUDGE GEORGE C. APPELL

I'd like to ask you young people whether this word "Youth" has any real meaning to you. Do you girls and boys of sixteen really think you are leading a rebellious army against the tyranny of middle age? I for one wish that you were so wise that you could guide us elders. But I deal with the younger generation every day. I see you entangled in the same old disasters that afflicted your less sophisticated parents and I doubt whether you have learned anything to teach us

first. Flaming youth isn't a case of spontaneous combustion nor is the jazz age an outburst of juvenile sophistication. It all began with a moral eruption among adults. We kindled the blaze ourselves and we alone can check it.

Certainly it is time that we made the effort. Look into the facts for yourself. Spend a week in any juvenile court. Ride the circuit of my dozen tribunals with me. Study our tabulated records, covering the child delinquency problem in the wealthiest suburban county in the world, with its half million metropolitan population. These records show that the proportion of cases involving a question of parentage increased thirty per cent in 1926 over 1925. The proportion of juvenile sex offenders increased fifty per cent.

Five days a week I hear a depressing succession of such cases apparently still on the increase. And the most alarming phase of this situation is that affecting young girls. Approximately twenty per cent of the girls brought before me in 1926 were victims of serious sex delinquency. Another twenty per cent were beyond parental control, which generally leads to the same thing unless checked in time. And finally, the charge in more than forty per cent of the girls' cases was truancy. It is my experience that the great majority of girl truants are either actual or probable sex offenders.

IN OTHER words, close to eighty per cent of the girls appearing before me are sex delinquents in fact or potentially. And remember, these are all girls of high school age or under, since the children's court jurisdiction does not extend above the age of sixteen.

Such is the seamy side of youth's much glorified new wisdom. Parents have come to rely upon the supposed enlightenment of their children in sex matters as sufficient protection against missteps. But sometimes I wonder whether compulsory attendance in a children's court shouldn't be a prerequisite for parenthood. How else can fathers and mothers be aroused to understand the desperate gamble they are now permitting their children to take? Ignorance and sophistication are still the bane of the younger generation.

The judge of a juvenile court is occasionally compelled to take children away from parents who are demonstrably vicious or unfit to rear them. But we have no way of protecting children against the reticence of modern parents who, otherwise splendidly responsible, are afraid to discuss sex knowledge with their own youngsters.

That is an age-old problem but it has one distinctly new angle. An increasing number of girls in their teens are running the gamut of experience and apparently are coming



© Bachrach

Judge Appell

President, New York State Association of Children's Court Judges; Judge of the Westchester County Children's Court

off unscathed. But what of their future? What will life hold for them at thirty or forty? Of course, they aren't worrying about it, those of this fast-living younger set who are confusing speed and sensation with a good time. Those of us who are worrying about it can't find the answer in history because the phenomenon itself is unprecedented.

Nevertheless, I dealt privately with a case just the other day in which the disillusionment [Continued on page 100]

Is There
Such a Thing
As a
True Test
of Love?

AS WE were climbing up the gang-plank, mother seized my arm and pointed to a crowd of people on the deck below.

"That man!" she cried.

"What man?" I said. In that mass of strange men I couldn't see anyone I knew or would expect to meet in that far-away part of the world on a shabby old steamer like this. I knew very well that mother was terribly upset. She wouldn't answer my question until we were in my little, cramped stateroom.

"Did you know Garry Procter was on board?" She looked at me rather angrily as though I had deceived her.

"I didn't even know Garry was in Asia," I said. "Why mother, Garry doesn't mean a thing to me now. It was only a boy and girl affair anyway. I was only seventeen and he was twenty-one. I wonder what he's doing here."

HE PROBABLY knows you are on board and that on a ship one can't avoid people." Mother frowned. "If your father hadn't had appendicitis at Shanghai we should be going home on a real ship instead of this dirty old tramp. You mustn't speak to Garry. You understand that?"

"I'll speak if I want to," I said. Mother was always afraid that Theodore, my fiancé, wouldn't understand if I even looked at any other man.

"My dear Doris," mother said, "Garry isn't worth thinking about compared with Theo. He hasn't any money and he hasn't any prospects, and I never did like the way he had of taking possession of you as if he were engaged to you."

I hadn't thought of Garry for years, it seemed, until mother brought up the subject. How



One In All

he had adored me! It had been my first experience with his chivalrous type and it thrilled me. Although he was studying to be an engineer, he had a vein of poetry in him. We had quarreled because he thought I ought not to let other boys take me out riding and driving. Garry had such old-fashioned ideas about the sacredness of love. I didn't behave very well to him although there was nobody then I cared so much about. I remembered, as mother talked on excitedly, that Garry had said if I went to a certain dance wearing the flowers some



With Drawings
from *Life*
By LESLIE L.
BENSON

There was a knock at the door. It was Theo and mother made her usual fuss over him. I used to think Theo was the handsomest man I had ever seen with the most perfect manners. He was blond, tall and broad and could kiss a woman's hand without seeming absurd. There was a touch of theatricalism about him but one could forgive it in such a splendid creature. I worshipped courage and strength, and Theo had done such wonderful things.

I speedily forgot Garry Procter and left mother to unpack while I walked around the deck with Theo. We looked over the rail down into the steerage.

"Cattle!" Theo said. We were gazing at the mixture of many races. "Most of them are deck passengers. The scourgings of the seven seas." He slipped his arm around my waist. "Don't be frightened, Dorie darling. I'm here."

I HADN'T thought of being frightened until Theo said that. American girls aren't as a rule. I looked down at them. Some of them were staring up at us with sullen, rebellious eyes. I knew dad had been much worried about the unrest in the Far East which he said was the beginning of serious trouble. I got a glimpse of this hatred for the white foreigner as I met the eyes of the men who stared. I looked up at Theo and smiled, thankful that he

Day the Years

other boy had sent, he would understand I didn't care for him. I didn't like having decisions forced on me like that.

I wore the other boy's flowers, a boy whose name I have now forgotten, and Garry went back to Boston Tech and I never saw him again. That had been five years ago and now here we were on the China Seas in the same small ship.

"We were engaged then," I told mother.

"Then don't let Theodore suspect it. Garry is looking so shabby that it wouldn't be wise to let Theo know about it."

*Is There
Such a Thing
As a
True Test
of Love?*

AS WE were climbing up the gang-plank, mother seized my arm and pointed to a crowd of people on the deck below.

"That man!" she cried.

"What man?" I said. In that mass of strange men I couldn't see anyone I knew or would expect to meet in that far-away part of the world on a shabby old steamer like this. I knew very well that mother was terribly upset. She wouldn't answer my question until we were in my little, cramped stateroom.

"Did you know Garry Procter was on board?" She looked at me rather angrily as though I had deceived her.

"I didn't even know Garry was in Asia," I said. "Why mother, Garry doesn't mean a thing to me now. It was only a boy and girl affair anyway. I was only seventeen and he was twenty-one. I wonder what he's doing here."

HE PROBABLY knows you are on board and that on a ship one can't avoid people." Mother frowned. "If your father hadn't had appendicitis at Shanghai we should be going home on a real ship instead of this dirty old tramp. You mustn't speak to Garry. You understand that?"

"I'll speak if I want to," I said. Mother was always afraid that Theodore, my fiancé, wouldn't understand if I even looked at any other man.

"My dear Doris," mother said, "Garry isn't worth thinking about compared with Theo. He hasn't any money and he hasn't any prospects, and I never did like the way he had of taking possession of you as if he were engaged to you."

I hadn't thought of Garry for years, it seemed, until mother brought up the subject. How



*One
In All*

he had adored me! It had been my first experience with his chivalrous type and it thrilled me. Although he was studying to be an engineer, he had a vein of poetry in him. We had quarreled because he thought I ought not to let other boys take me out riding and driving. Garry had such old-fashioned ideas about the sacredness of love. I didn't behave very well to him although there was nobody then I cared so much about. I remembered, as mother talked on excitedly, that Garry had said if I went to a certain dance wearing the flowers some



With Drawings
from Life
By LESLIE L.
BENSON

There was a knock at the door. It was Theo and mother made her usual fuss over him. I used to think Theo was the handsomest man I had ever seen with the most perfect manners. He was blond, tall and broad and could kiss a woman's hand without seeming absurd. There was a touch of theatricalism about him but one could forgive it in such a splendid creature. I worshipped courage and strength, and Theo had done such wonderful things.

I speedily forgot Garry Procter and left mother to unpack while I walked around the deck with Theo. We looked over the rail down into the steerage.

"Cattle!" Theo said. We were gazing at the mixture of many races. "Most of them are deck passengers. The scourgings of the seven seas." He slipped his arm around my waist. "Don't be frightened, Dorie darling. I'm here."

I HADN'T thought of being frightened until Theo said that. American girls aren't as a rule. I looked down at them. Some of them were staring up at us with sullen, rebellious eyes. I knew dad had been much worried about the unrest in the Far East which he said was the beginning of serious trouble. I got a glimpse of this hatred for the white foreigner as I met the eyes of the men who stared. I looked up at Theo and smiled, thankful that he

Day the Years

other boy had sent, he would understand I didn't care for him. I didn't like having decisions forced on me like that.

I wore the other boy's flowers, a boy whose name I have now forgotten, and Garry went back to Boston Tech and I never saw him again. That had been five years ago and now here we were on the China Seas in the same small ship.

"We were engaged then," I told mother.

"Then don't let Theodore suspect it. Garry is looking so shabby that it wouldn't be wise to let Theo know about it."



was with me, at hand to protect me if it should be necessary.

Then I saw Garry Procter. He was dressed in a suit of gray flannel, not very recently pressed, and he was sitting on a box smoking a pipe. He had altered very little in five years. His face was heavily tanned. I thought he looked troubled. It was when he stared up at us that I saw he looked very anxious. I thought I would wave my hand. Then I decided not to. Theo was so jealous that Garry would take a lot of explaining. And perhaps I was getting some of mother's snobbishness. Garry looked shabby and what was he doing down there among the deck passengers?

"There's a white man down there. He looks American or English," Theo said. "I pity a white man who has to herd with that riff-raff but it's probably his own fault. The East is full of derelicts like him."

He's staring very hard," I said. "Does he know you?"

"HE MAY know me," Theo said, "but I certainly don't know him. He's staring at you. I've a good mind to give him a lesson in manners."

"You're bigger than he is," I said. "He doesn't mean anything. We probably remind him of home."

Theo put his arm around my waist again. I found myself wishing he hadn't done it so openly. Garry turned away but I was certain he had seen. I felt terribly annoyed with Theo.

In that awful moment I learned the truth that Theo, the coming toward me. "The boats are useless," he said,

"I must go and see how dad is," I said. He's a miserable sailor and he's dreading a storm."

"There won't be a storm," Theo said in his authoritative way. "The season for storms is past. The captain told me so. Your father will be all right. Your mother is there."

"Mother's a worse sailor than dad," I said and left him.

They hadn't had time to feel ill yet because the boat hadn't left the dock. Mother was trying to get dad angry at Garry for being on the ship. But dad had always liked Garry. He had never said much about Theo but this time he compared them, much to mother's annoyance.

"Garry's a man," he said, "and if I were in a tight place I'd rather have one Garry than ten hand-kissing Theodores. Don't bother me about anyone. This is going to be a bad trip for me. I can feel it."

"Theo says the storm season is past," I volunteered.

"I'd feel better if Garry had told you. Ask him if you meet him."

"Doris will cut him dead if she meets him," mother exclaimed.

"Doris will not cut him dead," I answered. "Why should I?"



man I had idealized, was a coward. Then I saw Garry "but there are some rafts astern. Hold on to me"

"Think of Theo," mother answered. "You know how particular he is. Garry looked at me as if he were down and out from either drink or drugs. Drugs, probably, out here where they are easy to get."

It was Garry who came up and spoke to me. I was alone on the upper deck. I saw him coming and I was angry to find that my heart fluttered a little. Why should Garry make any difference to me now?

He was wearing old clothes but he didn't look in the least like a derelict, and mother had been all wrong in thinking he had taken to drink or drugs. His brown skin was clear and his eyes, steady. Perhaps because I didn't want him to see that I was just a tiny bit nervous I bowed rather coldly. I thought of course he would put out his hand but he didn't. He bowed.

"What a surprise to see you," I began.

"I expected to see you," he answered. "I read about your father's illness in the Peking Gazette. I hope he is better."

"But dreading bad weather," I returned. "Fortunately the season for storms is over."

Garry smiled a little. "That must reassure you but what

makes you think there will be no more storms this season?"

"Mr. Theodore Butler told me so. He is a yachtsman."

"Is Mr. Butler the tall, rather overweight gentleman who was pawing you on the upper deck as you looked down below?"

I was furious with Garry. "He's not overweight, and he was not pawing me."

"Then my eyes must have gone back on me," Garry returned. "The man I saw is fortunate in having you as a defender. Are you by any chance engaged to him?"

Try as I might I could not keep myself from flushing a little. "Yes," I said. "Mother simply adores him."

"SHE would," he said. "I needn't ask after that if he is rich. Your mother can tell a poor man at a glance no matter what clothes he has on his back."

"She has always tried to do her best for me," I said.

"But not when she selected Theodore."

"I did the selecting there," I said.

"How your hand must have lost its cunning!" He sighed a little.

"If you wish to be offensive," I said. "I think I shall go."

"I didn't come to be that," he answered. "It won't be easy to explain just why I did come. I came in fear and trembling. All these years I've been thinking [Continued on page 116]

These Noted Men Take Sides STOP

*Early Marriages
Are Likely to Be
Sex Marriages
And Sex Marriages
Don't Last*

By REV. DR. WILLIAM
NORMAN GUTHRIE

*As Told to
BOYD
FISHER*



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Rev. Dr. William Norman Guthrie, the liberal pastor of St. Marks-on-the-Bouwerie, New York, says that a person is ready to marry only when he or she is mature enough to consider every element of the relationship: intellectual and economic as well as physical

I DON'T believe in early marriages today. I want permanent, successful marriages. There is little chance of the young person's making a lasting choice, with influences in the big cities what they are today.

Early marriages are likely to be sex marriages, pure and simple. And sex marriages don't last. Animals can mate, and stay mated; man cannot. Man marries, and marriage is a human institution. It expresses man's character, and, like him, is something more than animal. Marriage can be permanent only if it measures up to the highest qualities of man's nature. It must be founded upon something higher than animal instinct.

Man cannot be permanently satisfied, therefore, with loving another person's body. Sooner or later, even if he begins that way, his conception of love, his demands upon love, will grow. His later, truer love won't necessarily be different from, and antagonistic to, sex. But it will be something bigger and

higher because it will include sex as just one factor. He will fall in love with a person; he will establish community with a personality; he will worship a soul. When that love comes, it will kill any mere sex-love that has gone before it.

Quite often, thank God, such a growth takes place within marriage. I've seen persons who were swept into it by passion alone, march onward, hand in hand, to finer relationships and loyalties. I rejoice when I see this. It proves that marriage is a broad and beautiful institution, which branches out to meet the demands upon it. It begins as a thrilling romance. Then, the birth of a child brings husband and wife together in a new love that is tenfold greater than before. Working together to make a career that will benefit all three makes them intellectual partners. Then, bearing together the inevitable griefs and disappointments, they turn to God for comfort, and religion at last so crowns the union that we may justly call it "holy" matrimony! [Continued on page 107]

On The Right Age to Marry



Irving Chisnoff

Ernest Leroy Baker, Lecturer and Professor of Educational Psychology at Columbia University, New York, believes that the sooner self-reliant young people marry the better, because the younger they are the more easily they adapt themselves to the new life

GO

Marry Young!

To Stifle the

Mating Instinct

Too Long

Dwarfs Character

By PROFESSOR ERNEST
LEROY BAKER



YOUNG people are attracted to each other by an urge which is partly biological and partly intellectual. The urge to mate is a driving force which is often quite independent of any intellectual interest. When it is combined with ideals, and toned with love, a mate image results that craves union. It is simply an overwhelming urge for a mate from which there will result a feeling of "oneness," the expansion of the self into an ideal whole. Since marriage provides the safest and best outlet for this need, a compromise between nature and the laws of society, I favor early marriages. Later ones, however, may be successful.

I am speaking now of the normal majority. For the minority the time for marriage is an individual problem. To some the urge comes like a whirlwind; it steals upon others like a thief in the dark. There are some to whom it does not come at all, and many to whom it comes but with whom it does not stay. These last are they who provide much of

the work for psychologists, for unless one's sex and love life is normal there is no real peace or happiness in life. But to most healthy and normal young people, the sex impulse comes early and swiftly.

Nature deems it of great importance that perpetuation of life be insured and the sex urge leaves nothing to chance. It must function without having to stop and acquire ways and means. The Roman Catholic church and the Talmud recognize this necessity by urging their followers to marry as early as possible. But the State does not want young people to marry until they are self-supporting.

Do you see what that means? The marrying age is steadily mounting. For a period of ten years or more the natural urge to mate is being stifled or given over to other and undesirable means of gratification. During those ten years habits are formed that are not conducive to happy marriage. Youthful, ecstatic love is being dissipated in [Continued on page 112]

*Your Next Door Neighbors
May Be the Actors
In This Drama of Married Life*
By
**VIRGINIA TERHUNE
VAN DE WATER**

"YOU will come home early this evening, won't you, Dick?" the woman repeated.

Perhaps a touch of overstrained patience in her voice roused her husband to an appreciation that the wind was veering slightly towards the east, for he glanced away from the financial news upon which his eyes had been fixed.

"I beg your pardon, my dear. What were you saying?"

"Evidently nothing that can compare in interest with what you are reading," she remarked.

"Oh, come now," he laughed. He put the morning paper so far from him that he would not be tempted to glance at it for the next few minutes. "You know I would rather talk with you than read the daily news. In fact, my dear wife," with a little bow, "I fancy sometimes that you are the daily news. So far custom has never succeeded in staling your 'infinite variety.' But what is the latest evidence of it? Go ahead and tell me. I am all attention."

His tone was bantering and merry. His unfailing good nature was one of the things that tried his wife's temper. If he cared as she cared, could he be so nonchalant? But she must not seem petty or spiteful, so she forced herself to speak cheerfully. She knew Dick couldn't stand nagging.

"I was asking you if you would not try to get home early this evening?" she said for the third time. "As I have already explained once, the Morgans are coming to dinner and Norton Hastings."

She hesitated before the last name but her husband did not notice.

"What is the special occasion for this special dinner?" he asked. "Why should I be here tonight more than usual?"

Dick recalled that Constance had said something about lunching at the Astor with Norton Hastings. Well, what of it? Connie had a right to lunch with whom she liked

"Because, Dick, I want you. All this winter I have had to entertain without you. And it looks queer. Why, people might say that you and I do not get on well together."

Her husband's laugh was in sharp contrast to hers.

"Let them say what they like, Honey. We know better."

"I am not sure that I do know better," she contradicted. The man stopped short in the middle of his laugh.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"Just that, Dick. It does seem to me that if a man and



*With Drawings
from Life*

By C. W. ANDERSON



Do
Stupid Husbands
Drive Their Wives
To Play
With the
Lighter Side
of Love?

What No Man Understands

wife love each other, they will want to be together and show the world that they do. You used to think that way too. But for the past six months you have put business ahead of me every time. All the invitations that we have received you have insisted on declining, or have accepted with the same old proviso, 'if business will permit.' And I am tired of it. I like society."

"But," the husband said, "I never object to your going to places without me. You ought to understand that I am not

working like this for fun. I have a big deal I am trying to put across. It demands all my time and thought."

"It's more important than your wife?" she asked.

"My wife will profit by it when it goes through, as it will soon," Richard Paxton said. "Dear," he pushed his chair back and rose, "don't fuss. You are sure of me and I am sure of you, even if I must work while you play. Play ahead and have a good time, Constance."

"I intend to," the wife said. Her voice was hard and steady. "But I do think you might play with me once in a while."

"LATER I shall but I can't get home early tonight. I'll see your guests when I do get in. Keep them until then. By the way, I understand that Hastings made a telling plea in that lawsuit he's had."

"Yes and he won the suit," Constance Paxton said. "That is one reason I am having this little dinner tonight as a sort of celebration of his victory. I thought it would please him."

"That's nice of you," her husband approved. "I never cared especially for Hastings myself; he's a bit too effeminate for my taste. Still, he has evidently got brains."

"He has been very kind to me," the wife said. "Which reminds me, he asked me to lunch with him at the Astor today."

"Ah! It's later than I thought.

So long!" He dropped a hasty kiss upon his wife's upturned face.

At the door he paused. Something in the expression of her eyes recalled him to the present situation.

"I'm sorry about this evening," he said. "You see I have an important business appointment at six and it will detain me too late for dinner. But you'll have a good time anyway."

"I certainly shall," the wife declared.

When the front door had closed behind her husband her man-

ner changed. For an instant tears rushed to her eyes but she winked them back.

"I will not be a fool," she muttered. "If he does not care, I shan't either! The worst of it is that I can't make him care. He just takes me for granted! I am his wife, therefore perfectly secure, no matter how little attention he pays me. I don't believe," she turned suddenly to the mirror above the mantel, "that he ever notices how I look any more. He used to notice every change in my dress, every new thing I put on! Yes, he used to care a lot and said that I was the prettiest—"

She stopped, dropped into a chair and buried her face in her hands. In spite of her vaunted indifference, she burst into sobs.

"I am a fool, I know I am!" she muttered. "But I just can't help it; I do love him and need him so. If he were only as he used to be. I am sure I have not changed, not in looks anyway."

She stopped crying, dried her eyes and sat buried in thought. She was going back mentally over the last few years.

SHE and Richard had been married for three years. The first year, Dick's income had been small and they had lived economically. Yet, looking back, Constance remembered with a pang akin to homesickness the good times she and Dick had had together. At that period a moving picture show had meant "a lark" to the pair. Dinner at a restaurant was a wild extravagance. Dick and she had always been looking forward to the time when they would have more money.

The second year they had more. Richard Paxton was a shrewd business man with a wonderful ability for making the most of opportunities that came his way. Eighteen months after his marriage they had taken this pretty little apartment. Constance had engaged a competent maid. Richard encouraged her to dress well. He knew he could trust her not to be extravagant.

That had been the trouble, she decided now. He had always known he could trust her. Perhaps that was why for months past he had let her go her own gait. He could trust her better than he could his business. So he bestowed upon business the time that was his wife's due.

Then she checked herself suddenly. Had she sunk so low as that? But had Dick wearied of her?

She knew very well that he had not wearied of her. He just took her for granted, that was all, just as he took his comfortable home and good food for granted. He would not miss them unless they were threatened.

That was one delightful thing about Norton Hastings; he never let pass a chance to let her know that he admired her. Sometimes his admiration made her vaguely uncomfortable. His manner had been almost too devoted of late. For this reason she had hesitated about accepting his invitation for this noon.

But, since Richard did not care, why should she? She had promised to phone Hastings and give him her decision about luncheon.

Impulsively, she went to the telephone, called Norton, and informed him that she would meet him at the hour and place he had suggested.

She cut short his expression of pleasure by hanging up the receiver. She almost wished that he had not sounded so glad. Yet, why should she feel any compunctions on the subject? If her own husband was willing to let things take their course, she need not worry about them.

"He does not even pay me the compliment of being jealous of another man's liking for me," she muttered. "If he would only resent it, or something!"

Then, because she was a woman, and because women want to be told frequently how dearly they are loved, she gave vent to a little sob of wounded feeling.

She did not know that few husbands run after a car



Richard fitted his key noisily in the door. For some reason, he wanted Constance to know he was there



As Richard expected, he found his wife and Norton Hastings standing in the foyer. The man had evidently been saying good-by

that has been stopped at their signal. Yet occasionally a car standing on a steep grade slides down hill. The brake may be defective.

Richard Paxton's day was so crowded with work and with business interviews that he had no time to give conscious thought to his wife or her concerns. Yet back of all that he was doing, back of the big deal he had at last put across, was his love for her. That, like his expression of it to her, was one of the things that he took for granted.

He appreciated this fact as he chatted with an elderly friend whom he met that afternoon just as he was leaving his office.

John Staunton had been a chum of Dick Paxton's father. He was twenty-five years older than Dick, yet there had always existed an intimacy between the pair although they met seldom. Today he grasped the younger man's hand warmly.

"Hello, my boy," he said with cordial affection. "I happened to be down here, so I stopped long enough to have a look at you. You are in a hurry?"

"I have an appointment uptown," Richard said. "But why not let us walk up a part of the way together?"

"Good! That would suit me perfectly. I have been thinking about you for the past hour or two. I guess the train of thought was started by catching a glimpse of your pretty wife as I came out of the Astor this noon."

"Oh, did you see Connie?"

"I did, and she's a sight for sore eyes. She grows lovelier all the time."

RICHARD laughed happily. "Does she? I had not noticed that. I always thought she was as pretty as anyone could be."

"I am glad you recognize that," the older man said but he was not smiling now. "Of course you tell her so? Women like to be told."

"Tell her so?" Dick repeated. "I don't know that I do. Why should I? She knows I think it. She and I understand each other perfectly."

"That's good," Staunton approved.

There was a moment's silence.

"I saw Norton Hastings today," John Staunton said suddenly. "I understand that his defense in the case of Merrill versus Bradley was quite masterly. He won the case for Bradley all right."

"Yes, so I understand. Constance was speaking of it this morning. He and she are rather good friends, I believe. I seldom see him."

"I do not know that you miss much," Staunton began, then checked himself. "I beg your pardon. Perhaps I ought not to have said that, especially if the man is a friend of yours."

"He is not a friend of mine—at least, that is—he and I are on pleasant enough terms, but Connie knows him better than I do. I have been so tied up by business lately that I have hardly seen anyone in a social way."

"That's a bit hard on your wife, isn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know. She likes society, and I am glad to have her go about if she wants to. She is not dependent upon me for escort anyway. Moreover, she will be so much better off because of this new deal I have been putting through that the doubtful joys of my society are not to be compared with it."

At the corner of the street where they parted, the younger man held out his hand.

"Good-by," he said. [Continued on page 115]

10 A. M. She goes to work in a three-piece costume of black crêpe, with beige fox collar and draped skirt, a beige satin blouse, sunburn hose, black hat; hand-bag and pumps. At noon she will not pay for her own lunch

8 A. M. Ruth reads her fan mail in white Chinese brocaded pajamas monogrammed in red, a matching coat and sash lined with red silk and brocaded mules



2 P. M. She takes up sports. Her angora coat, flannel skirt, felt hat, linen hand-bag and oxfords are white. Cleverly she contrasts these with a yellow sweater and a black-and-orange scarf. This makes every set she plays a love set

The Clothes of

RUTH TAYLOR

Shows You How to Wear What

Specially Posed for Smart Set



5 P. M. Roped with pearls, she serves tea in a gown which would be the answer to any maiden's prayer for beauty. Of mauve chiffon, edged in silver its skirt falls from the knees to a one foot train. Her admirers are known to fall similarly

7 P. M. As befits a rising young star, she dons a close-fitting flesh chiffon model, fringed and beaded, with a matching coat of bride's blush satin, on which pearls are woven into flower patterns. A sure sign of a heavy date



1 A. M. At last she retires, to dream of the boy friend, in an orchid satin princess nightie, lace trimmed, and a negligée of rose chiffon, edged with ostrich feathers



a Perfect Day

SCREEN STAR

You Wear When You Wear It

By Paramount Pictures Corporation



Unforbidden Fruit

With Drawings
from Life
By HARLEY
ENNIS STIVERS

At Sperry College You Will Meet:

THE girls of "20" Trumbull House and their chums. Their summer vacations had been one round of gay parties and new beaux and a college term was not much different in that respect from a vacation. There was:

STARR MOWBRAY, a young lady of affairs, flirting her way through college and through life.

VERITY CLARKE, a freshman who covered herself with glory when she went barnstorming with the Dramatic Club. Verity believed that Fate would throw across her path again the hero of a thrilling Pullman-car adventure. Beside that mysterious stranger, the "man in lower 7," the fascinating boatman Verity met on the tour hadn't a chance. Verity had told the boatman she was "trooping" to earn five hundred

dollars to help some one through college. She never suspected that his offer to lend it to her was made in good faith, but he was so nice she began to wish that he had been the "man in lower 7."

SARA LA LOND, who had won scholastic and athletic honors, but made few close friends until she went hitch-hiking with Sylvia Hartnett and met Mark Rainger with whom she fell in love. Later Sylvia invited Sara to visit her in New York so that she and Mark could see each other. Sylvia knew Sara was worried over the loss of a letter from Mark. Perhaps the week-end trip would cheer her up. But it didn't for she came back worried for fear that she would lose the scholarship she needed if that letter were found. Sara caught a cold afterward and during her delirium let that fact slip

*What Secrets Are Whispered
in the Sacred Precincts of the Dormitories
of a Girls' College?*

WARNER FABIAN

*Reveals Them to You
In This Vibrant Serial
of Youth and Love*



Starr and Sylvia surprised Mr. Westfall selecting the four dozen roses. "Don't say they aren't for us," said Starr. "Well, not this lot," he answered

PROFESSOR PATTERSON GIFFORD, the campus idol, whose interest in one of his pupils was more than just that of a teacher in a brilliant student. After he had rescued her from a wild road-house party and brought her safely back to college he tried to show no further interest in her but he was not very successful. That pupil was

SYLVIA HARTNETT, the leading spirit of Trumbull House. She was likewise fascinated by Gifford and did her daring best to break down the barriers that separated teacher and pupil. Stealing back from the hitch-hike with Sara in the wee small hours Sylvia saw a light in a study window. With a thermos bottle full of hot coffee as an excuse she went back to Gifford's house. After that midnight visit Sylvia was sufficiently sure of his interest in her to believe she could get by in his classes without much study. But Giff refused to give her good marks unless she earned them. Their friendship grew into love and Sylvia took all sorts of chances to see him. After a fuss with an English instructor for which Sylvia feared she would be expelled she borrowed Verity's goloshes and went to see Giff. When she came back she found she had lost one of the goloshes. Her only fear was that Ida McKay, the college busybody, who already suspected her of visiting Giff, would find it because Ida had been seen prowling

CANDOR in a high degree marked the demeanor of Ida McKay as she held up Verity in the hallway going to breakfast.

"Lost anything, Vee?"

"No." The freshman did not care much for Ida.

"Oh! I thought maybe you had on account of the initials in it."

"What's got my initials in it?"

"Only a golosh that I found."

"Don't know anything about it. Haven't had mine on for a week."

She gave it no further thought until her return to Twenty. Then she looked and found one lone overshoe.

"What d'you suppose the answer is?" she inquired of the other H. B. V.'s.

Starr's concerned eyes sought Sylvia's. "I snitched 'em last night for a little prowl," explained Sylvia, "and I lost one in the mud."

"Then I'll get it from McKay." Verity asked no question. She never asked questions.

"Has Ida got any line on who wore them?" asked Starr as the door closed behind the freshman.

"I thought I heard something stirring in her room when I made my sneak."

"Oh, Syl!"

"Why the Ethel Barrymore voice, old girl? I'm due to be kicked anyway, aren't I, for the battle with old Shinbones?"

"Not necessarily. But if Ida knows and wants to be nasty about it, then what."

"Then it would be hard for Giff. I never thought of that."

"I don't care about Giff—"

"Well, I do. He'll be kicked, too," Sylvia said. "Trust him to have the right slant on things. He said last night, 'I've got just as much at stake as you have.' No fake chivalry about him. He doesn't chivvle worth a cent. That's one of the things I love about him. Oh, Starr, I don't want

him mixed up in this thing. That would be too terrible."

"What can you do?" said Starr helplessly. "If you could think up some good explanation for—"

"For McKay? Oh, sure! I'll tell her I was practicing a roundelay on the jew's-harp under Giff's window. She'll believe that. Easy!"

Verity entered bearing the lost article. "What I want to know," she proclaimed, "is how that cat of an Ida knew this was mine."

"Your initials, didn't she say?"

"She did. And she lied. Find 'em."

Starr whistled. "Deep River!"

"Not so deep," Sylvia replied. "She never thought it was yours. She figured that when she put it up to you you'd say, 'That isn't mine; it's Syl's,' which would be added proof for her case."

"Then she didn't actually see you there," surmised Starr as Verity went out. "But what is her case?"

"Simple enough. She's due to flunk in History C and knows it. Giff is ready to throw her out any day on her rotten class work. So if she can get something on him, she thinks she can put it over." Sylvia began to chuckle. "I'd like to be there when she goes up against him. He'll murder her."

"He'll pass her," contradicted Starr quietly. "That'll be that."

"He will not! He couldn't! I'd despise him if he did."

"I'd despise him if he didn't. He's got to, to save you."

"I don't want him to save me," said Sylvia vehemently. "You don't know how he feels about academic integrity and honesty and those things. It's his religion. I've got to see him and warn him about Ida."

"You'd better keep away from Giff," warned Starr.

Sylvia's face flushed. "I haven't the slightest intention of keeping away from him," she answered with soft obstinacy.

"Oh, I don't mean break it off; I didn't suppose you would, though it's the only wise thing. But just as a matter of safety you oughtn't to see him for a while."

WHATEVER Sylvia's intention, she had no opportunity of seeing Patterson Gifford alone for several days. In fact, she suspected that he was avoiding her for reasons which she attributed to caution. Coming and going on her collegiate affairs, she enjoyed and ignored the hushed consideration of the doomed. Most people believed that Miss Shenstone would insist upon expulsion, so flagrant had been the challenge to her authority.

Sylvia, believing her case hopeless, was surprised to find that she was not vitally concerned about it. Her love for Patterson Gifford so filled her thoughts, her imaginings, called upon her for such readjust-

ment of her theory of life, as to relegate anything else to a secondary place. But if she were expelled, how could she continue to see Giff? Some way, of that she was certain. She couldn't give him up now. Not yet anyway. Perhaps later if their friendship became too dangerous for him.

Something evidently had slowed up the wheels of justice for Sylvia was not summoned to the High Presence. Rumors



"The first time you looked at me that way Giff," Sylvia said, "I knew that I'd love you. I couldn't help it"

of a conflict in faculty meeting passed around. Such reports have a way of getting into currency and are generally fallacious. But out of the swirl of rumor emerged certain reasonably probable facts.

Patterson Gifford, it appeared, had at once constituted himself counsel for the absent criminal. Shrewdly he had called for testimony, not from Sylvia's friends, but from such pillars of discipline as Prudence Chase and Esther Reynolds, and from them had elicited the fact of Miss Shenstone's insistence upon frank expression of original opinion from the class. He pressed the point that, having invoked the spirit of academic freedom she could hardly resent her pupils taking her at her word.

ONE report had it that he had indicated an intention of resigning in the event of the faculty adopting a policy of suppression by making an example in the case. The outcome was said to be that the offense would be passed over with light penalties, upon suitable apology, to the presiding genius of English Five.

"I'll be darned if I'll apologize," said Sylvia furiously.

This defiance she repeated to Professor Gifford later. It was Wednesday, five days after what was already known to the college as "the Shelley shenanigan," and she was in his office by appointment.

"Not if I inform you officially that you must?"

"No."

"Not if I ask you to, Sylvia?"

"Giff, how can I! It would be too beastly cowardly."

"That would be a pity, wouldn't it? You had better go and do it anyway," he said.

Amazed at the bitterness of his speech she said, "Do you want me to be cowardly?"

"In this case, yes."

"Giff! I don't understand you."

"You understand that I want you to stay in college, don't you?"

"Yes, I understand that." Her eyes softened.

"Well, I have opened the way for you. Now I ask you to take it."

"But I was right. You know I was right," she persisted.

"Of course you were right. What of it?"

"Well, if you want me to be downright dishonest—"

"Don't babble to me about dishonesty," he broke in. "I'm a sweet example of it myself."

"You? Because you stood up for me?" Sylvia was floundering.

"No. I'd have done that anyway."

"Then what is it? Why do you think you're so dishonest?"



When Verity opened the box of roses and found among them, attached to the card of Mr. Harvey Westfall, a small package containing two spoons, it startled her too much even for a yelp

"It's that deprecating little writher, McKay."

In spite of her stress of mind Sylvia could not help smiling at the characterization. "What has she done?"

"She has passed my course with flying colors," he stated with venomous self-contempt.

"You've had to pass her?" faltered the girl. "Because of us? Because she knows?"

"She doesn't know. How could she? But she suspects and she's got enough to go on to make an impossible scandal. Therefore I have accepted the inevitable and hauled down my stainless colors. All the other half-wits and mewling morons in the class get the same dispensation."

"Why the others?"

"Call it the last remnants of a conscience. At least I won't give it to one and not the rest. The class owes a vote of thanks to McKay. Hereafter History C will be known as a soft snap, to be joyously elected by the aspiring weak-minded. I've lost my boasted intellectual incorruptibility. And now do you think I'm going to lose you, to let you leave college

because of some cheap little schoolgirl pride about apologizing."

Sylvia's eyes were tragic. "We're paying for what we've done. And you're paying the most."

"Never mind that; it's worth it," he said recklessly, "unless you leave. If you do, it's all a waste." He leaned over to her. "Tell me it's worth it, Sylvia."

SITTING across from him on the opposite side of the severe office table, as she had that early morning when he had first kissed her, she sent her mind, an obedient agent, to summon back the memories that had burst into flower only from the moment when, emerging from Trumbull at dead of night, she had felt the warm whispering rain on her face. Every step, every thought thereafter she recalled with a vividness which told her that she could never forget any of it.

"Yes, it's worth it," she said at last.

"I've never believed in love," Gifford said, "except as an emotional masking of an internal necessity. You made it something different; something finer and higher."

She said with sad clarity. "How can it be when it involves us in lies and surrenders?"

"You haven't lied," he denied jealously.

"But I shall when I apologize to Professor Shensstone."

"Compromise," he returned but with no conviction in his voice. "Life has to be largely compromise."

"Yes, when one has started that way."

Compromise! Perhaps that was the word invisibly placarded on all side doors!

"Paging Miss Clarke. Message for Miss Verity Clarke," intoned Starr from the inner room, as she heard the freshman enter Suite Twenty. "Letter for Miss Clarke. Look over there on the mantel."

Verity opened the envelope and gave a choked yelp which brought out her roommate.

"Did it bite you?" Starr stared at the floor whither the contents had fluttered from the recipient's flaccid





"Do you want a sock in the ribs with a hockey-stick?" inquired Starr. Vee didn't so she gave a sketchy outline of her trip to the boatman's island. "Haven't you heard from him since?" Starr asked. "Not a word," said Vee. "I thought he'd forgotten"

fingers. "What's that?" she demanded. And, as the freshman only giggled helplessly, "Will you tell me what that is?"

"It's—it's—oh—I can't tell you," gurgled Verity.

Starr picked up a five hundred dollar bill, crisp as only a heavy denomination green-back can be. Verity was examining the envelope. "There's no stamp. How did it get here?"

"Gwen brought it."

"Gwen! Oh, of course."

She took the bill, began to stare at it hypnotically and fell into the self-contained rumination, which is one of the most infuriating methods of handling a mystery. "I'd forgotten all— No, I hadn't really forgotten, but—" Her voice sank to a mumble from which occasional and useless words such as "he," "I," "never," and "if" projected.

"Do you want a nice hard sock in the ribs with a hockey stick?" inquired Starr after patience had ceased to be a virtue.

"I meant to tell you about it when I got back and then—well, it seemed nicer," said Verity naively, "to kind of have it all to myself. Ouch! I'm trying to tell you, aren't I? Put that thing back."

SHE gave a sketchy outline of her trip to the boatman's island. Starr listened with devout interest.

"Haven't you heard from him since?"

"Not a word."

"You didn't let him know who you were?"

"No."

"Why-ever not?"

"I liked it just as it was; a one-performance sort of thing. And I thought he'd most likely forgotten—"

"Liar."

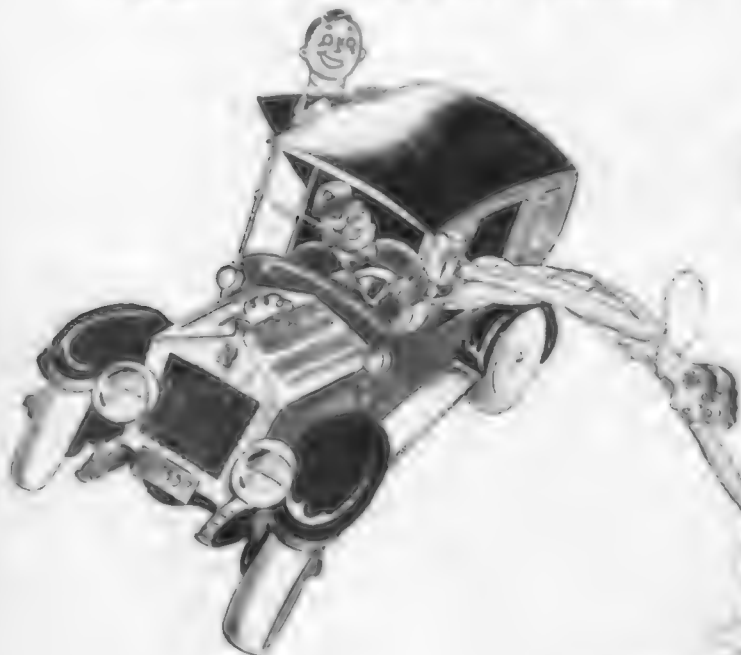
"Of course I hoped he wouldn't and at the same time I wasn't going to make any move to see him because I liked him quite a lot and didn't see any use in liking him any more."

"That's a fine reason!"

Verity's soft lips set in the line of obstinacy.

"I know you and Syl think I'm an idiot and sappy and all that, but I don't care; I'm not going to get excited over any other man till I've met up with my Pullman Seven. I know I am going to meet him." [Continued on page 89]

Pictures By ELDON KELLEY



The latest craze

Stepping With the

I DON'T really look like that picture John Held made of me on the opposite page. I have a long white beard which I put in a swell cretonne cover against the August moths. But John won't draw beards. Having spent his childhood in Salt Lake City, he was frightened by beards at an early age. So now he has an aversion. That's why a John Held Santa Claus looks like Ramon Navarro.

ignated finish line. But you have to be as deft as an elf, for they don't steer very well and are likely to shoot off the curb to break into small pieces in the middle of the street. I suggested that as an added incentive, the girls in the party could sit on the blocks of ice, a girl to a block, and Connie admitted that that was also an idea.

WHAT do you know? Aleck Smart has gone to Europe to locate the birthplace of the seven original jokes, or something, and . . . here we are! Here's a whole department to make whoopee in. So come on and get in on the racket. Tell us the fast one you put over on the B. F., or what you do to the old family range, or your pet hate, or your favorite movie actor. Send in poetry or a recipe for a summer hat or a snapshot of you in those knickers. And I'll run it. In fact, I'm likely to run anything. The main idea is for us to burn up the dead ones and grow back hair on bald spots.

FOSTERING the play spirit, which is one of the stanchest planks in the platform of this department, Lieutenant Simmons, Cavalry N.Y.N.G. has broken out a lot of new games for these torrid evenings after the ball is over. They're his inventions and they sound, I'll admit, warmish. No discrepancy there. Connie, that's his first name, is known as the Headless Horseman. Because, my dears, with an attractive young thing about, he simply can't keep his head!

AMONG other duties, Connie rattles recruits around the armory of a Friday night. Contrary to all tradition, he cares for them with the tender regard of a mother. A tiger mother!

BUT to get to Connie's games, which are somewhat strenuous as befits a caballero or mounted sheik. The first pleasance is called the "Low Reach for Red Lanterns." It needs an obliging taxi driver and a section of roadway having its face lifted. The driver swoops down upon a red lantern. You, clinging firmly with one hand to the rod that connects the meter with whatever it connects the meter to, hang far out of the window in the door and gather in your quarry. Then, without stopping, on to the next one and may the law have mercy on your irrepressible young soul. Don't ask me what to do with the lanterns you collect. The only venture like that I ever made ended in the hoosegow in Brooklyn. But we were collecting on foot, which isn't the idea by any stretch of the imagination.

THE next amusement Connie calls "Ice Pushing." Around five o'clock in the morning, he says, large blocks of ice are left in front of the various cafeterias and quick lunch rooms in town. With proper urging, these blocks of ice can be pushed along the sidewalk and in that fashion raced to a des-

HIS last offering—he grows more active as he goes on—is "Throwing the Empty Ash Can." The ash can is seized by the handles, whirled about three times as in hammer throwing, and let fly. Contestants try for distance, or for noise.

Or for all I care, both. But don't tell anybody I told you to do it!

SHE prowled around the animal store in search of a pet. The pets, with nothing better to do, were putting in their spare time pounding their ears. Besides, they had taken a good look at her when she first came in.

So the dogs refused to get enthusiastic and one or two went so far as to yawn in her face. Finally she spoke to the proprietor of the animal shop. "Are you sure," she asked, "that these dogs are all healthy—healthy and sound and well?"

"Madam," replied the proprietor earnestly, "there isn't a cough in a Carlo."



Ice Pushing at five A. M.

Note—Aleck Smart's contest awards will be found on page 6 of this issue

Along Smarter Set

Words By H. W. HANEMANN



H. W. H.
Himself

JUST to show you what kind of a bull-fiddler I really am, I'm going to tell you how to make those clam juice cocktails—all the best clubs, no, not night clubs—are serving, and up to now guarding the secret so closely that it couldn't come out even in the magazine section of a Sunday newspaper!

Take and unbutton two dozen clams (medium) into what the fishman calls a "kittle." Altogether, with the juice, this ought to give you about a quart of clams, and how?



Boil this for twenty minutes, strain and cool. The clams, by the way, will be grand eating with a butter sauce, but that has nothing to do with the juice.

Now, into the juice, put
The juice of one lemon.
½ a teaspoon of celery salt.
½ a teaspoon of ordinary salt.
½ a cup of tomato catsup.
One or two or three dashes of tabasco sauce.

Stir this up thoroughly and have a shot of it nicely chilled.
WOW!

Guaranteed to turn the Morning After into Tonight's the Night!

Incidentally, the only way to unbutton clams without shoving the knife clean through your hand and out the other side is to drop them for a minute in very hot water. Scrub the shells thoroughly, first.

Either that, or find a variety that comes equipped with zippers.

And don't forget—let me know how you make out.

THIS was at one of those dinners where nobody is formally introduced. The man at the right of the girl felt that something should be done about it.

"My name," said he, "is Peter but I'm no saint."

"My name," said the man on the other side of the girl, "is Paul but I'm no apostle."

"Well," said the girl, "my name is Mary... and..."

SID PERELMAN, the big Wash and Ben Day man of Judge crawled through the bars of his bassinet with a dandy this morning. I won't tell it quite the way Sid told it, but there's no telling how you'll tell it.

"It seems," said Sid, "this guy was going through an insane asylum and after a while he got lost. So he went up to a very decent-looking old white-haired man and asked him if he could tell him how to get out."

"Certainly," said the old man. "Go down this corridor and turn to the left and go down three steps and follow along and turn to the right and you'll come to a door. Open the door and you're out."

"Well," said the visitor, "those are certainly lucid directions. I don't see what they keep you in here for."

"Oh," said the man, "I write bad words. Bad words on walls. And there's a man here whose special job is to wipe them off just as fast as I write them. But I've fooled him. I'm two so-and-so's ahead of him now, and I've just written thus-and-thus on his collar!"

GOT a bid by telegram to attend a tea given by Mack Sennett. That's a note! What does one wear to a Mack Sennett tea? A bathing suit, obviously. Yes, a bathing suit with tails, and white spats for a touch of the formal.

Altogether, the invitation has me completely unhinged. I have an unreasonable sneaking suspicion that just as I cross the threshold and enter the drawing room, I am going to collide, head on, with a corpulent custard pie!

TOOK the G. F. up in Bill Lindley's plane the other day. She was terrified but game. After we got off the ground, to keep her from busting a strut, I howled in her ear that as long as she heard the old engine roaring along steadily she hadn't a thing to worry about. I believed that myself. Just about then, the engine stopped dead.

Bill had shut it off. The big goof wanted to talk to us!

DO YOU know this one that happened to Marc Connelly in Hollywood? He was introduced to a certain movie actor. "An author," said the movie actor. "Say, did you ever write a book?" Marc admitted that there was a book of his plays.

"Yeah, but it's a book, isn't it?" asked the actor. "You know, it's got a stiff cover on it, kind of?" Marc was quite sure it had.

"And," continued the actor, "right up in front it has a blank page? You know, an empty page with nothing at all on it?" Marc thought so.

"Good," said the actor. "I'll tell you what you do. You write something on the blank page and then you sign your name and then you give me the book and I'll put it on the table in my house."

"What for?" asked Marc.

"I don't know," confessed the idol of the screen. "But they're all doing it here in Hollywood. It's kind of the latest fad."



He is called
the Head-
less Horse-
man be-
cause—

The Self-Told
Love Story
of a
Girl
Who Took
a Chance

THE chances are that Jay Kane and I would have been thrown together even if it hadn't been for the annual clambake of the Progress Club of the Third Ward and Cecil Brainbridge's fool bet that he could beat me from town to country club, each driving our own car.

"I'll stand you a dinner for twelve with two cases of champagne that I can beat you from here to the club and give you a one minute start," Cecil said.

"Big boy, you're out five hundred bucks," I answered and climbed into my roadster.

That was the last thing I said to him until after Jay Kane picked me out of an elderberry bush.

I managed to sneak by three traffic lights and had a good two mile lead when I struck the concrete road. Up to that time I had kept my car down to fifty-five. Once on the concrete I slapped my foot down on the gas and she began to climb.

Three miles out of town I passed a flivver so fast I almost blew it off the road.

On the next turn I took a chance and looked back. Cecil was gaining so I pushed my foot down on the reserve spring and my bus began to roar like the Spirit of St. Louis in a testing shed.

On the next bend I was making ninety and gaining. And like many a fool before me I cut in on the left side of the road to make the curve.

DIRECTLY in front of me was a bus full of people returning from the Progress Club Clambake. The driver, Jay Kane, was trying to turn around and was taking up all of the road in the effort. There wasn't a chance in the world for him to swing out of the way. I slapped my foot down on the brake so hard that I almost turned turtle.

When I was only fifteen feet away I swung to the right, went through a wooden fence, struck a ditch on the other side and from there on you'll have to ask the wide-eyed members of the Progress Club of the Third Ward just what happened.

When I came to, as I said before, Jay Kane had picked me out of an elderberry bush twenty feet away from my Hispano. I didn't know who he was then but when I opened my eyes for the third time I heard him say to Cecil:

"Pull yourself together, fellow, and see if you can get a doctor back here without breaking your worthless neck."

I didn't give him much credit for seeing that Cecil was worthless because anyone could have told that with one look.

But I managed to give a grunt and then I wiggled myself a little to see if I was hurt in any place in particular. When I couldn't feel any of the shooting pains that are supposed to follow automobile accidents I managed to smile and stammer that I thought I was perfectly all right.

"That's too darn' bad," this blue-eyed Adonis who was



With Drawings
from Life

By JOHN H. CROSMAN

Is The Game Worth It

bathing my face growled. He certainly was in a sweet temper!

"Isn't it though," I managed to say and I tried to smile. But it wasn't much of a success because I was getting so sick.

He picked me up in his arms and carried me back to Cecil's car and on the way he gave me a fair example of the way an over-ripe top-sergeant talks to a dumb rookie.

I tried to be brave and smiled up into his eyes and he said, "Don't try to flirt with me, you spoiled little brat. Because you're Emmet Gerry's daughter you think all the roads in the state were built for you. Well, let me tell you that if you had struck that bus and it hadn't killed you right away I would have killed you afterwards. What right have you to drive along like an idiot, I ask you?"



Jay Kane picked me up and carried me back to Cecil's car. I smiled up at him but he only said, "Don't try to flirt with me. Because you're Emmet Gerry's daughter you think the roads were built for you. What right have you to drive along like an idiot?"

had my way I'd ram it down your throat piece by piece."

Cecil turned crimson and started to rush out from behind the wheel but Jay stood there waiting, his fists clenched, his eyes an invitation. Cecil's better judgment, if you want to call it that, prevailed and he muttered something under his breath and stepped on the starter.

"If I were a man I would at least try to smack him on the nose for talking to me like that," I told Cecil.

"Oh, for lord sake, shut up!" Cecil answered.

"What's the use of getting in a row with a mucker like him?" he asked in a moment.

"Too proud to fight?" I scoffed.

"No; but I have all my second teeth and I can't see any point in having them knocked out to please you. If you want anyone banged on the nose, bang 'em yourself, Dempsey," he came back at me. "After I take you home I'm going to drive to the club and win our bet."

"That's all right with me," I answered. "But hurry and get me home. My back hurts and I can't stand the sight of you."

Which wasn't true because I liked Cecil

even if he was heir to a couple of millions and an awful sap. In fact, he was so harmless I was even thinking of marrying him.

After I got home the doctor came and patched me up. I took a long nap so that I wouldn't look like the bottom of a canal-boat at dinner because it was the one night in the week when dad and I always made a point to dine at home.

Afterwards when dad came into the dining room I knew by his expression that he had heard of my accident, but he waited until I spoke about it before he mentioned it.

"Doc Lawson phoned me about it," he said. "And it was stuck all over the front of the evening papers."

"I'm sorry, Dad," I answered. "The darn' bus couldn't move out of the way."

the Scandal?

"Yes, and who told you to ask me?" I inquired. I tried to squirm out of his arms. "There's no skin off your back is there?"

"No, but there might have been," he growled. "And besides that, what about the ten kids in our bus? Suppose you had killed a couple of them? Something to be smart over, eh?"

With that I could feel myself turning a little white and he stopped riding me. I was sorry that I hadn't lost something more than a little skin off my back.

When he put me down in Cecil's car he wasn't very gentle about it and when Cecil asked him what he ought to do about my car, he turned around and his face got all red.

"What do I care what you do with it?" he asked. "If I

"Which, of course, meant that you were going too fast to stop," he put in. "I do wish you'd be more careful, Mary. Aside from the fact that I don't want you to break your neck, all this publicity doesn't do me any good. They play it up in the papers and it loses votes at election time. If you've got to make a fool of yourself do it in such a way that the papers won't get wind of it."

"I'll have to get a new car," I said. He made me angry.

"Go ahead," he sighed.

"I might remind you," I smiled, "that everyone says I'm a chip of the old block."

"YOU don't need to remind me," he answered. "Everyone goes out of his way to bring it to my attention each time you get in the newspapers."

Which may or may not give you an idea that I was just about what Jay Kane called me, a spoiled little brat.

And why shouldn't I have been with a father who controlled the politics of the city and could give me anything that I wanted without being overscrupulous in getting it.

Parents are funny beings anyway. They pamper their kids until they're completely spoiled and selfish and then wonder how they got that way when something happens to show them up.

That Saturday night I threw the party for Cecil. He took care of the details because my back was bothering me and I paid the bill. We had a private room out at the country club with our own orchestra in another room, enough applejack cocktails to float Noah's ark and two cases of 1912 Cordon Rouge.

Everything pointed towards an unusually good party until Burt Carse began chinning himself on the mounted elk's head on the wall of the grill. There being only six elk's heads there weren't enough to go around so we had to double up, two people to an elk. They wouldn't stand the strain and half the wall came tumbling down on our heads. The board of governors was having a meeting in the next room and when they saw the wreck, they ordered us all out of the club. Burt wanted to fight it out with mashies on the first tee but the governors weren't enthusiastic, so we left.

Cecil started to take me to the Kit Kat Club or rather I started to take him because he wasn't in any condition to drive. Then I thought of going to the Colony Club, which wasn't a club but a high-hat gambling joint where you could lose anything from a hundred dollars to a hundred thousand.

According to Cecil it was run by some man who had a great deal of protection but not enough to allow women there. He had laughingly promised, one night when he was drunk, to take me there providing I wore men's clothes.

When I broached the subject he was just tight enough to agree. So we drove over to his house and he got me some of his kid brother's clothes and I put them on. There was no one in the house except the servants so we got out without being seen. But I was foolish enough to leave my own clothes behind.

The door men at the Colony were a little afraid to let us in when they saw the load Cecil was carrying but after two or three whispered conferences they unchained the doors and admitted us. My shingle bob got me by easily when I took off my hat.

We were whisked up to the third floor in an elevator and into an enormous room filled with gorgeous furnishings, men and tobacco smoke.

There were three billiard tables in the center of the room on which were roulette outfits. Distributed about the room were a number of smaller tables at which men were playing faro, stud-poker, baccarat and shooting dice.

We edged into the largest crowd around the billiard table. Everyone seemed to be watching the play of one man. Before

him was stacked an enormous pile of chips and cash. At each turn of the wheel he made bets that made me gasp. I moved around for a clearer view.

The man who had the large pile of chips was the man who had picked me out of the elderberry bush. He was dressed immaculately and unlike the rest of the men about the wheel his hands were steady as he made his bets. He lacked the feverish glint and the flushed cheeks that characterized the others.

As the pile before him grew and grew, activity ceased at all of the other tables. Little gasps followed each spin of the wheel as he raked in his winnings. The croupier kept up his monotonous chant, his hands darting about the board like thrusts of a rapier.

And then the pile before Jay Kane began to dwindle. He doubled and redoubled his bets three times in succession and lost. A little smile played along his lips and his eyes became slits of blue-gray steel as he watched the croupier like a cat.

The tenseness about the table seemed to close in on me until I could hardly breathe and I found myself digging my nails into the palms of my hands to keep back a feeling of giddiness.

As Jay Kane threw his last handful of chips on the red a bell jangled noisily at the other end of the room. At the sound his head came up sharply and our eyes met, held, and I smiled and bowed with mock courtesy. He scowled at me and shook his head.

Suddenly I realized that all about me there was a terrific hustle and bustle. The outfit on the table before me disappeared as though by magic. The men separated into groups of two or three. Some of them took billiard cues and began playing billiards. Every card and chip had disappeared. The room had taken on the appearance of an ordinary men's club.

I looked about for Cecil and saw him sprawled across an enormous leather chair, his chin on his chest, his arms dangling.

Then I was conscious of Jay Kane beside me and I looked up into his frowning face.

"How the devil did you get in here?" he asked. His voice was barely above a whisper.

"The same way you did, I imagine," I answered. "I—"

"There is a raid on," he interrupted. "Keep your head about you and give a wrong name. If any trouble starts stick close to me."

"Isn't this just too glorious," I began. "Is it a real, honest to goodness raid?"

"Don't be a silly ass," he said. "There may be trouble. Walk over here with me."

He swung about and led me towards the rear of the room just as the elevator opened and half a dozen determined-looking men came pouncing into the room.

Men looked up from their papers, their faces well-fashioned masks of indignation at the intrusion. A half-dozen quick commands came from the raiders. Then a half-dozen high-pitched words and I saw one man backing towards the elevator, a gun covering his retreat.

As they closed in on him I saw the glint of other guns.

"Take that, you yellah—" a roar and pandemonium broke loose.

I FELT Jay Kane's hand on my arm as the lights went out. A half-dozen shots roared through the room. Windows crashed and men cursed in the dark. I watched for darting tongues of orange flame and heard the bullets ping against the walls. Then I felt myself being dragged along. For a moment I tried to struggle.

"Stop it, you idiot," I heard Jay Kane growl in my ear and I let my hand rest in his as he led me along. I felt the sill of a door beneath my feet and heard it bang behind me as he pulled me after him.

We raced down three flights of stairs [Continued on page 110]

BEWITCHED

By Oliver Jenkins

*Mistress of the pale green eyes,
Full of laughter, full of lies,
Pity the poor nit-wit who
Writes poems to you!*

*Your shapely limbs, your supple hips,
Plus the sweet nectar of your lips!
Sane men would waste no time in fretting,
But would be petting.*

*Only a fool would pen your charms
Rather than have you in his arms.
Did I say fool? You little elf,
I'm one myself!*

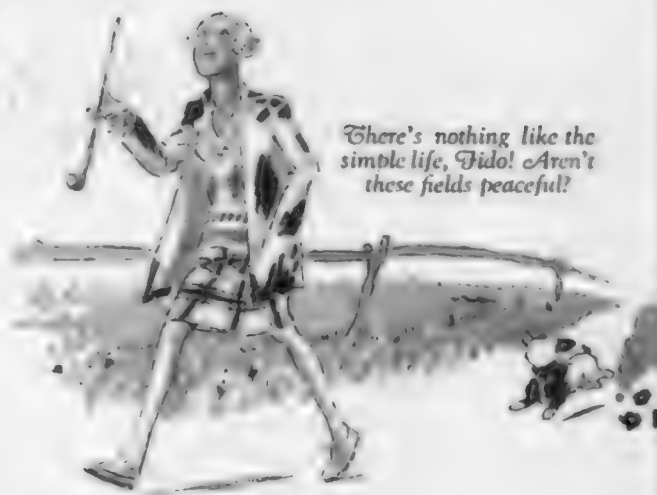
VACATION DAYS



Oh, but the country gets chilly towards evening. Bring me my calf-skin coat, Marie. I think I'll go for a walk



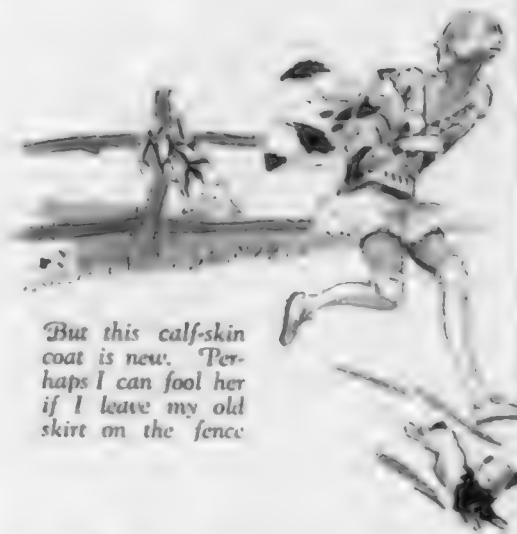
So you think my coat was once your calf! You're not the first mother who objected to a girl making off with her son



There's nothing like the simple life, Fido! Aren't these fields peaceful?



Heavens! She's chasing us. Perhaps I'd better give back her son



But this calf-skin coat is new. Perhaps I can fool her if I leave my old skirt on the fence



Well, it was either my coat or my life. I didn't know cows were such determined creatures



Besides I thought it was only gentlemen cows that get mad and chase folks

Hy. Fournier

And She Had Looked Forward to a Restful Time In The Country!

By Henry Fournier, the Famous French Humorous Artist



Columbia Pictures

NEAL: Frances, will you call me sweetheart?
FRANCES: Well, I name to please

COOKOO SCREEN SHOTS



Warner Bros

Action photo showing the terrible position a good skate is placed in when she starts to walk home from a motor ride



Owen Moore-Gwen Lee, M-G-M

OWEN: Can we have a companionate marriage, dear?
GWEN: Sure, if you'll let me choose the companions



Lew Cody riding his favorite hobby. A balloon a day keeps blondes away, Lew says

M-G-M

FROM FILM LAND



Paramount



Olga Backlanova
William Powell, Paramount

OLGA: I fear I haven't much of a future in movies
WILLIAM: Never mind. You have an excellent legacy

Poor Nancy
Carroll. She for-
got her diet and
sees dangerous
curves ahead



N. G. M.

Dorothy Gulliver
will never be Will
Flaysed in Holly-
wood for in gobs of
ways she does her
bit to clean it up

Universal



Illustrated success secret posed by
Edna Marion, or what every girl
should have. A live-wire and
excellent support



Drawing by Topham

Growing Pains

It ruins romance

*Popularity passes by those
who have halitosis*

WHEN you go away on your vacation you expect to have a good time—to meet and like others and be liked by them.

Is there anything that may prevent this? Yes. Halitosis (unpleasant breath) can minimize every other charm you have.

Don't fool yourself as thousands do that you never have halitosis. The insidious thing about it is that it does not announce itself to the victim. But it does to others. And that offends.

Why take this unnecessary risk when by using Listerine with its powerful deodorant properties you can put yourself on the polite and popular side?

Keep a bottle handy always and rinse the mouth with it often—especially before meeting others.

By the way, if you are going abroad we suggest that you take several bottles with you. There will be dozens of times when Listerine will come in handy. For freshening up after a long motor ride, for instance, as a stimulating substitute for a bath when a bath cannot be had (you know how it is in Europe) and for the daily care of the mouth. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Don't fool yourself

Since halitosis never announces itself to the victim, you simply cannot know when you have it.



LISTERINE

The safe antiseptic

Have you tried the new Listerine Shaving Cream?

Cools your skin while you shave and keeps it cool afterward. An outstanding shaving cream in every respect

The Woman in the Case

(Continued from page 42)

on the table under one of the coffee cups, as though some one had placed it there to protect the polished table. Now you understand, dear.

I am not trying to accuse your sister of anything but if she was there at the studio that night with Jim, he would never admit it. Not even to save his own life. He would figure, in case he did not shoot his brother himself, that the real murderer would be discovered. Certainly he wouldn't drag a married woman into the case especially if that woman happened to be the wife of his lawyer and one of his best friends. So he made up a story about having been at the theater that night and he is sticking to it. Well, I admire him for that, but, unfortunately, this detective Hollis and I have employed is going after the facts, no matter who gets hurt. If I had shown this envelope to Hollis tonight, God knows what would have been the result! It's a terrible situation and I don't know what to do."

I STARED at Bert for a time without saying anything. I was trying to make up my mind as to whether I liked him as much as I had. I wasn't sure.

"It seems to me, Bert," I said, "that you could settle the whole thing very easily by asking Sallie. She was supposed to have gone to a concert that night with friends. Why don't you talk to her?"

"I'm afraid to," Bert interrupted. "Don't you see? The minute I begin to question her about her movements she will know why. If she is innocent, she will hate me and you will too, I suppose. If she was with Jim, she will hate me even more, because she'll know I have to tell Hollis. It's a frightful situation. I can't question her. You see that. But I thought maybe you might. And afterwards, tell what you please."

For the second time I stared hard at Bert Allen. I suppose he felt he was doing the right thing but somehow my heart went out to Jim Brent, accused of a crime that might send him to the chair, yet refusing to bring a woman's name into the case to free himself.

"Bert," I said, "you are trying to prove that Jim Brent couldn't have shot his brother because at the time of the murder he was at his studio, aren't you?"

Bert nodded.

"Then," I went on, "if the taxicab driver who went to the studio can identify Jim—the man he picked up there, what do you want to drag any woman's name into the case for?"

"I don't want to. But the mere fact that Jim was at the studio at eleven o'clock isn't enough. The doctor who examined Austin Brent's body said he had been dead at least three hours. That's just a guess. Being a doctor, myself, I know. Austin Brent was murdered around ten o'clock. But he might have been nine. Or half-past."

"Suppose we can prove by the taxicab driver that Jim was at his studio at eleven. That doesn't prove how long he had been there. The police will say, and quite rightly, that he could have shot his brother at ten o'clock, or half-past nine, even ten, and still have reached his studio before eleven."

"Don't you see, in order to clear him we have to show that he was there all the time, and consequently couldn't have been in the apartment until somewhere near midnight? And the only way to prove that is by the testimony of whoever was with him. That's why I'm asking you these

questions before it's too late to ask them.

"I can't keep Foster quiet. Hollis Carter is certain to question him, and then what? Your sister's husband has very decided ideas about a wife's duty. It wouldn't do much good to get Jim Brent off, if it results in Hollis breaking with Sallie and going after Jim with a gun.

"I don't know what to do. I'm coming to you for advice. And I think you had better find out, without arousing your sister's suspicions if you can, whether or not she really did go to a concert that night. If she was with a party of friends, she can prove it and I will be in a position to go ahead and discuss matters with Hollis freely. If she wasn't, if she is in any real difficulty, why I want to protect her, if I can."

I got up from where I was sitting in the swing. Sallie had asked me to come to her room that night, because there was something she wanted to say to me. I felt, now, that I could scarcely wait to hear what it was.

"In that case, Bert," I said, "I think I had better have a talk with her at once." My manner was rather distant but Bert apparently did not notice it for he smiled at me and tried to kiss me again. But I wouldn't let him. There were a great many questions to be settled between Bert Allen and myself before I was ready to have him start any love-making.

"Good night, Bert," I said, "if I find out anything from Sallie I'll let you know."

After he had left, I sat in the sun room for a few moments before going upstairs to collect my thoughts. The thing that had impressed me most in my talk with Bert was his statement that whoever was with Jim Brent that night would have to come forward and say so in open court. I had rather stupidly thought that the testimony of the taxicab driver would be enough. But to prove that Jim had been at his studio all the evening—well, that was certainly a very different matter.

I went up to Sallie's bedroom. She and Hollis have always occupied separate rooms. There was a bathroom between, too, so that we could talk without being overheard. Sallie was lying in bed, reading but when I came in she put aside her magazine.

"Sit down, Nan," she said. I could see there was something on her mind. "Have a good talk with Bert?"

"Not very," I replied and perched myself on the edge of the bed. "He can't think about anything but this murder. As far as I can make out we're all mixed up in it. Obligated to prove alibis or something. Hollis, the lucky dog, was out of town that night. And you went to a concert with the Greens."

I LOOKED at her closely when I said that, because while I had made a simple enough statement there was a question in it. Sallie met my stare quite calmly.

"I've been worrying about the same thing, my dear," she said, "ever since Bert Allen told us what he did about that taxicab driver and Jim having been with somebody at his studio. It's lucky, in a way, that I did go to a concert that night, although I wasn't with Billy Greene and his wife. They asked me, but at the last moment Mrs. Greene developed a toothache or something and they gave it up."

I glanced at Sallie again. There was still a very anxious look in her eyes in spite of the composure with which she spoke. I wondered just why she had told me to come to her room before going to bed.

"Was that what you wanted to see me about?" I asked.

"No," she said, "it wasn't. I wanted to ask you a question."

"Two questions, really," she continued.

"Shoot," I said. "And don't be so darned mysterious."

"I'm not mysterious," she said. "Only, the questions happen to be rather personal ones. You don't mind, do you?"

I just sat smoking and staring at her.

"The first question," Sallie said, "is this. Are you in love with Jim Brent?"

She fairly took my breath away.

"Well," I said, "I like Jim immensely but I don't think I'm in love with him. Why?"

"I just wanted to know."

"And the second question?" I asked.

"The second question, Nancy," my sister said, "may seem to you a peculiar one. Even an impertinent one. I don't like to ask it but I have to. If it happens to make you angry, please remember that I love you dearly, and—"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Sallie," I said, "cut the preliminaries and tell me what it is you want to know!"

"I want to know," Sallie said, "where you were the night Jim Brent's brother was murdered."

I stared at her for an instant.

"It doesn't seem to me, Sallie," I said, "that where I was that night is important."

"It doesn't?" Sallie dropped her cigarette. "Good heavens, Nancy! Do you realize what you are saying? Suppose Hollis were to ask you or Bert Allen?"

NEITHER Hollis nor Bert has any right to ask me where I was that night, Sallie," I said. "Hollis isn't my husband. And I'm not engaged to Bert. Don't forget, darling, that I am free, white and twenty-one, and don't have to give an account of my actions to anybody. The only question that Hollis or Bert have the right to ask me is, 'Were you with Jim Brent at his studio that evening?'"

"Well," Sallie whispered, "what are you going to say if they do?"

"That," I replied, "is a question I don't propose to answer until the time comes."

Sallie of course couldn't understand that or said she couldn't. I knew why she had been questioning me. She wanted to be sure that, in case the matter came up, I would have an alibi.

"I'm going to turn in now, Sallie," I announced, "but before I go I would like to point out to you that if Bert Allen feels the way I think he does, he isn't likely to be suspicious of me. I wouldn't think much of a man who would accuse the woman he loves of carrying on a clandestine affair with somebody else."

I went then and left Sallie very much worried but, to tell the truth, I was far more worried myself.

In spite of its being so late, after eleven, I slipped down to the living room and phoned Bert. I felt sure he would be at his apartment and he was.

"Hello, Bert," I said. "I've had a talk with Sallie, as you asked me. She says she went to a concert at the Lyric Theater the night Jim's brother was shot."

"Alone?" Bert asked.

"Yes, Bert," I said. "I think she was alone. You see, I assume that my sister is an honest woman, so I didn't question her statement. When she tells me a thing, I believe it."

I guess Bert must have caught the sarcasm in my voice for he mumbled, "Of

*"It has women's
enthusiastic approval"*

The IMPROVED KOTEX



Combining correct
appearance, scientific
protection and
hygienic comfort

THOUSANDS of women all over the country—in cities and villages, from Maine to California—have written praising the New and Improved Kotex.

Women doctors tell us it marks the greatest and most important step in intimate feminine hygiene since the invention of Kotex itself.

By a unique process, perfected only after long experiment, corners are now scientifically tapered and rounded so that the pad fits perfectly. Closest fitting gowns retain smooth stylish lines.

And filler and gauze are now immeasurably softer and fluffier—more pliable—which means greater comfort when wearing, and marks the end of chafing and binding.

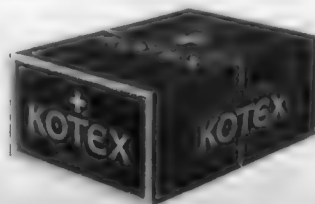
In all other respects, Kotex is unchanged. The features you have always liked have been retained.

The filler, for instance, is adjustable. Layers may be added or removed to suit the individual's idea of proper thickness. The same absorbent area remains—complete deodorization—ease of disposal—simplicity of purchase—all make the New and Improved Kotex superior in every way.

Buy a box today, at any drug, dry goods or department store. 45c for a box of twelve.

KOTEX

KOTEX COMPANY, 180 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.



course," or something very much like that.

"If I were you, Bert Allen," I went on, "I would put that private detective you have at work trying to find out who really shot Austin Brent instead of attempting to prove an alibi that Jim himself apparently doesn't want to have proved. After all, the woman in the case, if there was any woman, would come forward and save him when the time comes if she has to. Meanwhile it seems to me you are treading on rather dangerous ground."

IT WAS curious how Sallie and I, the next day, avoided speaking of the matter which was uppermost in both our thoughts. Naturally I worried about Jim a lot but I felt sure he would get out of his difficulties all right. The things that troubled me were nearer home. I had reason to know that, unless I moved very carefully indeed, the happiness of both Sallie and her husband was in danger of being destroyed. As I went from shop to shop looking at goods and lingerie I didn't want, I hoped that Bert would try to discover who the actual murderer of Austin Brent was, instead of attempting to save Jim by means of an alibi. The clue of the mysterious woman in black who visited the Brents' apartment the night of the shooting was the one I hoped Bert would follow.

As matters turned out Bert proved to be a first-class detective himself. He left Foster, and Hollis, to their own devices and started a series of investigations of his own.

He had come to the conclusion that there ought to be some reason, some motive, for Austin Brent's murder, other than the one advanced by the police that Jim had shot his brother in a quarrel over the payment of a promissory note. It was true that a note with marks of blood on it had been found torn up and thrown into the fireplace but Bert could not believe that Jim Brent was the sort of man who could kill his brother over a matter like that. So he started to search for other clues that the police had not found and made one or two significant discoveries.

The first was that Austin Brent had been playing poker at his club the afternoon of the day he was murdered and had won between three and four hundred dollars. He had dined at the club after the game was over and had taken a cab to his apartment about half-past eight.

Now the significant thing was that if Austin Brent had three or four hundred dollars in his pocket the night he was murdered, what had become of it? The friends with whom he had played cards declared that he had placed the sum in a bill-fold or wallet. The police had found this wallet in the breast pocket of his coat, after the shooting, but there was no money in it—only some papers.

Naturally the police had not thought this queer because they had not known about the money in the wallet and were not looking for it. Mr. Brent had had two ten dollar bills and a small amount of change in his trouser pocket; his watch and stick-pin were undisturbed. So with the torn note and the quarrel between Jim and his brother to go on, the detectives from headquarters had not looked for another motive. Robbery apparently had not entered their heads.

The next discovery Bert made was that Austin Brent, after driving to the apartment that night, had written a number of letters.

The proof of this was amazingly simple. There was a writing desk in the living room and beside it a scrap-basket. In this scrap-basket the police had found a number of torn letters that Mr. Brent had answered. In one or two instances, they were fragments of notes in his own handwriting,

which he had apparently begun and destroyed because they did not suit him.

The police had pieced all these torn letters together and examined them, without discovering anything of importance. They were mostly dinner invitations, requests for subscriptions to charity, personal notes which threw no light whatever on the murder or its cause. It was clear that the letters had been torn up that night because the scrap-baskets in the building were emptied by the maid every morning.

Bert figured out that if Austin Brent left his club at half-past eight, he would have arrived at his apartment at a quarter to nine. The business of writing the letters would have consumed at least half an hour. At a quarter to ten or thereabouts he must have gone out to post those letters or had some one post them for him. The murder was supposed to have taken place about ten o'clock. It was at that hour the elevator boy testified he had taken Mr. and Mrs. Patterson up to the fifth floor and had seen the mysterious woman in black standing at the entrance to the Brents' apartment. Bert decided at once that he should ask this elevator boy some questions.

It was close to noon by the time Bert had completed these investigations and he decided to go to the St. Mark and see the negro at once. His hours being from noon to midnight he would just be coming on duty.

As it happened Bert reached the door of the apartment house at a few minutes before twelve. The boy he was looking for arrived a moment later in a cheap but fairly new roadster. There was a slightly older man with him, a youth of twenty-three or four, who took the wheel and drove off as soon as his companion had descended to the sidewalk.

Bert waited until the boy had relieved the mulatto who had the night shift. Since the boy was not busy, Bert began to question him.

The negro was very genial and smiling. Yes, he had seen Mr. Austin Brent come in that night about quarter to nine. No, he had not gone out again, hadn't been seen again until he was dead. Then Bert shot a chance question and scored a bull's eye.

"Haven't you forgotten about posting the letters for him?" he said.

"Yassir," he said, "I done forgot about dem letters. Mistuh Brent, he rung for me 'long about ten o'clock and handed me dem letters to post. Five of 'em. I shore done forgot about dem letters."

THEN Bert asked the boy if the letters had been stamped and where he had posted them. The negro said they had not been stamped, that he had bought stamps and mailed the letters at the corner drug store.

"Then," Bert said, "the last time you saw Mr. Brent alive was when he gave you the letters?"

"Yassir." The boy agreed that was the case. Then Bert asked him if he had been given the exact amount for the stamps or had been obliged to bring back any change. The boy hesitated over this, then admitted that Mr. Brent had given him a quarter and told him to keep the change. That, Bert said, was the end of their conversation, except that in reply to a question the boy stated that the car in which he had just arrived was a new one and belonged to his brother.

All this seemed clear enough and Bert got no further information of value. But something, some sixth sense, perhaps, suggested to him that the elevator boy was hiding something, keeping something back. Bert had not questioned him about the woman he was reported to have seen but he had a feeling that the day had been a favorable one all around. If he had known, then, what Hollis and Foster, the

private detective, were up to, he might not have felt so confident.

I had just picked up the evening paper and begun to glance through the headlines when I heard a car drive up and a moment later Hollis appeared ushering in two strange men.

His face was grim with an expression of anger on it that I had never seen before but it was clear that he had his feelings whatever they were under control. Sallie, sensing the tenseness of the situation as well as I did for her face grew suddenly pale.

Without any preliminaries Hollis introduced one of the men with him as Mr. Foster. The other he said was the driver of the taxi which had gone to Jim Brent's studio that night. His name was Carmody.

"This chauffeur," Hollis went on, "has just identified Jim Brent as the man he drove from his studio the night Austin Brent was murdered. Jim denies it but Carmody is positive he was one of the two passengers. The other was a woman. I regret to say that circumstances entirely beyond my control force me to bring him here to ask him if he can identify either of you."

IT WAS a dreadful moment. Not only for Sallie and myself but for Hollis. I knew what it must have cost him to bring that man there, knowing that it might result in dragging into the muddy columns of the press the name of his wife or of his sister-in-law. What had happened was clear enough. Hollis had wormed out of Foster the results of his investigations, had learned about the handkerchief, the post-marked envelope found at the studio and bitterly as he must have hated to subject us to such an experience, he had no other course to take. Hollis was like that.

The taxi driver stood staring at Sallie and myself with a sort of bewildered look.

"I couldn't say anything positive, Mr. Carter," he said. "These ladies are both about the build of the one I had in my cab that night. They look about the same, too, in a general way but I couldn't make no positive identification. It was dark, you know, and—"

"Very well," Hollis waved his hand. "That's all for the present. Much obliged to you." He went with Carmody and Foster to the door, and I saw the detective hand him a small package. "Nothing more we can do tonight, Foster," he said. "I'll leave you to follow up that matter we spoke of." Then the two went away and Hollis came back to us.

"Sit down," he said and waved Sallie and myself to chairs. He did not take one himself but kept walking nervously up and down the floor.

"You girls," he said, "may think it queer that I subjected you to this ordeal just now but I couldn't help it. Foster had found out certain things that made it necessary."

He tore open the little package I had seen Foster give him and took out as I had expected the handkerchief belonging to Sallie, and the envelope addressed to her.

"You girls," Mr. Carter went on, "have both been very close to Jim Brent. You have both visited his studio from time to time. This handkerchief, which Foster found there, belongs to you, Sallie. I realize of course you might have left it there at any time. But I confess I don't quite understand about this envelope. It was addressed to you by me. You couldn't have gotten it before the late afternoon delivery. Yet it was left in Jim Brent's studio that night."

"I'm not accusing you, Sallie, or anybody, but you must see as plainly as I do that the woman who was with Jim Brent at his studio that evening, who drove away with him between half-past ten and eleven, is the only person who can prove an alibi

for him, that will save him from being convicted of murder. I don't bring Nancy into the matter except that she happens to have been pretty close to Jim, but I've got to ask you, both of you, one question. Were you with Jim at his studio or in that cab, on the night his brother was murdered?"

Sallie and I both sat perfectly still for a moment. I heard the clock ticking. There was no other sound. Hollis had stopped his pacing up and down and stood staring at us. Then the door-bell rang.

He gave a snort of annoyance at this unwelcome interruption and without waiting for the servants, went and opened the door himself. I was not greatly surprised to see Bert alone come in.

"Well," he exclaimed. He was smiling at all of us and did not notice in the least how solemn we were. "I've done it," he said.

"Done what?" I asked.

"Found out that it wasn't Jim who killed Austin Brent."

IF SALLIE and Hollis and I had been upset before you can imagine what that statement did to us. Bert hastily told us all about that interview with the hallboy which I have just described to you.

"With the idea of robbery as a motive to go on," Bert said, "I think it's significant that the elevator boy, the one who mailed those letters, should suddenly have bought a new car. Cheap make, of course, but negro elevator runners don't usually have the money to buy automobiles of any sort. When the boy said the car belonged to his brother, I looked the matter up and found the man at the agency who had made the sale. He remembered the two negroes distinctly; the transaction had taken place only the day before. He remembered that the younger negro of the two had given the older man the money, a roll of bills and had told him to make the purchase."

Bert lost no time, then, he said, but went at once to the police. Inside of an hour both negroes were taken into custody and confessed. The younger boy's story was a simple one. Mr. Brent, on giving him the letters to post, had first felt in his trouser pocket, found only some silver and two ten dollar bills. He at first gave the boy a quarter, then took it back saying he wanted some cigars as well. So he opened his wallet which was stuffed with money and took out a one dollar bill.

The boy, coming back from the drug store, found Mr. and Mrs. Patterson waiting to be taken to their floor, and he had to attend to them before going back to Mr. Brent with the cigars. It was while taking the Pattersons up that he saw the woman at the Brents' door.

On the way down he stopped his car at the second floor, to give Mr. Brent his cigars and the change. The door of the apartment was open. He stepped inside, glanced into the living room, saw a woman hitting Mr. Brent's body from the floor, putting it in a chair. He did not know then, of course, that Mr. Brent was dead.

Frightened, he went out again without saying anything. But the matter of the cigars, the change, preyed on his mind, so he went some fifteen or twenty minutes later to find Mr. Brent sitting in the chair, alone and dead.

The boy, according to his story, noticed the end of Mr. Brent's wallet sticking out of his coat pocket. The flap of the coat had been partly thrown back. With thoughts of that big roll of money in his mind, he drew the wallet out and found it still stuffed with bills.

The temptation was too great for him. He stole the money. In taking it from the wallet he pulled out a piece of paper, noticed that he had smudged it with some blood that had gotten on his fingers. So



THIS NEW BEAUTY BATH *instantly makes* Your Skin Feel Like Velvet

THE young girl or woman of today wants *immediate* results after the use of some beauty preparation. She doesn't want to wait weeks for some sign of improvement in her skin. This is one reason for the popularity of the new Linit Beauty Bath.

Just imagine stepping into your bath, bathing as usual and then finding that your skin is soft and smooth as rare velvet.

That is the immediate effect of a Linit Beauty Bath on the skin.

Merely dissolve half a package of Linit (the well-known scientific laundry starch sold by grocers) in your bath—bathe—and then feel your skin—soft and satiny smooth!

Linit is pure starch from corn—harmless to the most sen-

sitive skin—and being a vegetable product, it contains no mineral properties to irritate the skin. Dermatologists and doctors regard the purity of starch from corn so highly that they recommend it for the tender skin of young babies.

If you cannot believe that a fine laundry starch like Linit also makes a marvelous beauty bath, we suggest that you make this simple test:

After dissolving a handful or so of Linit in a basin of warm water, wash your hands. The instant your hands come in contact with the water you are aware of a smoothness like rich cream—and after you dry your hands your skin has a delightful softness. You'll be convinced—**INSTANTLY!**

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What Do You Like Best and Why?

PRIZE CONTEST

AS ANNOUNCED in the May issue, SMART SET wants to know what you like in this magazine and why.

Editors are always anxious to please you; the more they give you what pleases you, the better they like it. SMART SET is published to please you. So it wants to know, from you, exactly what you like best and why.

If you have followed the suggestion made when this contest started and jotted down what you liked best in each of the three issues preceding this you are now ready to tell the editors what you like best in this issue and in the issues of May, June and July.

You are asked to select the one BEST feature, article or story, that appeared in EACH of the four issues—May, June, July and August.

Do not send in your opinion until after you have read this issue.

In order that everyone may have a fair chance in this contest, copies of the four issues may be read in the office in New York City or Chicago free of charge.

Have you chosen the feature, article or story that you liked best in the May SMART SET? In June? In July? And in this August issue?

Have you your reasons for liking that particular feature, article or story all lined up so you can present them logically?

All set then!

You are ready to write a letter of not more than 1,000 words, less if possible, to the Editor, 221 West 57th St., New York City; telling what you liked best in each issue and WHY you liked it.

THIS CONTEST WILL CLOSE ON
AUGUST 20, 1928

The Editors will act as judges and no letters will be returned. All or part of the prize letters will be published in October SMART SET. For the best letter entered in this contest SMART SET will give a prize of \$50.00; for the second best \$30.00; for the third best, \$25.00; for the fourth best, \$15.00; and \$5.00 for each of the ten next best.

he tore up the paper and threw it into the fireplace.

We all sat very still when Bert got through.

"It clears Jim Brent," he said.

"Yes," Hollis exclaimed speaking for the first time since Bert had come into the room. "It clears Jim, all right, but it doesn't clear my wife!"

It is not easy to explain just how we all felt when Hollis made that dreadful statement.

"I don't like to see dirty linen washed in public, Bert," he said, "but in this case I can't help it. You know perfectly well what Foster found at the studio."

"But now that we have got this new evidence," Bert began.

"What difference does that make? It isn't Jim Brent I'm thinking of now; it's myself, and Sallie and Nancy. They're both in it. Whether Jim Brent is guilty or not, I have got to know which of these two, if either, spent three hours with him at his studio that night."

Bert's expression became black.

"Why do you say either?" he asked. "I haven't heard of anything that connects Nancy with the matter."

"Then," Hollis burst out, "you mean to accuse my wife? Is that it?"

"I don't mean to accuse anybody," Bert replied. "And I must say, Hollis, I think your attitude in supposing either Nancy or Mrs. Carter were with Brent in his studio is peculiar even if a handkerchief and envelope were found there. They could be explained."

NO DOUBT. But I know something even you don't know. Something Foster and I found out this afternoon. The woman who got out of Carmody's cab at Church and Thompson Streets that night stepped into another cab belonging to the same company at the same corner and drove to this address. How are you going to explain that?"

"You'd have to prove it was the same woman," Bert said.

"There's no question about it. The fact itself is sufficient proof. It's an old trick, switching cabs like that."

"This matter," he said, "has gone too far not to be explained now. For my part if Sallie is guilty I'm through. How you feel about Nancy is your own affair. We've beaten around the bush long enough. In spite of the evidence against her, I'm going to believe in Sallie until she admits her guilt. But I've got to know, now. So you might as well tell me. Which of you two was with Jim Brent that night?"

"I was," I said.

His face turned a funny, green color. He began to speak, choking over his words.

"The handkerchief, the envelope?" he said.

I looked at Sallie for a moment, then laughed.

"Don't be so melodramatic, you two," I said. "The explanation is very simple. Sallie and I went to Jim's studio late in the afternoon about five o'clock. She had just received your letter, Hollis, and wanted to read Jim what you said."

"While we were there Jim whispered to me to come back after dinner. I went. I stayed there with him until the cab came, soon after eleven. I changed cabs at Church Street so that no one could find out where I had been. That's enough to damn me, isn't it?" I gave Bert a quick look. "Shows I had a lot to conceal and that my conscience wasn't clear. As far as Jim Brent is concerned I admire him for the way he has lied."

Sallie tried to say something then but I stopped her.

"Keep out of this, Sis," I said. "You can't do anything to help matters. I'm the goat."

Hollis went up to Sallie and put his arm around her.

Sallie turned away from him almost angrily.

"Let me alone," she said. Then she went out of the room and Hollis followed. I suppose he felt it his duty to go and make peace with Sallie. She was pretty angry with him. I stood looking at Bert. His face was as white as a sheet. I was wondering what he was going to say.

"Do you remember, Nancy," he said, "what I wrote you from the steamer last spring?"

"I wrote," Bert went on, "that I was afraid of leaving you. And I said that we were all afraid of those we loved most, because they were the ones who had the most power to hurt us."

"And I suppose you are hurt?" I asked. "Of course I'm hurt," Bert said. "I loved you."

"I see you put it in the past tense," I laughed.

"No. I still love you. I always shall. If I didn't, what you have just said about yourself and Jim Brent wouldn't make any difference to me." He came over to me and took my hand. "Nancy darling, don't you see it isn't that I'm doubting you. All you have to say is that there was never anything wrong between you and Jim Brent and I'll believe you against the whole world. I love you as much as that."

"Men who love women," I said, "don't ask for any such assurance as that. And women with any self-respect don't give it. I've told my story. You are at liberty to believe what you please. I don't care what it is."

Bert followed me into the living room, talking earnestly and trying to take my hand.

"Good night, Bert," I said. "I don't want to talk about it any more. I'm tired."

When he had gone, I went up to my room.

I TOOK off my clothes and got ready for bed. All the time I was thinking of Bert Allen and of Jim Brent, comparing them, wondering what Jim would have said and done in Bert's place. I confess I was very unhappy and sorry for myself, too, in a way. I was, confessedly, a woman with a past. I was looking at myself in my mirror and laughing when Sallie came in.

"You poor kid," she whispered.

"Huh!" I said and stared at her.

"I'm so sorry, terribly sorry, Nancy darling," she continued. "Having to confess like that before Hollis and Bert was awful."

"Huh!" I said again. "I don't get you."

"I was afraid all the time, it was you," Sallie went on, to my amazement. "That was why I asked you those questions the other evening, about where you had been, the night of the murder and everything. I suspected the truth, when you refused to answer me. It's a shame, Nancy."

Well, I couldn't have been more surprised if the floor of the room had suddenly opened and let me right down into the lower regions.

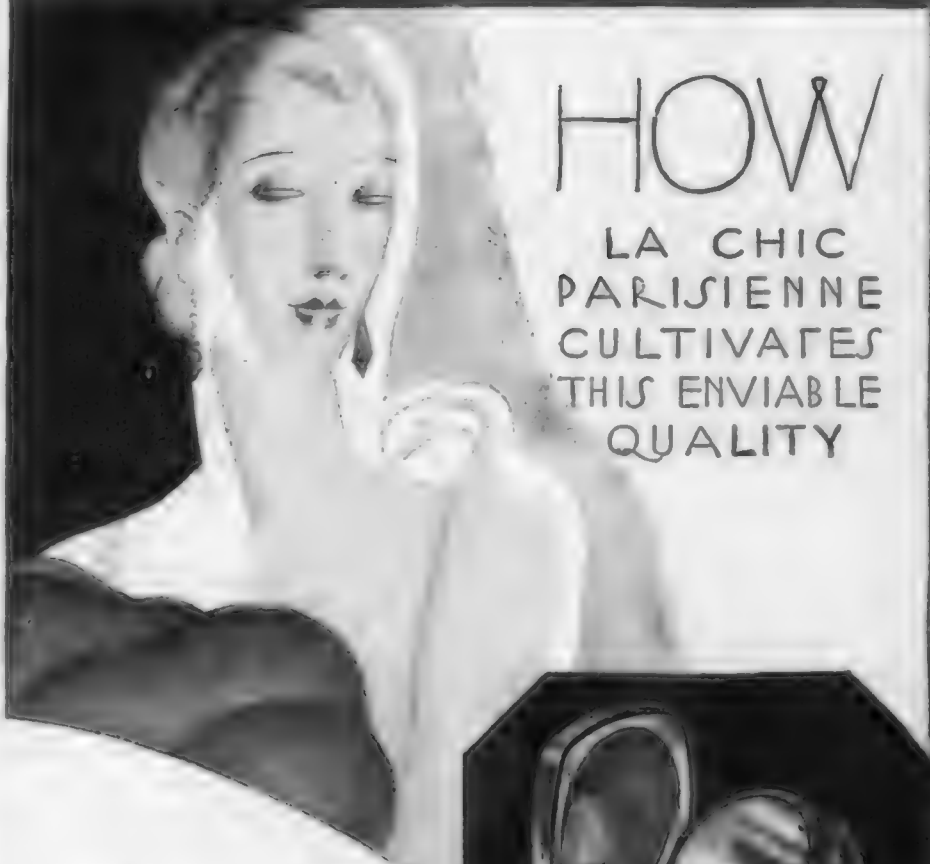
"Sallie," I said, "I don't know what you mean. Weren't you with Jim Brent that night?"

"I! Wasn't I with him?" she gasped. "What on earth are you talking about, Nancy? Of course I wasn't! You've just said you were!"

For one speechless moment I stood there, gibbering, unable either to laugh or cry. Then I fell back on the bed in hysterics.

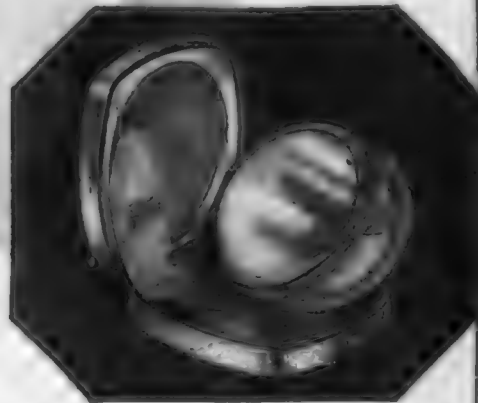
HAD I humiliated and sacrificed myself for nothing? Had I manufactured an alibi to shield my sister when she needed no shield? If Sally hadn't been with Jim that night who had? If I couldn't trust Jim and Bert couldn't trust me where was this tangle going to end anyway? I'll tell you in September SMART SET how the cloud that had been hanging over us so long finally lifted and revealed what none of us suspected

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What We Girls Are After

(Continued from page 16)

generation? They're a bunch of hoodlums. Frank thinking has gotten into us. Youth is percolating through our systems and we're letting it out!

We know we've got energy and beauty and pep, and the world by the tail!

We know that we actually *are* what all the rest of the world wishes it *were*. We know that we *are* what the beauty parlors advertise.

We know that there is envy and jealousy and suspicion in abundance in the women who spent their youth in a horse and buggy or playing croquet and being lady-like. It's too bad about them and we're sorry for them but we aren't going to spend our time weeping and wringing our hands because they are what they are and we are what we are!

AND if the beauty specialists and face lifters, modistes and gland doctors can't do anything about it, how can we be expected to?

We're after our place in the sun! We want the right to throw out of our lives everything that doesn't bring us happiness.

If our present home is full of discord and petty quarreling and jealousy, we want the right to leave it and find a happier place without being thought selfish or loose or wild for doing it.

Just because our whispering, anaemic, self-centered, old aunt happens to be our mother's sister doesn't mean that we should take her to the movies twice a week.

We'll give her the money to go if she wants to, but why should we be forced to hang crape over ourselves two evenings a week, or even one, just because somebody else thinks the world is a coffin and a life a long drink of weak hemlock?

We're after that way of living which will make us richer, more attractive and more joyous. We can work like the devil for six months in order to have two weeks of paradise later on.

We are after money. Not some particular man's money, but our own. There is only one thing that beats money for accomplishing your dreams in this world.

That one thing is youth. We've got it! Now we want the oil to make our wheels run smoothly, the oil of a good, big bank account with no strings on it. We want enough money so that we can tell our husband to go out the back door as fast as he can go and stay there if we feel like it.

Somebody once asked Vivian and Rosita Duncan if they didn't think these new setting-up exercises, the daily dozen, were wonderful for the health. Rosita replied, "We don't take any setting-up exercises. If we feel like sleeping in the morning we sleep. If we feel like romping around and standing on our heads we romp around and stand on our heads."

How anybody can get up feeling like a ton of bricks and proceed to one, two, three, four, up and down with their arms and sideways and back with their legs, trying to feel the way they think they're acting, is a phenomenon!

Restraint is a wonderful thing. When you consciously hold back power, when you deliberately store up emotion with a certain end in view for its full release, you have hit on the biggest secret for success.

But when you try to pull power out of nothing, or pep out of a sleep-craving or sleep-drugged body, you are straining muscles and ligaments that can never get back to normal again.

Women who try to look thirty-five but have seen forty-seven Christmases roll by may believe that we are bold, unfaithful, selfish little humans, especially when they are playing bridge with those two nice college boys and we dash into the room, and the college boys, bless 'em, say they're tired of playing bridge and please excuse them, but the trouble with them is that they don't realize the power and glory of their own position.

They could be getting more fun out of life right now than we are, but their eyes are no more open now than they were twenty or thirty years ago. When they were twenty their eyes were on the young married woman and they were thinking how happy she must be. Then when they were married their eyes were on the young beautiful unmarried girl and they were thinking how fortunate she was. Never

these it can make life fuller, richer and deeper. Or it can, by wrong methods, do to health and success what wrong eating, wrong thinking, and wrong breathing do.

We are proud that we know what to eat and when to eat it. A girl who doesn't know the first principles of diet is an ignoramus and a fool and deserves to have indigestion.

We know how to think. We know that a girl who plants vanity in her brain will show vanity in the way she walks, in the way she talks, and in the way her clothes hang. And the girl who plants the joy of living, the thrill of success into her thinking shows those things too in every move she makes.

When corsets were the rage most women went through life without taking one good, big, deep breath. They didn't know the meaning of that tingling which comes all over the body when air is pulled in to oxidize their sluggish blood. They were as stagnant as a lily pool which hasn't seen the sun for twenty-five years.

We know all that.

And we know that most of the self-pitying middle-aged aunts, mothers, and grandmothers would be prostrated for two days, unable to eat from agitation, if we were to tell them about sex, what they are quiveringly eager to learn about their diet, their breathing, and their thinking.

We don't say that we know it all but we're willing to tell what we know and just as willing to learn anything we don't know.

We're after the right to profit by our experiences without being editorialized at, snickered at, and pointed at by a lot of repressed, disappointed old men and women.

Bitterness, sour remarks and cynicism are chemicals that make vinegar out of sweet apple juice.

Every scandal-mongering gossip who delights in taking a verbal jab at her neighbor's young daughter is in this mental condition because she has been smothering for years some beautiful, natural living desire within herself, some longing which, because of what "they" might think or what the village

customs said, she was afraid to express. Her pessimistic, malicious remarks are the fumes from the rotting of that dream.

AND yet there are citizens of these great states who actually take that sour, green-eyed advice handed out by these poor, backed-against-the-wall women, and believe it—yes, even swallow it whole.

We are after the chance to use the brain that God gave us for something else besides holding our ears apart and resting on Jim's broad manly shoulder.

We don't want to be patted on the back by some kindly lawyer with a big bank account and told, "Little Lady, you just let me handle this! I'll fix this affair for you and don't you worry!" And at the end of a few weeks you find out that his bank account has increased by several hundred dollars and yours has decreased by the same amount and maybe you have won your case and maybe you haven't.

We want to be able to talk business when business is being talked. And we're after the recognition—from our relatives, our bosses, and the world in general—of the fact that when we express an opinion or a belief it is on just as good ground, and maybe

What the Boys Think of You Girls

Next month Cornell Woolrich, barely twenty, with two successful novels to his credit, will tell you girls what the boys really think about you and why. He won't spare your maidenly blushes and he may make you so hopping mad you'll want to tear his hair out.

You can't afford to miss:
GIRLS, WE'RE WISE TO YOU
In September SMART SET

were they thoroughly content with themselves. Not once did they glory in the position they were occupying at the moment. They don't know how to live.

Like the philosophy of Eugene O'Neill's latest play they never really live except in the memories of the past, and the dreams, if any, of the future.

We're after the opportunity to stop being sex-ridden. We don't like it! We know that happiness isn't composed of sex. Girls have been consumed with the idea that the one bloom that would ever appear on their plant of life was Prince Charming. They spent years crocheting doilies for chair backs and embroidering night gowns and petticoats in the fluttering anticipation of that grand event.

There is a lot more to life than marrying a man simply because he wears a pair of pants. There is even more to life than sitting across the table from him and listening to him tell us that we are the most beautiful, brilliant, gorgeous girl he ever laid his eyes on, and he's laid his eyes on plenty!

We know that sex is as essential, and natural, and beautiful as thinking and breathing and eating. And like any and all of

a whole lot better, than Aunt Matilda's or Uncle Henry's or Brother Willie's.

We want to own our own roadster, and we mean a good one!

If we see a good-looking man, we want the right to talk to him and the privilege of finding out whether or not there is anything in his head, in his heart, or in his soul of interest to us. And we don't want any husband, or mother, or social reformer, running around at our heels telling us it is immodest or unladylike to do it.

We want a home and children but we don't want to marry the first thing with a steady job who comes along with a proposal.

We want the opportunity to look around for any other species of potential husband which might be inhabiting this planet. There are a thousand different kinds of girls—and we can't stand most of them—and there very probably are as many different kinds of men.

We are not going to promise to love and honor one just for the sake of getting married when we know perfectly well that he is egotistic, and selfish, and conceited, especially if we don't happen to be the sort that likes these characteristics in a man.

THERE are plenty of girls who do; save him for them. And we don't want to be called light-headed and foolish and have eyebrows raised at us for doing it.

We want the same right to make mistakes that other humans are granted. And we want those mistakes to be accredited to experience, not girlish foolishness.

We don't want to be forced to quiver with fear at the mention of motherhood. And, on the other hand, when we do become mothers we don't want to be set up on a pedestal and called noble because we are "following woman's finest career" when we haven't actually done a thing. We don't have to. Nature and youth and imagination do it for us. We don't want to use motherhood as the lever for opening the door of any man's bank account.

"I've trusted you and given you all," may be humor to the readers of James Branch Cabell but it is the ghastly truth to a lot of middle-aged men today.

"But for the sake of the children, Charles," has kept more men under the same roof with a woman who wants nothing from him but a snug corner in which to spend the rest of her days, than suicide threats and nagging have ever done. It's a wonder there aren't more murders!

Children aren't meant to be promissory notes on which a husband is forced to pay a woman a living income for the rest of her days. But they often are!

Many a woman who would not have a child under ordinary conditions, does so when she feels that she is about to lose her husband. She cannot furnish personality enough to hold him. So, as much as she hates it and dreads it, she has a child.

Then as soon as she has "trusted him and given him all" he is honor bound to give her all, or at least enough so that she will never have to earn her own earrings and bridge teas.

We love our mothers. But just because they happen to have been present at our birth doesn't mean that they know what we want! Nor how we feel! Nor what we ought to do! We aren't miniature mothers! We are human beings with souls of our own encased in bodies of our own which belong to us.

We're after our own thoughts. Not the ideas draped with, "Be a nice girl now," or, "Remember you're a lady and don't do anything that mother wouldn't want you to do," or, "No nice girl would call up John the way you do."

We're not going to wait to be asked to do every single thing that we want to do. We're doing our living for ourselves! We

"What have I done?"

NO LONGER have they anything in common. He takes little interest in his home, or in her.

Her listlessness, her lack of vivacity have gradually taken the joy out of their marriage. She doesn't know what has caused it. Neither does he.

Very often that loss of energy and vitality during the years following marriage is the wife's own fault. And the pity of it is, in this enlightened day, the remedy is so simple, in a great many cases—sane habits of living plus the *correct* practice of feminine hygiene.

Do you know the facts about this vital subject?

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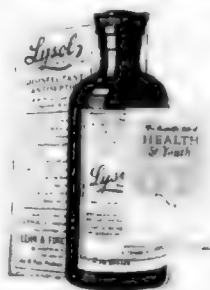
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aren't going to stand by and see the man we think would make a good husband pass us by like a shrinking violet by the roadside because we are too "ladylike" to let him know we are here. We choose what we want: men, clothes, apartments, or cars!

We don't take every invitation that comes along with tickled grins and blushing acquiescence. We prefer to make our own invitations. We know what we want, what we like, and what we prefer, and nobody knows it better than ourselves. If Jim calls us up and wants to take us to the Mission Play when we would rather go to the Orpheum with Charlie, we tell Jim we won't go to the Mission Play and then we call up Charlie and tell him we want to go to the Orpheum. Ninety-nine times out of one hundred Charlie is tickled pink.

IT ISN'T supposed to be nice to argue with your parents and it isn't supposed to be judicious for a parent to yield a point in an argument but if mothers would give their daughters more life, more rein, and more chance for joyous living, there would be a lot fewer illicit children than there are and a lot fewer girls who are nervous wrecks at twenty-five.

Sex isn't a thing to make mystery out of. It isn't a horror, and it isn't half as important as all the mystery and innuendos and silly superstitions have made it.

We want speed! We want pep! We want beautiful clothes and admiration and the full expression of all our emotions.

Youth is the hub about which every woman builds her life. She stretches out her period of youth until she becomes

ludicrous in her own eyes though she may have been ridiculous in the eyes of the world for some time before that.

We want to be free to enjoy that youth while we have it. We're it! And we know it.

We want to fall in love. What if it is a dozen times? Most men and women do anyway and the fact that they don't confess doesn't alter the truth a bit. The little crowd of friends which appeals to us so much when we are sixteen looks strangely incongruous and inappropriate when we are twenty. The boy we thought was such a knock-out at twenty-one looks like an awful pill at twenty-three. There's nothing wrong about it; it's just normal growth.

We don't want to be squelched when we feel like having some fun just because a lot of moss-backs don't happen to fall into the spirit of the moment. Just because we don't do all those things which mother did when she was a girl, and do a few things that she didn't do, we don't deserve to have the wet blanket of hair-tearing parents plunked down upon us.

We want to take care of ourselves. We want to own ourselves! We don't belong to parents, nor boy friend, nor fiancé, nor husband, and we don't belong to any corporation, nor department store manager, nor motion picture director.

We belong to ourselves!

And we're going to keep on belonging to that wonderful person as long as we live! We're after happiness!

And we're after that apple hanging in the tree and we're going to do everything we can to get it.

The Girl at Monte Carlo

(Continued from page 39)

said with a wry smile that surprised me.

"And what was I thinking?" I inquired. "You were wondering how you had been tricked into buying a few drinks"—and she waved to the garçon for another—"for an impertinent little sidewalk pick-up, how you could get away gracefully in the shortest time."

"But I really have an engagement right now," I lied looking at my watch.

"No, you haven't," she said. "But you can go. I just want to tell you and I don't ask or expect you to believe it that I have never done such a thing before in my life. It was the impulse born of desperation. Tonight the last penny I had in the world was raked in by that mummified croupier."

This, I thought, was a good sales talk as a prelude to a touch, and I wondered just how much I could give her without appearing too cheap. She had evidently sensed my trend of thought.

"You will have to pay for my drinks but that will be all. I am only nineteen but tonight I feel like a burnt and discarded match. I am just one of the foolish young nit-wits who come to this outwardly beautiful spot and are scorched in its labyrinthine halls. I have drawn all the money I have from my bank in a middle-western city and I have had my sister mortgage the home her husband gave her as a bridal gift in California. I have been here but seven months and it is all gone.

"They think I am convalescing from an operation," she went on breathlessly. "I have instead been trying to beat an unbeatable game and skidding to hell with no chance for a detour. I wonder how many other girls whose parents think they are studying or travelling abroad have been caught in the same damnable trap. I know of three and two more are on their last mille francs at my hotel."

"I was trapped, just as they were and hundreds before me, by the lights, the music, the feverish excitement, the cosmopolitan crowds, the rakes and rascals and many nights I have smiled at the innocent simplicities of my home-town crowd's literary societies and college proms. Also there is a boy back there to whom I was engaged and who doesn't know. I thought then he was just a small-town clod. He seems pretty grand now. I wish I could get back to them and to him. I have bored you stiff."

"But you haven't—"

"Oh, yes I have and I'm pleasantly blotto and I am going to leave you and go to my hotel. Tomorrow is a different day. Probably I won't be here by this time tomorrow night. Good-by," and she got up, half ran and was swallowed up by the crowds.

Perhaps I am an old softie. But I believed her story in every detail. And I hope somehow or other she's on her way back to that boy. I have a feeling she would make some one a good wife.

Why did the most innocent little girl in the high-school love the very worst boy? Was it because she didn't know how bad he was? If that was it, why did she continue to love him after she had proof of his wildness? Perhaps it was because the eyes of youth see everything through rose-colored glasses! Perhaps you'll find when you read Bob Carr's latest story of high school life that it was just the old, old story of what makes the world go round

Country Clubs

(Continued from page 23)

amount to. Of course, some are only flirtations that last just about as long as the influence of a flock of cocktails. On the other hand I've seen some of these club romances endure for several seasons. When an affair continues after its first season we classify it as one of the "perennial blooms." Strangely enough few divorces result from either the passing affairs, or the "perennial blooms." We've only had two divorces in our club that can be directly traced to love affairs that had their inception behind our gates.

Several high-priced, beautiful cars were unloading smartly dressed men and women at the white-pillared entrance of the club as Jack and I rolled up. A gorgeous open Packard was directly ahead of us. A big man in yachting clothes climbed out of the front seat beside his chauffeur, and shook a warning finger at the liveried club attendant who was taking two bulky bags out of the tonneau.

"Be careful how you handle those bags, Johnny," he said.

The boy grinned understandingly and clung to the bags as if they were dynamite and must not be dropped. The big, bass-voiced man was J—who gave the most famous parties at the club.

"At it again, eh, J——?" I kidded.

"THAT'S some of the best Jamaica rum in the world. I ran down there this week on the yacht and fetched it," he said. He leaned over the side of my car and continued, "Remember the Spanish-looking beauty last week? Well, she mentioned she liked her cocktails flavored with Jamaica rum. That's the answer." He waved at the bags the boy was taking indoors.

"Sort of soft on the señora type, eh? I noticed you making a play for her——"

"I'm only trying to make her feel at home. She and the husband are new members, you know," he laughed.

"Yes, I know your welcoming committee stuff. Well, I guess you're inviting the whole club to your party."

"You bet, bring along anybody you want, seven o'clock. We're going to have fun."

"Great egg, that bird," I told Jack. "He's got a barrel of money and young ideas for a man fifty. His wife's only twenty-seven and a knock-out. She's abroad this summer."

As we passed through the main hall and lounge of the club Jack agreed it would have been foolish for us to bring girls with us. The place was crowded with beautiful women.

A new man in a country club is always welcomed by the women and Jack, a handsome devil, was given ample encouragement from several girls. But I didn't want him to get involved until he saw somebody who especially interested him. We accepted half a dozen invitations to do as many different things before we started for our room.

At the head of the stairs on the second floor we heard much loud talking and laughing in a room to the right. Above the bedlam a man was ordering ten set-ups for Long Tom Collins drinks. I recognized the fellow's voice. He lived at the club all week round, and his suite was almost as much of a barroom as the regular club bar in the basement.

The story around the club was that this man's business began to interfere with his pleasure and that he had cut out the business. If the story is true I, at least, give him credit for acting on his convictions. Most of us who play the country club racket are being dishonest with ourselves. We think we can keep on fiddling and doing our job at the same time.

Eventually, there is a show-down or a break-down and as I go on with my story you will see what I mean.

"They seem to be getting an early start in there," laughed Jack.

Passing down the corridor we came to a suite whose door was slightly ajar. I had been in it the previous week-end, and was curious to know who was occupying it.

"Hey! Hey!" I called.

"Who is it?" asked a girl. Her voice was strange but very sweet.

"I'm sorry, I thought I'd know you," I answered.

Before the unknown girl could reply, a woman's familiar voice called out, "Let him in, honey. He's T——, our old buddy."

"Heavens! I'm not dressed," the girl said.

"Don't mind that. Just leap into a negligée. Come on in, T——," invited the girl whose voice I recognized. She was one of the club's most attractive golf widows. Blonde, svelte, and Elinor Glyn's IT in real life.

The unknown girl opened the door for us. She poured us a cocktail as the other girl introduced me, and, I, in turn, introduced my cousin.

"What's that? Am I seeing straight? A new man in our midst, T——?" said the golf widow.

I knew from the way old Jack looked and acted at sight of E—— that he was hit. All the half-dozen semidates we'd made downstairs were out of the picture! The new girl wasn't a bad number by any means. Her husband had gone off on a stag yachting trip. She was out by herself to have a big time. I told both the girls to be sure and happen up to the big rum cocktail contest. We lined up a program for the immediate present which included a swim, a few drinks and a short joy-ride over to another club where I had been asked to a five-o'clock party at which the crowd was going to play roulette.

I whispered to Jack as we rambled down the corridor that E—— was our queen golf widow.

"Good lord! What a woman," he whispered back and nodded at her door. "Thank my navy luck, her husband's a golf fiend."

"She's just been waiting for a summer romance, and you're it, if you ask me," I laughed. "The friend's not bad herself. Did you hear how she tried to impress me with the idea that this was her big week-end for trouble? Well, we'll see. Things are looking up."

"Looking up?" interrupted Jack. "Shucks, you mean they're already up."

WE TOOK the next turn to our left. A man I knew very well was standing at a door down the corridor, evidently just leaving. I could have bet my last dollar on the identity of the person he was speaking to and won. Wherever you saw the chap at the door, you saw a certain girl. They were the club's most famous "perennial blooms." Their affair had been going on for three years.

I gave Jack a bit of its history in our room. The girl's husband claimed the chap she went around with as his best friend. Frankly, this had puzzled me and I couldn't offer any explanation to Jack, nor can I explain it here.

"There must be an awful lot of gossip around this place," said my cousin.

I suppose people who are not familiar with this sort of country club life feel the same as Jack did. Naturally there is some gossip but as a rule it is not vicious. It is a tolerant sort of gossip, the kind in which



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wise people who live in glass houses indulge.

The phone rang as we were going out. Two girls we'd met wanted us to ride over to somebody's estate nearby and swim off of its private beach. We put them off with something about having to hang around the club to meet a possible guest of mine from town. In the meantime E— and F—, clad in skimpy bathing suits and breeze-blown coolie coats, sauntered into our room.

For a long time I've been of the opinion that the art of conversation has gone by the boards in these fast modern sets where everybody seems bent on one thing only, thrill-chasing. The swapping of risqué stories is as a rule the nearest approach to conversation except when people get on one of the three inevitable subjects that country club crowds discuss: parties, liquor, and sex.

E— told us her latest naughty story. This started the ball rolling. Jack had a great stock and store that he had brought back from Shanghai. He regaled us for almost thirty minutes.

BY THE time we reached the beach it was four o'clock. Both sand and water were very popular. We had at least six invitations to tarry and indulge a bit of elbow-bending, as drinking is called these days. The little parties and the twosomes lying around on the beach in gay suits and robes made no bones about the liquor. There it was, parked on the sand in bottles and flasks. Club attendants were hustling around, delivering trays that contained the "makings"—cracked ice, ginger ale, fizz water, Tom Collins set-ups, pitchers of orange juice. Over in one corner of the beach under a brilliantly colored beach marquee, big J—, the Jamaica-rum gentleman, was giving his seven o'clock fireworks an early start. There must have been fifteen people with him. Yes, the Spanish-looking lady was there and so was her husband, the latter obviously giving a certain doctor's wife flattering attention.

We stopped by for a handout from old J—'s punch bowl. I wanted Jack to meet the gang under the marquee. They were the clique of the club.

We broke away shortly and took a short but snappy swim, then rushed back to our rooms and jumped into flannels for the run over to the other club.

What was going on at the other club when we arrived there proved that our place was no exception to the general pattern of today's country clubs.

Shortly after we got there I saw E— and Jack slip through a door that led out upon a little balcony. They sat down on an overstuffed porch swing and kissed each other as though they had been on a desert island.

The natural conclusion would be that E— was pretty wild to let an almost strange man kiss her right away, yet I did not think of E— as a wild woman. Country club women, looking for romance, are not necessarily promiscuous in their love affairs. Most of them wait until they meet a man who appeals very much before they actually go in for an affair. To many people the fact that a married woman even allows herself to care for another man constitutes wrong-doing but country club wives have sold themselves the idea that it's all right to play at love. Jack and E— were not the only people making love on this party. The place was full of intensely interested twosomes.

As I watched all this I asked myself why married women involve themselves in clandestine affairs at clubs. What's behind their romantic questings? At first I had thought it was only a fad with them, something they figured was smart and daring and I had expected it to blow over. But

as time passed, I realized it was not a fad and that it was as natural for wives to seek romantic adventures as it was for husbands to philander. A great many women delude themselves with the idea that they are incurably monogamous. They have been brought up to believe this and it takes something to show them they are not.

When they join a country club and see other women interesting themselves in summer love affairs the incurable monogamists discover that they, too, are susceptible to what the club environment offers in the way of romance.

It was six-thirty. Only half an hour before the party in J—'s suite. We returned to our club. Everybody was in a hurry to dress. Dressing for dinner at a country club is something of a party in itself. People come and go at will.

Two girls floated into our room beautifully aglow. We had met these girls on our arrival at the club. They were the two who wanted us to dash over to somebody's estate.

"A fine pair of false-alarms you two turned out to be," accused one of the girls, then went on to tell us what a wonderful time we missed by not going. Two chaps, evidently chasing them, burst in and quickly took them away. The corridor was ababble with laughter, gay voices, song, and the music of ice tinkling against silver shakers. We tacked for the suite E—, her husband and guest occupied. Jack was beginning to stew over the idea of E—'s husband. The Navy was quite strong for E— and wanted no interference from a mere husband.

His mind was quickly set at ease on this point. The golf bug had phoned that he was going to try and squeeze in another nine holes before dark. He was playing in a big tournament the next morning.

The rum-flavored cocktail party had moved from the beach to J—'s suite and was in a gorgeous uproar when we arrived. The Spanish-looking lady was much in evidence, playing hostess for old J—. Her husband was still concentrating on the doctor's wife. The two girls that passed us in the yellow speedster were there, deeply engrossed in each other's husbands.

As usual nobody showed any interest in dinner, and it was nine o'clock before the cocktail party ended. But these parties never really break up, they simply move from one place to another. In this case we moved from J—'s down to the dining room.

DINNER is really a joke at most country clubs over the week-end. Everybody is too thirsty to bother about food. The dance music started while we were at the table and couples drifted out to dance. Some of them did not bother to come back. I've seen dancing on country club floors that would never be allowed in the wildest road-houses. Country club people let go of themselves because they figure they are in their own crowd and that the thing to do is to run wild.

This attitude is responsible for what goes on behind country club gates. The members of a club take this slant on the situation, "Here we are in our own club with our own crowd, people of our own kind, nice but naughty. Why shouldn't we let loose? What's the use of being old fogies?"

Naturally there are some old fogies in every club. In the older clubs of greater social prestige, where the old folks run the place, these old fogies frown very severely on any departure from decorum. One Westchester club expelled a young member last year because he and a girl guest drank a night-cap in his room after a dance even though the door of the room was wide open. However, in order to keep their memberships full, and make the whole proposition financially possible, even the

clubs that go in for propriety have to shut their eyes to much that goes on.

The music stopped at three but the crowd "carried right on." I suddenly bumped into a girl I hadn't seen before. She had one thing on her mind, to go for a yacht ride. Her dad had brought a new small cruiser to their yacht club that afternoon. It was all set to go if only some one could handle it. I knew how to handle a motor-boat and the first thing I knew this girl, whose name I didn't even know, and myself were speeding to her yacht club three miles away.

She had only a hazy idea of what her dad's new boat looked like. We picked the wrong one but didn't find it out until we came back in the dawn after cruising all over the Sound. The club boatman told us whose boat we had accidentally stolen

I GAVE him a drink and five dollars to forget it. My new girl friend, a very young divorcee, and I went to a cheap little restaurant along the road and ate ham and eggs. I left her at the door of her pretentious country home as church bells were ringing for early mass in the near-by town.

Jack was in bed but wide awake when I reached our room.

"Does the sort of thing we've been doing go on all the time in these clubs?" demanded Jack.

"Sometimes it's even a little wilder," I said. I remembered several week-ends when some of us hadn't gone to bed at all.

"Good lord! It's a lot of fun, but it's just as well for me that I only get a leave from ship once in a while. I couldn't keep up the pace. How the deuce do you people stand it?" asked Jack.

I told him the truth and it is simply this. We can only stand so much of it. I've seen lots of men and women go to pieces under the country club gaff. At first it gets in your blood and you hit the hardest pace that's set. Pretty soon it gets to be a matter of giving up the club stuff or letting your business suffer. You can't do justice to both at one time and of course your home life gets knocked into a cocked hat if you keep on clubbing.

I hear a lot of men say jokingly that they have to go back to work to rest up for the next week-end at their clubs. It's more truth than a joke. They do "rest up" when they should be on the job.

Somehow we were able to get around at noon and struggled over to the golf course to follow the match between two well-known professionals but our little party had to give up on the eleventh hole. The sun was a bit too strong for us.

There was a good tennis match on at the courts and we drifted down there, bumping into a nice friendly little gathering. Somebody mentioned that somebody was entertaining guests shortly and wanted customers. Almost at this moment my yachting partner of the early morning hours hove in sight, a bewitching vision in summery clothes.

So we all went up to help a man entertain guests. We arrived before the host's real guests appeared and before arrangements for the party had been executed. But, as if by magic, a miniature bar sprang up in the man's room.

Gorgeous bedlam broke loose again, and in the Babel, new affairs blossomed and old ones took on new life. The merry, crazy, sky's-the-limit whirl was on again.

And that's what goes on continuously these days at most of our country clubs. But it can't go on much longer for me. It's coming to a point where I'll have to choose between country club life and my work. I'm afraid it will have to be the club that goes by the boards for me because I have to work for a living. I'm not like the man who could afford to cut out business because it interfered with pleasure.

Love Sets

(Continued from page 33)

the stadium. A singles match. I don't know who his opponent was. I didn't even see his opponent. From the moment I laid eyes on Dick Lewis, darting about out there on the tennis court, the rest of the world vanished. It was as though I had suddenly put a pair of field-glasses to my eyes and only Dick Lewis appeared within the field of their focus.

My sister told me his name.

"Charming rascal," she told me. "You'll fall in love with him of course. All girls do. Whatever you do don't take it seriously. Kitten. Dick Lewis is one of Cupid's favored free lances. He usually kisses and he always rides away."

I asked her if she knew him.

"As well as our position permits," she said. "You see, my dear, we are only moderately well to do and Dick Lewis knows financial ratings as well as he does serves and volleys!"

I didn't altogether understand that at the time either but I found out later what she meant.

I MET Dick that afternoon. My sister introduced me. She tugged at his arm as he was making his way through the crowd on the lawn. The way she did it and the way he responded made me sick with shame. It was so evident that he didn't want to stop and speak with her, yet she detained him in spite of it.

Immediately she introduced him to me.

The look in his eyes as he acknowledged the introduction sickened me. There was so much of frank contempt in that look and rebellious boredom.

After a moment his expression changed. My face must have been as revealing as a spoken confession. I know I was blushing furiously. The contempt went out of his eyes and he smiled.

"Have they warned you that I strangle nice little girls just as a pastime?" he asked. I stammered something unintelligible.

"You're afraid of me," he teased. "Don't be. I'm rude but harmless. How much do you weigh?"

I told him.

"I thought so," he said. "I'll let you in on a little secret. I'm not even rude to girls who weigh exactly one hundred and twenty-two pounds. They're my weakness. Let's get some tea."

He found a table for two. I was so embarrassed that for a little time I could only blush and stammer but he teased me out of the mood and before long we were laughing together like two old friends. He drove me back to my sister's in his roadster and came in for a cocktail. Sis invited him to dinner for later in the week and he accepted.

"You little miracle worker," Sis exclaimed when he left. "Have you got a line you've kept hidden from us all or are you just dumb and lucky?"

I didn't know what she meant.

"You've tripped Dick Lewis," she exclaimed. "If you knew how seldom that's done by impecunious young ladies from nowhere in particular you'd probably spin around on one toe and fall in a faint! He's coming here to dinner. Here! Why, child, I've done everything but murder to get Dick Lewis for dinner."

"I think he's nice," I told her.

"You think he's nice!" she mimicked me. "Well I don't think he's nice, Kitten. Not a bit of it. I think he's a handsome, vain snob and I'd like to slap his face but there isn't a man on the Island I'd rather have for dinner. I know some women

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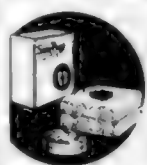
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around this neighborhood who'll turn a faint yellowish green when they find out I'm having Dick Lewis to dine here!"

"Is he so popular?" I asked.

"Popular," my sister exclaimed. "My dear! He's a rage! He's a social insanity! He's a whole cage full of lions all rolled into one. Why if the Prince of Wales died Dick Lewis would be a candidate for number one in the ranking of those most sought after."

That didn't seem strange to me. I was head over heels in love with him; carried his image in my mind constantly; thought of him all day and dreamed of him at night.

He came to dinner at my sister's place but his appearance there was only a qualified triumph for her. He was positively rude to everyone but me. The next day he sent me flowers and on the following afternoon called and took me for a spin on the Island and to dinner at a lovely old inn on the North Shore.

We got along together scrumptiously. We laughed at the same things and our likes and dislikes agreed. I was enthralled by his stories of his grand acquaintances and he listened with genuine interest to my little anecdotes of life out home. The world seemed a different place while we were together, a moving and amusing show produced just for our entertainment. It thrilled me that he knew so many people. Wherever we went in that hectic two weeks after our first meeting he was recognized and hailed. When we were any place where there was a crowd I was always conscious that we were being watched and discussed and I had that delicious triumph of realizing that many women were envying me.

AFTER Dick and I had been running around together for a few days my sister tried to discourage our affair.

"I told you he was a lion," she said. "He is. A lion's a very noble animal but when you catch one you have to have a place to keep it. I don't want to be unkind. Kitten, but I must remind you that you have no money of your own and tell you, if you don't already know it, that Dick is penniless."

"Penniless!" I exclaimed. "He drives a good car and seems to have plenty of money to spend."

"He's a tennis player," my sister explained. "Probably the most popular in the first ten."

"He's an amateur," I reminded her. "He doesn't get paid for playing tennis."

My sister smiled. "Oh," she said. "Doesn't he now?"

We got into a quarrel. I told her to mind her own business and she bade me remember that she had given me fair warning.

A little more than two weeks after our first meeting Dick asked me to marry him.

"We'll have to manage a bit," he warned me. "I pick up a fairish bit of money here and there but I haven't much."

"You will have," I assured him. Then I laughed. "Do you know, Dick, I've been so busy being in love with you that I don't even know what your business is?" I told him.

"I do a number of things," he said. "I write tennis for a news syndicate. Then I'm a bond salesman. I also manage to pick up a little something in Wall Street now and then. I made somewhere around twenty-five thousand this last year."

"Why, Dick, that's wonderful!" I ex-

claimed. "Twenty-five thousand seems like a lot of money to me. Why we can live on that much and save too."

I was thinking that if he could make twenty-five thousand a year when he was spending a good two thirds of his time playing tennis that when he married and really settled down to work he'd soon be wealthy. I started to say this but something stopped me. For the first time I felt a little uneasy with him.

He urged that we run over to Connecticut the following day and get married by a justice of the peace there.

"I hate fuss and feathers," he said. "We love each other and we don't want to wait. Let's just drive over there tomorrow and get it done and then come back and tell everybody about it. If we have a formal wedding there'll be a big yoo-hoo in the newspapers and a lot of bothersome pre-

then started on the return trip to New York, driving down the coast. It was then that for the first time I discussed our immediate future with Dick.

"We'd better not rent a place for a while," he told me. "I'm pretty well dated up for tournaments throughout the rest of the summer and fall and of course we'll be entertained most of the time that I'm playing."

I was both hurt and bewildered. I couldn't understand why he didn't cancel his engagements and get down to a routine of work immediately but I said nothing of this to him.

For two months I went with him from tournament to tournament, living always in a fever of gay parties. We were entertained everywhere but gradually I came to realize that while we were welcomed as social assets we were not accepted as social equals.

I discovered the reason for this when a wealthy friend of Dick's, at whose house we were being entertained on the North Shore above Boston, tried to make love to me. He laughed when I threatened to tell Dick.

"I wouldn't worry the boy with it," he advised. "He's got enough on his mind as it is. You know of course that Dick Lewis, devoted husband, isn't the attraction that Dick Lewis bachelor was. He's putting it over pretty well but he can't afford to make enemies. You'll only put him in a hole if you tell him that I tried to make love to you. What he doesn't know won't hurt him but if he does know he'll either have to take a poke at me, which he can't afford to do, or relinquish another shred of his self-respect, granting for the sake of argument that he has as much as one shred left."

I was furious but at the same time I was scared. I tried not to believe a word he said and yet I had a secret feeling that the thing he charged might be true. I'm certain that if I hadn't had this fear I wouldn't have said a word to Dick of the incident. I did tell him though. I just had to make sure that my fears were groundless.

Dick kept his eyes averted while I told him what had happened.

"Well, I guess there's no use making a fuss about it now," he mumbled when I had finished. "He won't bother you again. Probably he had a drink too much under his belt. He's not a bad sort."

"Oh, Dick!" I cried. "It's true!"

"What's true?" he asked.

"He said you wouldn't dare show resentment. Dick! What is it? What's the matter? Do you owe him money? What is it?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, wake up!" he said. "I hoped you'd be able to see how things are with me without putting me to the humiliation of telling you. You ought to know by this time that I play tennis for my living."

"Who pays you?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't get it directly," he said. "It isn't as raw as that. There are plenty of wealthy people all over the country who are tickled to have me as a guest on account of my tennis rep. You ought to know how those things are. They know I can't afford to go on unless I get money somehow. Of course they don't come and pay me a certain amount in bills but they find ways of seeing that I keep afloat. As long as I keep my game up and play around with these people I'm good for twenty-five thousand a year or more. That's a good

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SEPTEMBER SMART SET

liminary social stuff to be gone through. I want to avoid that if possible."

I'd have agreed if he'd suggested our being tied to a rocket and shot to the moon. We were married the next day in Greenwich. After the ceremony we sent wires to my sister and my people at home and a few of Dick's friends and then started on our honeymoon.

We drove up into the White Mountains for a few days. It was the first time I'd been with Dick where he wasn't known. It was a beautiful experience. I had the feeling that he actually belonged to me. Then we drove across to Bar Harbor and were caught in a swirl of entertainment. I enjoyed that too, loved being introduced as Dick's wife, meeting his friends, being congratulated and envied by people who admired him. Still I looked back longingly to those few days of touring through the mountains when we had had only each other.

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living. If I drop out and try anything else I'm not worth fifty a week to anyone. Naturally I don't want to get these people sore at me if I can help it."

"If they don't give you money how do they pay you?" I asked.

"Oh, various ways," he said. "Maybe you've noticed that I sometimes win pretty heavily at bridge. That's no accident."

"You mean they deliberately let you win?" I asked.

"You're getting bright," he said. "Then every once in a while some one lets me in on a good thing in the market, loans me a piece of money, and plays it for me."

"He said you weren't worth as much married," I reminded him. "Am I a hindrance to this business of yours?"

"Oh, well, you know how that is," he said. "Of course a single man's always in more demand than a fellow who's hooked up. Don't worry about that though. We're getting by all right."

"Getting by!" I cried. "Oh, Dick, can't you see the position we're in? Why, you've ne more standing than a cute trained monkey that people might feed and house for the chance of laughing at its antics!"

"STOW it!" he begged. "I'm not keen about the thing myself but I can't make a living at anything else."

"You're able bodied," I reminded him.

"Sure," he jeered. "I could get a job as a day laborer."

"Then get it!" I urged. "I'd rather be the wife of an honest day laborer than go on like this."

"I won't stay by you a day if you go on with this," I assured him. "Not one day!"

"That's big talk," he said. "What would you do? Go back to mama?"

"I'd get a job for a lot less than forty or fifty dollars a week and live on it."

"Oh, go take a drink and forget it!"

"I won't forget it, Dick," I said. "I want you to listen now; I won't stay with you another hour if you don't promise me to cut this and start at something that will give you a chance to recover your self-respect."

"Help yourself to a one way ticket!" he said. "My friends all told me my way out was to marry a rich girl. You've just about convinced me that my friends were right."

I went to my room, put on a travelling-dress, packed a suitcase and slipped away to Boston. I had a little less than fifty dollars in my purse. I bought a ticket to New York and when I arrived there walked the streets until I found a room.

Then I started to look for work. The third day I got a job ironing in a hand laundry. After three weeks of this I got a place as a clerk in a department store. They started me at fifteen a week. I worked at that wage for five months before I was raised to seventeen. I stayed there nearly a year and I wrote to no one. Then, one evening, as I was approaching my rooming house, my husband stepped out from a doorway and spoke to me.

I hardly knew him. He looked bigger and much older. He wore a ready-made suit and the rest of his clothes matched it.

"I've had a job now for six months, honey," he said. "Started in at manual labor with a subway construction gang and I'm working with a surveyor now. I'm not getting much but I'm working at an honest job. You said you'd stick with me if I'd do that. Can you forget what I was and come back to me?"

I packed my few things and went with him to his place that night. He had learned my whereabouts almost from the first through a private detective agency. Then he had left the crowd he was running with and got a job as a subway construction worker. Poor boy! He wanted to be sure that he could stick to it before he

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Charming*

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came back into my life. He had a few thousand when he quit the tennis business and this he had left in the bank undisturbed until he was satisfied that he could do a man's work in the world. Then he furnished a little flat and came for me.

One afternoon we went for a bus ride. We got off at Washington Square intending to walk home and ran into Earl K. Chase.

He was the first one of Dick's old friends we had met. Dick nodded and tried to pass on but Chase stopped him.

"What's the gag, old-timer?" he asked. "It's no good your trying to duck. I won't have it."

We went to a little restaurant for tea and Dick told him the whole story.

"Don't offer to put me to work as a bond salesman," Dick warned him. "I won't have it. I'm going to lift myself by my own boot straps or stay down, one of the two."

"Easy, boy," Chase said. "I could use you as a bond salesman of course but I've no intention of putting a white collar back

around your neck until you're ready for it. I'll tell you what I am going to do though. It's this. I've a friend who has a big factory in Rochester. You've never met him. He's well along and he's looking for good new men of potential ability who'll start at the bottom in his plant and learn the work from there up. I'm going to stake you to him. You'll probably get less at the start than you're making now and you'll probably work harder to get it but you'll have a chance to move on up to the top or thereabouts in time. No favoritism, mind you. If you don't make good you'll be fired, but if you do come through you'll be rewarded. Is it a go?"

We took it. We've been here two years now. Dick is a foreman and his next move up, which is coming soon, will be into the office and the white collar class again.

His promotion is coming the fourteenth of next month. We know the date. He could have had it last month but just as a matter of sentiment he asked that it be deferred till this coming fourteenth because that's Dick Junior's first birthday.

It May Be Only A Voice To You

(Continued from page 34)

woefully crippled could hold employment in so busy and complicated a shop as this was.

"Yes," he said, "off and on. I work at other stations, too." He must have read and interpreted my puzzled look. "You see," he went on, "I sing first at one studio and then at another. I'm one of the regulars, as you might say. I finished a couple of numbers just now. Perhaps you heard me?"

"My God, man!" I exclaimed, "was that you doing that baritone solo a minute or two ago?"

"Yes," he answered, and his smile broadened. "I hope you liked it."

"Liked it! I was crazy about it. I'm no judge of singing but I know enough to know that that's a gorgeous voice of yours. It certainly gave me a real thrill."

"THANKS," he said. "You make me happy when you say that. I'm a happy fellow anyhow, these times. You see, I get quite a lot of 'fan letters'—people writing in, you know, and saying kind things. And I get a great kick out of it. Well, good luck to you, sir, and good night." And he was off down the hallway, his props thumping on the tiles.

After I was through with my stunt I sought out the assistant manager and to him I said:

"That vocalist you had on the bill to-night a little while before I tackled the 'mike,' the lame one, I mean—tell me something about him."

"Did you see him?" he asked.

"Heard him first and afterwards saw him, swapped a few words with him," I explained.

"Then you can figure out his story for yourself. There's a young chap with a grand-opera voice. But the same destiny that blessed him with the voice cursed him with a deformed body. I think he was born that way. Well, before the radio came along that man would have been denied the chance to give his gift to the world. Probably he'd be eating his heart out somewhere right now, cursing fate for what it had done to him. But today he's a bundle of joy. He makes a good living out of his radio engagements—yes; you might call it a handsome living. But that, to him, is not the big thing. To him the big thing is that he can give joy to millions

who never see him, who never guess that he's one of Nature's unfinished jobs, that, measured by physical standards, he's only just part of a man."

A great light dawned on me. "Are there many more like him in this game?" I asked.

"Are there! Listen!"

I listened. I learned of a girl with a sympathetic personality and a natural genius for entertaining, who tells bedtime stories of her own devising to children and thereby earns a first-rate income. She is stone blind, is sensitive over her infirmity. But sheltered behind the microphone, that marvelous device which has so universal a tongue but no eyes to see with, no mirrors to betray with, she pours out her soul to youngsters in every state of the Union and in every corner of every state.

I learned of a man who has a fine declamatory knack and a real dramatic technique but who, being utterly lacking in what the show-shop people call magnetism, was a failure in the theater. As a radio performer he is a distinguished success; he gives dramatic readings.

I learned of two young women, an Irish girl and a Jewess, who sing together so charmingly that the agencies handling radio talent court them and the purchasers of broadcasting hours pay them large fees. The public, listening in, delights in their duets and clamors for more of the same. They are in frequent demand, indeed in almost constant demand. Between them they make upwards of thirty thousand dollars a year. They have a car, a luxurious flat in New York, a little country place out on Long Island.

BY REASON of certain bodily imperfections, one being misshapen as the result of an injury, the other being dumpy and awkward, neither would have a ghost of a chance on the stage, or the concert platform or with the lyceum bureaus or the chautauquas. But the radio has provided an outlet for their abilities and pays them well in money and in an abundant share of those things so dear to the artist which money can never buy.

Drawing upon what the manager told me, I might go on multiplying these examples. But these are sufficient, I'd say, to point the moral I would make.

It's quite a clever little trick, isn't it, this radio?

Unforbidden Fruit

(Continued from page 63)

"He's probably a hundred and seventeen years old."

"He's not. You know, for a minute I had the wild hope that my boatman was the one. Something in his voice or manner or something." She sighed. "But he wasn't."

"How are you going to get the money back to him?"

"I'm not."

"You're going to keep it?"

"I'm going to give it to Syl to lend to Sara La Lond. It'll get her through till she pinches the Alumnae Scholarship."

"Hottentot baby! What'll the donor think?"

"He hasn't got a think coming. He committed himself to the proposition of just yearning to help any worthy girl through college. Is Sara worthy? I ask you."

"Ask her and get a thick ear. Why, even Esther Reynolds wouldn't stand being called worthy. Are you going to tell your noble islander?"

"I'm going to consult Gwen."

CONSULTATION with Miss Peters promised little at the outset. "Don't know a thing about it," she replied to Verity's cautious questions, "except that Harvey mailed me a registered letter enclosing a sealed envelope for you. Receipt, please. Sign in the space marked X. Thanks for the dime."

"Haven't you seen him since?" inquired the visitor, disappointed.

"Since when?"

"Since I did."

"That depends. I expect so, unless you've been meeting up with him recently. I saw him last week."

"Did he say anything?"

"Did he strike you as a deaf mute?" asked Gwen. She scrutinized the unexpressed interest of Verity's flushed face. "What's on? Has Little Coldheart got warmed up all of a sudden? Yes, he did say an earful, if you don't care what you get in your ear. He asked if I knew you and when I said yes he cut in and said that was all he wanted to know, that if there was anything further you could furnish it yourself. He's a queer bird, Harvey."

Fair play with a friend was in the very marrow of Verity's bones. She looked Gwen in the eye. "Gwen, do you want him?"

"Do I want him? Who; Harvey Westfall?"

"Yes."

"Why, he's my uncle! A real one."

"Your uncle? How old is he?"

"Thirty, I guess. Or maybe twenty-nine. You needn't look so sore about it. It isn't illegal to have an uncle of thirty."

"It's unusual," said Verity severely.

"Nobody can say it's my fault. Anyway he's a duck. Look here, do you want him?"

"Certainly not," retorted Verity with dignity.

"Then why all the uproar?"

"Just ordinary interest in a friend's affairs," was the airy response. "Bye."

What Gwen had not imparted to her visitor was Harvey Westfall's declaration, "That girl is a danger signal for any man with two eyes and if she ever flashes a wig-wag to me I'll come out of the forest with a leap. But it's her move."

Verity departed from the interview with a feeling of dissatisfaction amounting to restlessness. Beneath her virginal aloofness of bearing, she concealed a warm romanticism, just as Sylvia's matter-of-fact and

inbred Puritanism was tempered by potentialities of ardent temperament, and Starr's lawlessness by a saving self-preservative caution. "Woman," as the sage and sainted Althea Sperry once wrote in a privately preserved letter, "is not made all out of one piece of calico."

Starr and Sylvia held conclave over their roommate. "The kid has waked up; there's no doubt of that," said Starr.

"She's a blazing beauty; that's what she is. Just as you said a girl has to get to know she's pretty before she can put herself over on the Great World of Men."

"Yes, but how to remove the Pullman complex?"

"Do you really think that's on her mind or is it only a bluff?"

"No, she's made a fetish of it. You know what an obstinate kid she is. Look at that chin."

"I think," pronounced Sylvia, "that a major operation is indicated and that this Westfall male may be the chosen instrument."

"Wish we had a chance to size him up."

"Why not get Gwen to have him down for the spring play?"

"Potent thought. But she says he hates fussy functions."

"Then give him a dark tip that he'll learn something to his advantage by coming."

"I positively revere your originality of thought and expression," said Starr and expertly dodged a bed-slipper. "We can sound Gwen, anyway."

"Shall we tell Vee?"

"No. Let her wait and see for herself. Shock might be useful in reducing the Pullman yen."

Gwen at once fell in with their plan and after a considerable strategy contrived to extract a half promise from the woodsman without revealing the plot.

SYLVIA who was on probation with all privileges cut off as a result of the debate with Miss Shenstone, was put in general charge of the campaign as having time on her hands, since all extra-campus activities were prohibited to her. Much she cared! She was meeting Patterson Gifford two and three times a week in reckless disregard of almost certain discovery, sooner or later, though Ida McKay had abandoned the chase, since she had achieved her end. Gwen made only one stipulation.

"I won't stand for his being used as an anise-seed bag. He's a good uncle if he is mine own."

"He's got to take his chances, hasn't he, like anyone else?"

"Oh, he can take care of himself. Just so long as the cards aren't stacked against him."

"Do you want a handicap for him?"

"Oh, go to the dickens," said Gwen amiably. "How much shall I tell him?"

"Tell him nothing. We want a chance to give him the once-over, though, before operations begin."

Opportunity was arranged in the form of a small and intimate tea to which Miss Verity Clarke was not invited. The two H.B.V's at once and emphatically liked Harvey Westfall, his lean, long-jawed Yankee looks, his imperturbable self-possession, his air of good-humored competence, his refreshing abstinence from the prevalent mode of incessant wise-cracking and double entente, even the slouchy ease of his well-made clothes.

They secret-signalled each other, "He'll do," and set themselves with all their art



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to making friends with him which is quite a different and rarer technique from that of fussing. They won.

"A pair of corks," was his verdict to Gwen, delivered with an enthusiasm not common with him.

"They're our best line of goods. Which one d'you think you'd fall for?"

"Neither. They're grand. But they're not my trouble."

Next noon on the campus he encountered Miss Trouble, incarnate. There was a rush of feet behind him, a breathless, excited call and he turned to meet the eyes of Verity Clarke, widened in lovely and welcoming surprise.

"Why, it's my gay gondolier! Aren't you going to shake hands?"

"I think I might safely go that far," said he gravely.

"And say you're glad to see me?"

"It is," returned Mr. Westfall primly, "an unexpected pleasure."

"Did you come to look after the investment?"

"What investment?"

"Well, me."

"No."

"Don't be a grumpish gondolier. Anyway," she added softly, "it was sweet of you and I'll tell you all about it some day. Are you coming to the show tonight to see your little friend, the third-rate trooper, do her stuff?"

"Yes."

"Then maybe that's what you came for?"

"No."

"Well, what a line of sprightly conversation!" said Verity indignantly. "Do you have to get on an island to make you loosen up?"

"When am I going to see you alone?"

"Oh, that's different. One doesn't get much chance at these campus affairs. Why didn't Gwen let me know you were here?"

"Didn't she?"

"Certainly not."

"Neither did she let me know you were here."

"There's some deep plotting going on," twinkled Verity. "But I've got a class. So long. See you again."

THE forester walked downtown with a purposeful stride. On the way he was sighted by the two H.B.V.'s. "He has all the symptoms," pronounced the man-wise Starr, "of a swain on his way to a flower emporium."

In that moment there was born to the mind of Sylvia Hartnett the Scheme Magnificent. She seized her companion's arm. "Starr, I've got an idea."

"Unpinch me. And rid yourself of it."

"A slinky idea! The slinkiest idea of this or any other semester, year, century, or epoch."

"Cease hating yourself and tell me."

"It all depends on whether you're right about the floral quest."

They followed Westfall until he disappeared within the door of a florist shop whereafter Sylvia spoke tensely for two minutes while her companion listened and questioned and finally gave excited approval. At the conclusion they entered and surprised Mr. Westfall supervising the selection of the four dozen niftiest roses in the place. Him they hailed, friendlywise, as, "Uncle."

"It's too divine of you," gushed Sylvia, "to be sending us those lovely posies."

"Don't say they aren't for us," said Starr.

The Westfall goat was not an easily attainable animal. Its proprietor grinned. "Well, not this lot, exactly, but the next or Class B assortment which I am now about to select with your kind assistance."

"You are a good sport, Harvey-Uncle," said Sylvia, "and just for that you get off free. Particularly as we'll possibly get a

whiff of this bunch in Suite Twenty. Is that a rotten guess, I ask you?"

"Not so far gone in decomposition as to be unrecognizable," he admitted.

"Then heed. Before that box gets its final wreath of smilax, look us over. Carefully."

"I see nothing to criticize," was the cautious response.

"Do we appear reliable?"

"To outward view."

"Would you trust your life, your bank account, your secret hopes and ambitions in our keeping?"

"Oh, in a minute!"

"Don't be jaunty about it. This is fateful stuff. Will you or will you not put in with the flowers a small parcel which we will furnish you? It's for your own good," Sylvia added piously.

"Then I'll do it. Hey! Where are you escaping to?"

"To get the dynamite. Wait here."

THEY delivered to him four minutes later a neatly wrapped package of inconsiderable size and weight which he hefted instinctively before dropping it into the box. He then picked it out again and attached his card to it, a process which gave the two girls lively delight.

"Aren't you going to ask any questions?" queried Starr.

"No."

"You win all the ribbons. I'm positively intimidated by such composure."

"I'm in the hands of my friends," said Harvey Westfall, attempting without too brilliant success, a docile expression. "Any instructions?"

"No. Your own brains have got to see you through the perilous crisis. We can't tell you anything without violating a confidence." This from Sylvia.

"That's too unfair," protested Starr. "The danger point is Number Seven. If Vee says anything about that, and she will, you say, 'Yes,' and do the best follow up you—"

"She has, already."

"She has? When? How? What did she say? What did you say when she said it?"

"I said that I had a seven-toed cat. I think seven toes on a cat is pretty good, myself, but she seemed disappointed."

"Oh, you poor drip!" mourned Starr.

"Well, it's bad but it might be worse," amended Sylvia. "I'll give you one more pointer. If things get too thick your cue is to say, 'There's a time for all things' and look owlish. And may your brains save your life for we won't be there to help. I'm betting on you, Unky."

"Also me," confirmed Starr.

"Well, if I never see you again, remember I died with my boots on," he said gallantly.

That evening Verity got the second great shock of her young life when she opened the box of roses and found among them, attached to the card of Mr. Harvey Westfall, a small package containing two spoons cupped together and bound with a length of ribbon. It startled her too much even for a yelp.

The other two, entering with airy casualness, perfectly aimed, found her gazing frozenly upon the portent.

Verity's performance in the play was a near-flop. Never had she acted so badly. Soon the support of her friends died down to the merely perfunctory plaudits that mark a failure. She did not even care. Her mind was otherwise occupied. After the final curtain she slipped away and sought refuge in bed.

There Starr, severe of countenance, found and arraigned her. "You're a swell hard-boiled virgin. I don't think."

"Lemme alone," Verity said and buried her face petulantly in her pillow.

"I suppose you're going to let him chase you off the campus."

"Was he out front?"

"Of course he was. And he came back, looking for you."

"Maybe I'll see him tomorrow."

"Why, you poor sheep! Wait till Sylvia sees you. You'll get an earful."

"Where is Syl?"

"She isn't in yet." Involuntarily Starr looked at her watch.

"Starr, I know all about Syl."

"What do you know?"

"Everybody's talking. Isn't it awfully dangerous?"

"Of course it is."

"Are they together now?" asked Vee in a low, shaken voice.

"I don't know where else she'd be."

"It must be wonderful to be in love that way—and terrible, too."

"They'll crash, sure as the world."

"Maybe they think it's worth it. Is it worth it, Starr?"

The older girl frowned. "I wish I knew. I didn't think it was or—" She left the conclusion in the air.

In the still upper room of the Gifford house, Sylvia slipped from the chair to the floor curling her arm over Giff's knee. It was not yet midnight. She had left the play early and crossed the deserted campus unseen. Her voice was dreamy as she said:

"Sometimes I wonder how it all happened, Giff."

"Naturally enough." She knew, without looking up that he was smiling.

"Oh, yes! In a way. If anyone had ever told me, though, that I'd have fallen in love with a faculty!"

"How comes it that you'd never fallen in love before?"

She stirred uneasily. "D'you think that's so extraordinary?"

"In this adventurous age? A girl of your temperament?"

"But I haven't got temperament. Except for you."

"There's enough masculine vanity in me to make me love to hear you say it."

"Isn't it something more than vanity?" He leaned over and kissed her. "You know it is."

"I'm glad it was you," she whispered with soft vehemence. "It couldn't have been anyone else, I expect."

"How can you tell? You haven't been in love before."

"Don't be poisonous, Giff! I've never even petted much."

"No? Why?"

SHE shook her bright head. "It made me feel like a porcupine, all quilly, until you kissed me. The first time you looked at me, that way—if you laugh at me I'll never forgive you, Giff—I knew that I'd love you. I couldn't help it." She laid her cheek against his knees. "Not that I tried very hard. I didn't try at all."

"You're the clearest and most straightforward spirit I've ever known."

She nestled to him. "Giff, I want it to be like this always—when we remember, I mean."

"Don't talk of remembering," he whispered. "I can't think of a life without you."

"But it can't go on forever, Giff. If we don't stop seeing each other we'll be found out sooner or later. Won't we?"

"I suppose so."

"A faculty isn't supposed to fall in love with a student. You'll have to leave, won't you?"

"Yes."

"I can't bear to think of that. Is it worth it, Giff?"

"What do you expect me to say to that?"

She laughed, lifting her warm lips up to

his. "I expect you to say, 'Yes,' of course."

"Yes."
"You're a satisfying sort of person, Giff. You always make me feel that you mean so much more than you say. Not that you say much!"

"I say what I most mean every time I look at you."

"I know," she murmured sweetly. "I'm terribly in love with you, Giff, and I love being terribly in love with you. But I don't suppose I'd want to marry you, if you were free."

"Why not?" he demanded.

With that sad protective wisdom of women, so often mis-called intuition, which is the gift of the gods for the reading of men's souls and which outruns experience as knowledge, she said:

"You'd hate any woman that you had to live with. Yes, even me. You couldn't help it. While you're not bound to me you'll love me. That's all I want."

"It isn't all I want," he began, but she thrust a hand up against his fiercely set lips and hushed them.

"Let's not talk about it. Let's not think of anything else except that we're together now."

The lights had been out for hours in Twenty when Sylvia Hartnett ran across the broad, dim lawn toward the rear of Trumbull, keeping prudently to the line of the shadowing trees. Her lips were still soft with unforgotten kisses. She felt herself above fear, above harm or danger.

VERITY woke up possessed vaguely of a feeling of righteous indignation against Harvey Westfall. It gave her a confidence, a moral advantage for the impending encounter. Her boatman, she decided, was far from all that he should be. He had proved himself simply dumb, and stupidity is the unpardonable sin among the seven cardinal sins of modern youth. So when he cornered her at one of the teas she gave him a coolly friendly greeting and said:

"Account for yourself. What did bring you down here?"

"Haven't you heard about the big match?"

"At college? No. What is it?"

"Our chess team, Princeton, you know, is playing yours."

She should have been on guard, but she fell for his perfect gravity of demeanor. "But you're not in college now," she objected, "and I'd never have taken you for a chess player."

"I'm chess-leader for the team."

"Reptile!" But Vee chuckled. "I suppose you really came up to see Gwen."

"I've seen Gwen before. Often. That was an extraordinary performance you gave last night."

"I thought I was rotten."

"That's what I meant." Well, what were you to do with a man like that!

"Is that what the roses meant? Condolences? Did I thank you for them?"

"Not that I recall."

"I loved 'em. And the other reminder. That was a shock."

So the battle was joined. Harvey felt like a boxer pitted, blindfold, against an opponent who fought in the light of day. He must guide himself by such clues as he could wangle her into giving him.

"If it's a shock don't you think you could withstand it better in the open air?"

"We might walk," she conceded, and they took their leave. "Now," she said, "are you going to explain?"

Her former word, "reminder," had given him something to go on. "It was intended to stir up a stagnant memory," he ventured.

"Stagnant, yourself!" she retorted. "You've got your nerve. You're the one that forgot."

"Never for a minute," he denied with a fervor gallantly undiminished by the fact

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that he lacked the faintest idea of what he had never forgotten.

"Then why did you flatten out so when I gave you the opening about Lower Seven?"

Lower Seven! Here was a clue, indeed. It might also be a crisis. Caution was plainly indicated. Sylvia's phrase for use in time of peril came to his lips. "There's a time for everything," he said.

That remark served at least one useful purpose; it took her aback. She studied him with a dubious regard while his mind quested wildly for meanings. Lower Seven could indicate only one thing, a journey. A night journey on a sleeper. There they were supposed to have encountered each other. But what kind of an encounter? Why hadn't she at once recognized him and he her? Had he—that is to say, whoever it was whose part he was playing—rescued her in an accident when darkness and confusion rendered recognition uncertain?

ROMANTIC, but the best he could do at such short notice. Pretty good, in fact; he wouldn't be a bit surprised if he'd hit it first crack. Sherlock Holmes was becoming very pleased with himself as a deducer when the bomb hit him.

"Why didn't you speak to me the next morning?"

Well, why hadn't he? Mr. Westfall's harassed cerebral convolutions did some rapid whirling, but to no immediate good purpose. "There's a time for everything," didn't seem to fit this situation at all.

"I got off."

"If that's too raw," he thought, "I can always climb a tree and yell for help."

"At Buffalo? I thought you probably had."

"Of course I hated to," he continued, "but duty called."

"Noble-hearted youth! But you did leave the spoons for me. That was snappy!"

Spoons? Snappy? It sounded to the groping mind of Harvey Westfall like pure insanity. In the name of St. Pullman what had spoons to do with this bewildering and excited child? And why should he leave them for her. Was it the booty of a shared robbery? He had to say something, so he said, "Oh, do you think so?" That seemed reasonably safe.

"When I sat down in the diner and the waiter put them down, I nearly passed peacefully away. How could you tell him who to give 'em to? Suppose they'd gone to the wrong person?" "The scene's shifted," thought Westfall. "Hope it isn't going to be any mixed."

With desperate inspiration he replied, "That was easy. I told him to spot the prettiest girl in the car and give 'em to her. Some of these waiters are very intelligent."

"How could you tell I was pretty?" she challenged. "I don't believe I was up when you got off in the morning. You certainly hadn't seen me before." But why the blush? "You only heard me; and that was mostly gasp." Now what in the name of Mysterious Mike did that mean? "And if you did see me, why didn't you remember me when we met at Risley?"

Oh Lord! What was the answer to that one? "There's a time for—" No; no! He countered with, "Why didn't you remember me, if it comes to that?"

"What did I have to go on? Only your voice, and just a couple of stinky whispers, at that. No, I don't mean that! That was horrid of me," and she gave him a look so warm that his heart wiggled in its

socket. "Anyway, I did hope—I mean, suspect it was you. But you were such a dumb bunny about it."

Here was his opening again. "There's a time for everything."

"You said that before. But isn't it the most marvellous coincidence that ever was! I had the feeling that we were going to meet again, and in the open, but I never thought it would be that way. You're rather like what I expected you to be."

"I'm always like that," he confided.

"You win the tin violet for the shrinking championship. There's one thing I insist on knowing, though."

"Sure it isn't something that no lady ought to know?" "Pretty good, that!" he congratulated himself. "If so, dunt esk."

"I will, too. You haven't told me how you picked me for the spoons."

Having won breathing space he had utilized the opportunity for a splendid invention. "I heard a couple of undergraduate sheiks raving about you in the diner early that morning."

"Did they say it was the girl in Lower Six?" That was a help!

"Yes."

"But there were two of us. It might have been Myrtle."

"I had to take some chance. And there was a feeling about you—" He paused, amazed and entranced by the warm and sweet color that came flooding up her face at this innocently meant expression—"I mean, I had an idea from the general effect that you were the original and refreshing balm to the eye, and all that . . . Is that a lake that I see before me?"

"You crash an A in geography."

"Boats on it?"

"Even so. Which reminds me. I never paid you for the other trip. How much?"

"Fifty cents an hour is the regular rate. Four hours, I reckon it," was the business-like return.

"That's two dollars. Not including the swim. I can't bear yet, to think of your taking that risk. How could you do it!"

"YOU spurned my humble hospitality and insisted on going home," he pointed out, "and that was the only way I could think of. We strive to please."

"I haven't got two dollars with me. Suppose I row you around our lake for an hour on account."

"It's a deal."

"Though we haven't got an island here. How's your nice, kind island?"

"It's feeling lonely. It'll feel better when you get back to it."

"Does the island want me to come back?"

"More than it's ever wanted anything."

She met his look and her eyes slid away from it across the sunny ripples. "I don't want your island to be too lonely. It was good to me."

"The world is generally good to you, isn't it, little Vee?"

"I suppose it is. I don't know that I've thought much about it. You were good to me, awfully good."

"At fifty cents an hour, unpaid."

"I wasn't thinking of the island then. The other occasion, that you forgot."

"Let's forget it again," he begged hastily.

They drifted about for an hour when the lowering sun apprised the reluctant girl that she must get back. The landing was deserted when they reached it. Verity thought as he stretched out his hand to help her. "Now if I hold his hand one-half of one per cent of a second after I get

on the float, he's going to kiss me. And I don't want to be kissed yet. Don't I? Maybe I do, and it's only that I'm afraid."

She came out of the boat in an easy spring and stood facing him with mischief in her eye.

"When do you want your five hundred dollars back?"

"Who told you that I wanted it back? Am I not to be allowed to boost the cause of higher education?"

"Sir!" How dare you? I'm a very proper young person even if I do make midnight trips to islands and I don't take five hundred dollars from any gent except as a loan."

"At six per cent interest, I suppose."

"If you want to grind the faces of the poor," she said as they walked up the path. "It's being put to very good use, I can tell you."

"All right by me. Play it on the ponies, if you like, and have a good tip."

At the door of Trumbull the quirky light came back into Vee's soft eyes. "Boatman," said she, "regard me the college clock."

"Six-thirty," he read. "What of it? They can't put you in jail for that."

"KEEP on regarding it. I like your profile. You've got to admit, Harvey Westfall, late of Lower Seven, that to occupy the same berth with a man and have him not even recognize you at the next meeting is—well, just a touch enervating."

By an effort of will and brain, Harvey commanded his mental processes. He was no Victorian in his ideas, but he was just old enough to retain certain prejudices which a generation a trifle younger pretended to disdain. The momentary threat of disillusionment had brought to him, as nothing else could have done, the realization that he was hopelessly in love with this incomprehensible child. He said quietly: "Having trusted me once can you wonder at my disappointment when you wouldn't stay on my island?"

But as he laid his trap he was ashamed of even that instant's failing of his faith. If those eyes and that mouth did not mean innocence, then he never again would trust the deceiving face of woman.

She said, with a wide look, "But that would have been different."

With genuine inspiration this time he suggested, "As different as accident from design."

She nodded, and disappeared. Westfall's long woodsman's stride carried him happily across the campus and past Starr and Sylvia without even the tribute of a pause. Indignant, they pursued him.

"Stop and deliver. What luck?"

"How much do you two know?" he countered.

"Everything."

"Then I'll tell you my theory. Vee and I seem to have bunked together accidentally in a sleeper. The dark, I take it, prevented any certain recognition."

"The lad," said Starr, "is clever."

"But who was the profound sleeper in Lower Seven?"

"Nobody knows."

"And, for the love of learning, what have the cock-eyed spoons got to do with it? Laugh, darn you, laugh! I'll tell the highly radiated air one thing. That original Lower Seven guy is going to have a conflict on his hands when he does turn up. And he'd better be pretty quick about it or he'll be too late."

WHAT would happen if Vee ever found out that Harvey was not the man in Lower Seven? What would be Sylvia's fate if her friendship for Giff were discovered? Would Sara get the Alumnae Scholarship or had that letter from Mark fallen into the wrong hands? Would the close of another vacation find our friends returning to Trumbull House or travelling strange paths in search of "Unforbidden Fruit"?

You, My Beloved

(Continued from page 29)

I journeyed down to Robin next day, wondering why, stripped of all loyalty, I was not scourged into feeling like a traitor. Yet I knew I was happy to the point of tears. The air was made of liquid sunshine; I breathed it deep and long. The wheels of the train made absurd little songs.

Couldn't one somehow recapture this enchantment, to make less somber that gray track of middle-aged placidity; couldn't one sufficiently recognize its preciousness while possessing it? Or did it recede from one's grasp like some slow gentle tide, until at last one only read it in the eyes of other women, and with an indulgent smile, looked away.

It seemed extraordinary that after all these years we should have found each other again. The significant fact that you had not loved your wife for so many years was reassuring.

But still there remained Robin. Well, I wanted Robin. He, too, had his niche in the mosaic pattern that fate seemed to be weaving about us; he, who stood for peace, sanity and a deep sense of security.

I would tell Robin about us.

He would understand.

A few days after my arrival at St. Margaret's, you wrote from Scotland.

"Fifth August.

"My Beloved,

"You must be thinking all kinds of things about me for keeping you such a long time before writing, but I wanted to be sure of getting things fixed up first. Did you rather enjoy our Golden Day? It seems centuries ago. To me at least it was a little bit of heaven, though you have disappointed my inner being by the revelation of your love and I have it in my heart to wish that you hadn't.

"Well, here I am destroying fish and fowl to the best of my ability. The weather is beyond anything I ever experienced even up here. When you receive this, turn all your thoughts and energies to the twenty-ninth, and remember that I am entirely at your service and have no fixed plans for that day. So let us take our chance, catch hold of it with both hands and have all our time to ourselves, just you and I. My love you always have, so I can't send any more. Bless you, my sweet.

"Yours,

RICHARD."

The whole of your letter was blurred by the searing joy of those two words at the beginning, "My Beloved." They unfolded such transfiguring light, scattering, flowering into color and shape a vague shimmering loveliness. To see these two words, the two most heavenly words of any language coming from the loved man or woman, wrung from out of you, pressed on that page for my eyes to sweep up in a white flame and lock up in my proud heart, assured me at last that you loved me. That thought dominated and possessed me to the exclusion of all else.

Those August weeks slipped away all too quickly. I wanted to delay them, sip slowly of their blue and gold deliciousness and fold back those velvet star-dusted nights into a shining procession. Each hour lived took on a sacred value, for it brought me nearer to what I gauged to be a joy too overwhelming to be lived through.

I returned to London the day before you were expected, having told Robin that I

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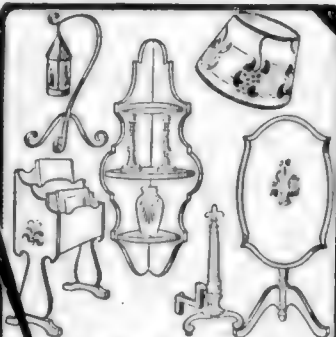
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wanted to see you on your way through from Scotland, and that we should probably dine and do a theater together. Jill luckily was not off to Minehead till September, so, after leaving my luggage at the flat, I asked her to dine with me and said I would call for her at seven.

London looked provincial and shabby, as it always does in August. Everybody was still out of town, and most of the Night Clubs were closed down or I should not have found Jill at a loose end. Mrs. Harper received me in her timid, gentle way.

Jill's voice coming from her bedroom interrupted little her mother's tranquil voice.

"That you, Nona? When did you get in and wasn't it a broiling journey?"

"Agonizing," I sang back. "When do you think of appearing? It's half-past seven and I'm hungry."

"Well, you oughtn't to be hungry. You ought only to be able to toy with a caraway seed and swoon away at the sight of food."

"Jillian, Jillian, what are you talking about?" laughed Mrs. Harper.

"Isn't she an idiot? Aren't you dressed yet?" I shouted.

"That's a matter of opinion." She thrust a shingled head round the door with every primrose hair brushed up till it stood out fanwise. A very abbreviated negligée, a pair of gold brocade mules and a cigarette completed her costume.

She blew me a kiss. "I feel positively infantile at greeting your silly old face again. I'm tickled pink at the thought of seeing the lights of Piccadilly. My hilarious gaiety this month has consisted of watering Benjamin, pushing mother into Gunter's for tea, and listening to Dale's asthmatical breathing at the Bath Club. Life's been hectic."

Mrs. Harper and I smiled at each other. "You see, she won't grow up," she apologized.

Jill appeared demurely clad in black georgette. Her slim apricot legs and black satin shoes were a joy to the eye.

"Me and my married friend are off for dinner, expect your baby back when you see her."

Mrs. Harper threw us an indulgent smile. Jill waved back at her mother. What blessed understanding and friendship existed between those two.

"And now, woman," said Jill, as we sat over our coffee and cigarettes at Blanchard's, "perhaps you'll explain what this sudden dashing visit to an empty flat and a desolate city means."

I told her.

"HUM!" she mused. "Just a simple little evening's amusement, me and my boy friend. Poached eggs and a sacred concert. You'll give him a drink of sherbet when he sees you home by tube, I hope?"

"I might," I answered.

"Oh, but you must," insisted Jill, "or sometimes a home-made brew of lemonade, or a cup of tea is permitted?"

"In the words of the oldest inhabitant of the boarding-house, 'whichever you have, madam!'"

"And then I suppose he will slip away into the night?"

"Well, that's the official plot up-to-date, anyway," I replied with the most natural nonchalance of which I was capable.

Jill leaned across and pulled me by the ear till I faced her. "Dear heart," she grinned, "you're the world's worst liar. You've come up to meet that devilish bit of quicksilver all gotten up as a he-man, knowing perfectly well that you and he—"

"Jill dear," I yawned, "for the first time in my short young life I am feeling faintly, very faintly bored with you."

"You're risking your whole future hap-

piness," she continued, "for the chance of snatching a few brief hours. And Nona, it's not worth it."

I was very frankly wearied and told her so.

"Don't you believe in anything or has your heathen heart become so atrophied that it has ceased to feel there can be something fine, something beautiful between a man and a woman who—"

"I believe in it all right," she interrupted, "when it's the real thing, the thing that Robin feels for your graceless little soul, the thing that wants to give and do and sacrifice selflessly, the thing that considers something else besides itself, the thing that wants to protect and endure generously. Ever since you've known Richard he's never given you anything but heartache—years of waiting and wondering."

"He's talked a lot about being in love with you. Oh, yes, he's talked about it but has he ever shown it? Has he ever done anything for you? Hasn't he just grabbed, grabbed all the time? Did he ever give you a square deal in the old days when you were both single? Has he ever given any woman a square deal, the Huntress or you or his wife? And now that you're happily married, and just out of his reach, he comes back whining of his love for you, writes you slushy letters and tries to do you all the harm he knows. Bah, if that's love, give me a good honest-to-God hate."

JILL, with rough careless fingers, was tearing to tatters everything about which I had scarcely dared to dream.

I spoke with difficulty.

"You're talking as though I were the only married woman who ever met an old sweetheart without fatal results."

Tired waiters were turning out the lights. Invisible crumbs had already been flicked off our table many times. Jill and I looked at each other and laughed.

"Oh, well, we've had a nice little chat," she said, and in her eyes gleamed a fund of good fellowship. We were always lenient towards each other's differences, understanding that there existed many qualities which were un-understandable in both of us. That, I think, is why we were such good friends.

I awoke next morning to the sound of the telephone's insistent ring. Eight o'clock. It surely couldn't be you at this hour. Swiftly I answered it. Yes, the same loved deep lazy tones drawing over to me. Quickly I suppressed the eagerness in mine and with heavily assumed boredom, yawned, "What an hour to drag anybody out of bed! I haven't even got both eyes open yet."

You, I learned, had not slept at all. Had travelled all night and felt as fit as a flea.

"I slept like a top," I lied. I, whose eyes had only closed to dream when daybreak broke through.

"When can I see you?" you demanded.

"About lunch time."

"I'm coming up in an hour," you replied.

I hugged the impatience in your voice. As, of course, you meant me to.

"Do be civilized," I protested. "I never speak to anybody but the butcher before twelve o'clock."

Skillfully you avoided the obvious and merely replied, "Expect me with bag at nine-thirty. I've had breakfast."

There was nothing more to be said. Besides, you had rung off.

I hovered between a cream-colored broderie anglaise and a primrose crêpe de Chine and finally decided on a tailored skirt and white lawn shirt. One could not be Delilahish in a tailor-made; it demanded nothing but the greatest respect. It was su-

perbly impersonal. Yet even the austere lines of Francis' best cutter could not completely subdue the ridiculous demeanor of my heart, which thumped away the short moments with crazy irregularity.

I went into the sitting room. Its cool daintiness looked good to me. All Aunt Harriet's Victorianisms had long been abolished and replaced by cream-colored walls, soft gray carpet, jade silk hangings and chintzes gay with purple grapes and vine leaves. The cushions were black. I had arranged the flowers yesterday and bowls of creamy roses stood in their scented sweetness catching the swift flashes of the sun.

THAT my heart missed a beat at your ring was not unexpected, but that it turned to ice at the first sight of you standing there in the hall with your bag and travelling case beside you was unbelievable. O, foolish heart, steadfast when I would have you capricious, sluggish when you should be leaping! I, who prided myself that I had always known what I wanted, had always known how to fight to get it. I, who had spent my whole summer hungering for this moment, suddenly found my soul recoiling.

Like a flash my brain registered these cold thoughts and like a flash your voice dispelled them.

"Well, little Funny, glad to see me?"

Then only did I realize that up to that moment my heart and mind had been so choked with apprehension that it had buried the root of the whole scheme, shutting away the light that made it worthy and fine, the blazing fact that I loved you. You tilted up my face and I found your eyes wandering about inquiringly in mine. Evidently there must have been a shadow left in them of what I had been thinking, for you mocked, "Don't you like me in the rôle of heavy villain, eh? Is that what you're shying at?"

"I've never seen you in any other," I responded with truth; my arms curled round your neck.

You laughed. All the gay swaggering vitality had returned. You were tanned, full of grace and superbly fit. I saw your brown fingers busy with the straps of the much-hated bag which I could now look upon with easy friendliness, and the familiar darkness of your down-bent head.

We turned into the sitting room where you sniffed my creamy roses appreciatively.

I asked you to sing. Without fuss or preamble you immediately got up to do so. I liked you always for this. It was the one true and simple thing about you.

Your voice, always vivid and warm and lovely, seemed fuller, more colorful and deeply vital than ever. As usual it caught and imprisoned me in its beauty. I wanted to capture its radiance, hoard some of its organ glory, put some by for another day as a child banks its pennies. Always your voice stirred me so. I could hardly bear the beauty of it.

After your song I sat still at the piano; you cupped my face in your hands and kissed me.

You walked to the window, saying, "It's years since I kissed anybody like that."

I jogged your memory. "It's a month since you kissed me like that." You suddenly looked full at me and said, "You're the only person in this world who ever gets such kisses from me."

Dope of this sort was highly satisfying and I was thirsty for it; it opened me up like the gentle heat of a warm room opens the petals of a tulip. Your technique of love-making was certainly beyond reproach.

The day passed by in a hazy blur of joyousness. So much has happened since then that I haven't much memory of where or

how we spent it. I only know that I longed to put a chain on each swiftly flying moment, to turn the hands of the clock back to six when it was seven, to seven when the chime told me it was eight. I grudged the passing of the sunset, the deepening of the twilight.

We dined in Jermyn Street at our own special corner. I protested that I did not want champagne. All day my pulse had been racing; a stimulant was the last thing I needed!

"Of course we'll have champagne," you insisted.

Over our strawberries we talked of old times. All our sentences began with "D'you remember?" and, "I wonder what's happened to old So-and-so?"

You spoke of Lady Grant's great kindness; how she insisted on getting up, though it was before seven, to see you off the morning of your departure. You described how charming her white hair had looked beneath a fall of soft lace; how bravely she tried to hide the great sorrow of her son's death.

"I believe, too, she guessed how things are between Edith and me," you added, "though she never allowed me to dream she knew."

"Has Lady Grant ever met your wife?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Then why doesn't she invite her up to Scotland with you?"

"Oh, my dear, she couldn't ask Edith up to the Castle."

I failed to see why. Did Edith put her elbows in the gravy or what? However, all I said was:

"Then you are apart for a month each year?"

Your mouth tightened. "Thank God, yes."

"Richard," I asked, "what is it you have grown to dislike so much in this wife of yours?"

You hesitated a moment. Finally you said, "Her hardness."

"BUT, Richard," I laughed, "that's the very quality that you used to be most attracted by. A streak of acidity in a woman and you would be vastly intrigued. A really lively snub and you would be more than half conquered. Besides, don't you remember how you always used to tell me that hardness was as necessary to a character as salt to an egg, that it provided backbone to life, a kind of sheath so that people's hurts would bound off and leave no mark?"

You smiled. "But, my dear, there are different kinds of hardness. Surely you understand that. Edith's is a hardness of outlook, a tightness. There is no strength in that, no freedom, only ugly narrow pettiness."

"I see. Is it the hardness of jewels, Richard, brilliant, bright and flintlike, is that what you admire?"

You paused a moment.

"No, I don't think so. It's more like a rough sea beating against the boulders, winds and great open spaces, that's how I see it. Open. Free."

"It's freedom you desire now, I think, more than hardness."

"Yes. More than anything."

I looked at you across the table. Your face was stern; your mouth, serious. I could see your thoughts strewn with past quarrels, left to lie about so long they had gone bad. Hideous result of marriage. Two people struggling, tearing at each other, yet going on together.

Well, thank heaven, I had escaped that, Robin—but I must not think of Robin.

Nine o'clock. "Would you care to do a show or something?" you asked.

"Just as you like," I replied.



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MAGIC KEY TO YOUTHFUL “LOCKS”

You glanced at your watch. “It seems rather late, don't you think, unless you're very keen?”

We decided that a drive home through the Park would be nice.

Later you came to my room. I was brushing my hair in front of the dressing-table. You took up the edge of a filmy georgette wrapper I was wearing. “I like that,” you said.

You drew me up and towards you.

“Oh, Richard,” I whispered, “say it.”

“Say what?”

“What you always say,” I begged.

“Just as high as my heart,” you said.

In the dim half-light I saw your eyes smile at me.

“Oh, Richard,” I cried, “look; it's gone. Only a little ghost of it left. Our day.”

“I can't bear it,” I sobbed, “to have had such happiness and know that it will never come again.”

You took me in your arms and spoke to me as one speaks to a tired child, comforting, promising, assuring me that there would be other joyous times for us, that we would be together again in such a little while.

WE SAID our good-by. You were bright and breezy, exhilarated, eager, free from memories. Today was more important than yesterday and tomorrow would be more important than today.

I lived the next few days in a queer trance of recaptured joy. Yet not recaptured surely, since joy had never left my radiant spirit. I was drenched through and through with it. I relived our every moment as I knew I should. My mind wandered about quietly, treading gently, so as not to disturb one breath of its shimmering loveliness, caressing a look, drinking in a warm note of your voice, playing with a laugh, tilting up a nearly forgotten glance.

Robin said, “You look fit.”

It was his first night home and we were taking Blotto, our dog, for a run in the garden after dinner.

Robin had said, “Well, little one,” with a look that blessed me with its kindness. His looks always gave one a belonging feeling so that even when the fire was out one never felt really cold. It was nice being married to Robin, nicer than being married to anyone else in the world.

“What have you been doing with yourself these last few weeks?” inquired Robin. “You told me nothing in your two scrappy letters.”

I made a face at him, which unluckily caught the sheeplike gaze of a neighbor sitting in his deck chair. “You know I never could write letters, besides, there was no news really. I've been playing a bit of tennis and Jill has fallen for a South American with thousands of flashing white teeth and hundreds of flashing black eyes, who declares he is going to tango back to the Argentine with her, but she, I believe, has other views for his ultimate destination.”

Robin appeared to be waiting for me to go on. “Well?” he asked, after a pause.

“Well,” I answered, “that's all of colossal importance, I think. Oh, I forgot, Aunt Harriet came to lunch, and we behaved beautifully and didn't fight at all. She's become so frisky, poor dear, I had difficulty in keeping up with such playfulness.”

Robin puffed away at his pipe. We both fell silent for a while, the lawn was a white pool in the moonlight, the sky a spangle

of black and silver, just a ghost of another night's blossoming.

I dragged myself away from memories which were like the sudden overwhelming scent of a syringa tree, and glanced at Robin's face. It showed impassive, bronzed, and a little drawn round the eyes and mouth.

Robin! Richard! Richard! Richard!

“Dear heaven, it's wrong, wrong!” I cried to myself. “Then, why am I so terribly, so unbearably happy?” It was all so bewildering, so horrible, when I should be struggling with a sickening sense of disloyalty to feel nothing but this blinding, painful happiness. It hurt so. It hurt.

“Better come in. You're cold,” said Robin.

Later he came and knocked on my door. “Not asleep? Thought I'd come and tuck you in.”

“Lamb, it's lovely having you back. I've missed you enormously.” Then, a sudden rush of hot words. “Why haven't you asked me about Richard?”

“Why should I?” Robin's smile was cool and friendly.

“Well, you might try and appear a little interested. You knew I dined with him while you were away.”

He took a clean shirt from the drawer and unpinned the cuffs.

“Robin!”

“Well?”

“I told you I dined with Richard while you were away.”

“You have, indeed,” he said with a slow friendly grin. “You've told me twice.”

“Is that all you have to say?”

“What d'you want me to say? ‘How dare you? Don't do it again or I shall horsewhip you both.’ I can't drag you round the room by your hair because it's shingled. Here, put this round your shoulders if you're going to sit up and talk Richard.” He handed me a silk wrapper.

Softly and viciously I said, “Oh, damn your strong, silent husband act—I don't believe you really would care a brass hat—even if—if—”

He came and sat on the bed again. “Excited, aren't you? Even if what?”

I faced him squarely. “If Richard were my lover.”

“Well, isn't he?” The bright mockery of his gaze sent a tongue of flame flickering over my throat and cheeks.

“D'you believe that?” I asked.

ONE could lie to Robin and he would only smile, but his smile ripped clean through lies and deceit and shams until one suddenly felt like a blithering fool. But to hurt him was intolerable! To cheapen him so openly and to find nothing but contempt and a vague pity in his eyes! Far better to lie and lie and lie with one's last living breath. Quickly he dropped a light kiss on my mouth.

“Silly kid,” he whispered. “Why d'you want to make me dramatic when you know it's not in my line? You rush about after sensations like Blotto after a bone.”

“Dear, dear Robin, I know. Please love me a lot and go on loving me, always. I'm a very difficult person, I guess.”

“You're rather adorable and I love you much too much.”

“Too much to want to know about Richard?” I couldn't leave well alone.

“Perhaps!”

His eyes, inscrutable and light, betrayed nothing but a light challenge.

WAS there to be no peace for me on earth? Was I always to be torn between the security of Robin's comfortable everyday affection and the ecstasy that Richard had taught me to call love? Did I know what love was or had I yet to learn? I'll tell you in September SMART SET what happened when I faced love's supreme test—disillusionment

Martha Madison's Brief Answers

ROSALYN, Pa.—I'm sure I don't know what you can do with a provoking creature like Gene. If he won't answer your questions and never tries to make a date maybe he's already married.

PAUL, Jesup, Ga.—Perhaps she imagined something was wrong. Have you seen her out with any one else since? At any rate if she really doesn't love you enough be glad she was honest with you. But it's much more likely from what you tell me that she was just hurt. Why not ask her to be friends?

ONE OF THE GIRLS, Bridgeport, Conn.—Unhappy home conditions often have that effect. Love him a lot and don't try to force him and he'll probably decide that he can't live without you. Be patient and understanding and I'm sure everything will come out right.

DOT E.—From what you tell I think you ought to marry him. He seems kind and thoughtful which helps a lot.

A MOTHER—The whole situation is beyond me. There certainly must be something in your daughter's mind to make her take so drastic a step. If her father backs her up without a reason it's certainly queer. I'd stand my ground as your son advises if I were you.

WONDERING LILLIAN, New York, N. Y.—Popularity bought that way doesn't last. Ask some of the older girls who have tried it.

BEATRICE, Ottumwa, Iowa—What pleasure can you have in his company? Perhaps he wouldn't be so insufferably conceited if he saw you becoming interested in others.

THELMA, Dallas, Texas—I think it would be perfectly fair to date with Ed since he hasn't been going with Ruth for three months anyway.

FLORENCE N.—Spanking a girl at twenty for a reason like that is ridiculous.

CARMELITA—Do you know anything about Jim's family? Has he a good position? If things aren't as he represents them what would you do? I'd wait till I knew him better before I took such a chance.

UNHAPPY SUE—If you dislike him so much in spite of his good qualities why see him at all? Have your parents a really good reason for objecting to Cy?

PUZZLED, Chelsea, Mass.—Don't borrow trouble. If the young man continues to enjoy your company he can't be tired of you.

BROKEN-HEARTED—Wouldn't you have to pay your board somewhere else if you didn't give your mother some of your money? Of course if you work you ought to have some clothes out of it. In a small place it's hard to give you and the boy friend a room to yourselves, don't you think so?

CELESTINE—Perhaps if you leave him he'll realize that he can't have you unless he does marry you. It's your fault that he thinks otherwise.

BETTY, Chicago, Ill.—What do you want the ring for if he feels that way? Be glad he changed before you married him. So many change afterwards.

NAT'S MOTHER—Thank you for your letter. I'll pass it on to Doris.

JUST DOUBTFUL—If you don't care anything about him when you are away from him what makes you think you love him? At sixteen it isn't easy to be sure. Try keeping him as a friend.

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Mama's Boy

(Continued from page 15)

looked the street across a narrow lawn.

So when a flame-colored roadster pulled up and stopped at the curb it was nothing dim in the distance, but a vivid immediate menace. Especially vivid and menacing was Mickey's red hair, which she had evidently washed since the day before, for it was all fluffy now, and several watts brighter. She wore knickers and a shockingly transparent white silk sport shirt.

"Hey you!" she called and tooted the horn in a funny little syncopation. She lit a cigarette and draped one trim leg overboard.

The eyes of Perry and his mother met over the breakfast table like wrestlers on a narrow bridge. Eleanor Clinton's firm patrician face tautened and her pale gray eyes showed sparks.

"Perrr-eeee!" sang Mickey in her huskily musical voice.

"Perry!" snapped his mother.

And Perry halted half risen from his chair. "I'll fix that little hussy!" said Eleanor Clinton. She stepped to the window and started to raise it, but Perry sprang forward desperately and stopped her.

"Gosh, Mom, don't do that!" he protested. "Don't yell out of the window at her. That's awful!"

"Let me open that window!"

"I won't!"

"Perry Clinton!" Eleanor Clinton summoned all her forces and tried to stare him down. Then rather than acknowledge defeat she ran out the front door, and down the walk toward the waiting car.

She and Perry reached the curb together. "My son is not going anywhere with you, now or ever!" she said. She shook her finger furiously at Mickey who sat behind the wheel quite unconcerned.

Perry was struck with a panicky premonition of trouble ahead. He had visions of two women clawing one another's hair. He sprang on to the running-board between them. "Calm down!" he pleaded.

AS HE spoke the gears of the roadster meshed raspingly and the pulse of the motor quickened. He felt a tugging at his waist and looked down to see Mickey's strong brown hand taking a firm grip on his belt. The car started forward.

"Get off of there!" screamed his mother.

"I can't!" yelled Perry truthfully. Mickey held him in a steel grip. The car picked up speed.

"You'd better!"

"He's kidnapped!" Mickey flung back over her shoulder as she jammed the accelerator to the floor. She grinned at Perry and he returned the grin.

When she shifted into high, a block away, she was making thirty-five with no hands on the wheel. "If I let go will you jump?" she demanded.

"I don't think so," laughed Perry. "Stop a minute and let me get over in the seat next to you."

"Stop nothin'! Can't you crawl around here without falling off?"

"Well, I guess so," he said, and drew himself up on to the slippery turtleback part of the roadster.

Mickey mischievously speeded up just as he reached the most precarious position, but he hung on and a moment later plumped down into the seat beside her.

"You'd make a good wing-walker," she said. "Suppose we get you some rubber-soled shoes and let you try it while we're up today."

"Lord no!" breathed Perry, shivering. "If I ever got out on the wing of an airplane I'd hang on so tight they'd have to sandpaper

me off when we landed or I'd never get off."

They laughed about that, and then about how mad his mother had been and what she would try to do when he went home; and later about the sunshine, and finally, hilariously, about Mickey's red hair.

There was no one at the field but a lone greasy mechanic lounging about the hangars. He brightened the instant he saw Mickey. She danced up and shook hands with him, like a man. "Drag out Hal's plane and warm him up!" she ordered.

The mechanic shook his head regretfully. "It's down at the Tampa field. The only thing around here that will fly is that old Wright Oriole." He pointed to a clumsy-looking commercial plane.

Mickey sobered abruptly, whistled softly. "That old death-trap!" she murmured but not loudly enough for Perry to hear. She stood in serious squint-eyed silence for a moment, looking from the plane to the sky and once, from the tail of her eye, at Perry. She puckered her mouth indecisively, then suddenly she shrugged. "Oh, well," she said, "drag the old junk pile out!"

THE mechanic showed Perry the hand-grips toward the end of the lower wings and together they wheeled the plane out into the open. Perry was excited and full of breathless delight. Mickey stood in the hangar watching them thoughtfully. Once she made an impulsive movement forward as if to stop them, but then she smiled her wry little daredevil smile, and shrugged her what-the-hell shrug.

She went to a cabinet, unlocked it, and took out two parachutes. She slipped on a flying coat and went out to where the mechanic was warming up the plane. She handed one of the 'chutes to Perry.

"This, sweet child, is a parachute," she said. "All nice young men should carry them when they go flying alone with red-headed girls."

Perry backed away from it, grinning nervously. "No thanks!" he said. "I'll take my chances with the red-headed girl!"

Mickey bit her lip and thought quickly. "There is a state law," she said, "requiring all airplane passengers to wear 'chutes.' With that she began to fasten it on him.

"Say," exclaimed Perry suddenly, losing for a moment his new gaiety, "that dog-goned ole airplane will fly all right, won't it?"

"Of course!" said Mickey quickly. She fussed industriously for a moment before she spoke again. "Now in case you get tired of riding before I land, just jump out feet first, count three and pull the string."

Perry groaned. "Why pull the string? It would be all over for me long before then. If it wasn't that I knew you were just trying to scare me, I'd be crossing the third field yonder in nothing flat."

"Wise little boy," said Mickey. She helped him to fasten the wide web belt around his waist, and in doing so stood very close to him. Her red hair brushed his chin. He thrust his face into it and breathed deep. It smelt clean. When she looked up at him and said "There now!" he wanted to kiss her so bad that he ached. But he didn't quite dare.

He clambered into the cockpit and sat down so very low that only his face looked out. The plane quivered to the motor's roar, the mechanic ducked past and gingerly jerked blocks from in front of the landing gear, and they taxied bumpily forward.

It seemed to Perry that they ran a very long way on the ground before taking the air. He looked at Mickey, but she was busy with the controls. At last the plane lifted heavily, like a wounded bird. It cleared the

trees at the edge of the field by an uncomfortably close margin. Then the thrill of a first flight began for Perry, and he forgot all else.

The rush of wind was, of course, terrific. And the noise. He was surprised that he felt no giddiness. He hung his chin over the edge of the cockpit and looked down fascinated. There was the punch-bowl of little mountains that held bubbling, bittersweet Miami. White tennis courts and shimmering private swimming pools shone like tiny jewels in the street checkered green. Behind lay the vast gray smear that was Miami Beach and not far to the east, he could see the water. He drew a long shivery sigh of wonder.

Suddenly the motor stopped, and in the place of its companionable roar came a terrifying sense of being utterly alone in a frail ship a long way up in the air. There was no sound save that made by the wind squealing through the wires.

Perry twisted about quickly at a shout from Mickey. She was leaning out and forward, cupping her hand to her mouth. Her helmet and goggles hid half her face, but Perry saw that her lips were working.

"The plane's on fire!" she shouted. "Jump!"

"What?"

"Don't argue! Jump! I'll follow!" Her words bored through the wind to him like the hard staccato of a machine gun.

The plane tipped a little and began to drop sickeningly. Perry shut his eyes. He became one throbbing mass of terror. He clutched the edges of the cockpit convulsively and cowered down low. He knew that he would rather die a dozen times than step off once into thin air and live.

Then he thought of Mickey. In his racing imagination he could picture her cool blue eyes at that moment looking scornfully along the fuselage at the top of his quaking head. Mickey, with her unafraid little face and her careless shrug! Mickey would have jumped two long, long seconds ago! Mickey would have scorned death as an easy thing. She would have dared to live!

Perry Clinton scrambled recklessly over the edge of the cockpit and thrust himself clear. The wind whisked him away like a matchstick. One! Not so much unlike jumping off a high diving tower. Two! His stomach started up his throat and his breath choked off. He was strangling. Three! He jerked the knotted cord.

THINGS blurred then. There was a tugging and a swinging and suddenly a heavy pull on his support belt and he was hanging awkwardly in a harness watching the earth approach. It was fascinating to see the landscape narrow as to horizon and grow as to detail. There was something magical about it. Green squares swiftly became fields, tiny light-colored objects were suddenly houses, dark dots resolved themselves into trees, and a moment later, trees with branches.

Perry began to wonder where he was going to land. He saw a black road beneath him upon which blacker autos were sliding, like smooth-running beetles. He smiled as he thought of crashing down through the top of one into the laps of the astounded occupants. As he drifted closer he estimated that he would land in the field just beyond the road.

It was not until then that he saw the high tension wires. He was drifting straight into them, with no way to guide himself, nothing to stop him. It was like a nightmare where one is drawn helplessly toward horror as steel filings are toward a magnet!

An open car full of picnickers had seen him and stopped. Their faces were whitely upturned. They too saw the high tension wires. One of the women screamed and covered her face with her hands. A man stood up and waved ridiculously.

The wires were twenty feet away—now fifteen—now ten. The parachute bobbed a little as a breeze ducked playfully under its edge.

Perry drew his knees up to his stomach and clasped them with his arms, like an acrobat. His toe brushed one thick black sinister strand—and he was safely over!

He looked back and grinned.

His feet dragged the ground roughly, nearly tearing his shoes off. He tried to stand up, to run, but the wild parachute pulled him over on his face. He threw out his arms and slid that way a while. Then he started to roll, got tangled in the rope, and the billowing chute collapsed. He got up quickly and stood on it, so that it would not catch the wind.

Something warm and wet trickled down over his right eyebrow and obscured his vision. He brushed it away with the back of his hand. It was blood. He wiped it off on his pants.

AND then he remembered Mickey. He looked up quickly, and to his amazement saw the plane dipping smoothly toward the very field he stood in. It made a perfect, if rather abrupt landing, and taxied almost to the fence by the road. Before he could get free of the chute Mickey had climbed out, jerked off her helmet, and was running toward him. She was laughing merrily.

"How did you enjoy your little drop?" she asked.

Perry stopped short in his tracks and looked at the near-by plane. It stood there very quietly, very cool. There was no sign of smoke. He looked at it closely for some seconds before he turned to Mickey and advanced on her with a slow, threatening tread.

"Looky here," he began grimly, "did you—"

Mickey nodded her head rapidly. "Yep," she said, "I did. It was the only way I could think of. If there's anything in the world that takes more cool unadulterated nerve than an emergency parachute jump by a person who has never flown before, I've never heard of it. And you did it like a veteran! I'm proud of you!"

She stopped then and looked wistfully at the ground. "But now," she mused, "I s'pose you hate me for fooling you." She looked up cautiously, when Perry said nothing, and she gave a little cry. "Oh, you're all cut!"

She took out a clean handkerchief, stood on tiptoe and began to dab the blood and dirt away. In doing so she stood very close to him. Her red hair brushed his chin. He thrust his face into it slightly and breathed deep. It smelt clean. When she looked into his eyes she was going to say, "Does it hurt awful much?" but she never got it said.

Perry's lips stopped it. In fact, they stopped everything, including her heart and a certain car on the highway.

As though from a great distance they became aware of an exceedingly annoying sound, a painfully familiar voice which kept saying, "Perry! Perry Clinton! Do you hear me? If you don't stop kissing that girl this instant I'll—I'll call the police!"

Finally Perry turned around. It was his mother, and she was almost in tears. "Perry," she wailed, "you're all over dirt!"

"Sure," said Perry. Both of his arms were around Mickey. "Just did a little parachute drop."

"Oh!" Eleanor Clinton slumped weakly back against the fuselage of the plane, utterly dumbfounded. "Then that was you, my Perry, who just jumped out of that airplane and barely missed those awful wires?"

Her voice shook. It held a peculiar note of wonder which neither of the young folks caught. She slipped down to a seat on the wing and drooped.

"Oh, Perry, how can you treat your mother this way? Haven't I always done everything



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It was the other side of Perry's jeremiad, this self-pitying plaint of a selfish mother. She ran on and on, trying to storm as of old, but falling back crushed. Presently she began to cry.

Perry went to her, raised her face, looked at her compassionately. There was an infinite tenderness about him now but no subservieny. He gently kissed her, and she clung to him a little, which was something new and strangely sweet for both of them.

He beckoned to Mickey and she came, suddenly demure and small. He slipped one arm around her shoulders, another about his mother's waist, drew them to him and together.

"Mother," he said instead of 'Mom.' "I want you to meet my companionate bride-to-be."

His mother looked at Mickey, this time without hostility, but also without anything

else. The poor woman seemed utterly crushed and beaten, as though her son were dead instead of alive for the first time. She laid her head on his shoulder and began to protest anew his inconsiderateness.

So Perry took his arm away from Mickey's shoulders and put it around his mother, so that they were both there; and he comforted her. "Flyin's not so dangerous as you think, mother," he told her in manly gruff affection.

Perry felt large and new and important, standing there with his mother in his arms. She leaned heavily on him as he helped her back into their car. "No, mother, I'm not coming home just yet," he answered, and kissed her again, and patted her hand.

Then, with ever so slight a suggestion of a swagger, he went back to the plane and Mickey.

"Say, hon," he said, tousling up her hair, "teach me how to pack this dog-gone 'chute. I'm going up and jump again."

Are You Kids As Wise As You Think?

(Continued from page 45)

awaiting many a gay youngster of the moment was revealed.

A beautiful society woman consulted me in chambers.

"I know that my sister at the age of twenty is beyond your jurisdiction," she said, "but I must have help and I don't know where to turn. I'm utterly desperate about Marcia. She has been infatuated with many men before but now she has fallen profoundly in love with one."

"What is so terrible about that?" I asked.

"He'll never marry her and she knows he won't. She's in hysterics about it half the time and the other half she broods about it so sullenly that I'm afraid for her safety. It's a shocking story for me to have to tell you, Judge, and I suppose it is partly my fault. I live in the West and didn't know how things were with my sister."

THE story was shocking enough but by no means unparalleled. From the age of ten, Marcia had grown up motherless in an up to date environment that echoed with jazz and gambling and reeked with liquor. All very elegant, of course, smart, modern and metropolitan, as befitted the establishment of a man who had made a Wall Street killing and bought himself a pretentious estate and a membership in a fast country club.

When the adults in the family plunged recklessly into a round of their own diversions, the two daughters were left to find recreation according to their own lights. The elder was seventeen when the father's affluence dawned. Her habits had been formed in a more modest and wholesome environment, among young people not yet infected with the post-war speed mania. She married happily and moved to Chicago. But by the time Marcia was seventeen she had picked up wild habits.

Marcia's father was so blinded by his own affairs that he gave little thought to where Marcia was drifting. When, on various evenings, she didn't come home at all, he let it pass. When she went off for week-ends, he didn't question where. Wasn't it all just the way lots of girls act these days?

Recently the father died, and Marcia's sister, coming east from Chicago, discovered that she had inherited responsibility for a wanton adventuress. Marcia's morals were those of a Broadway gold-digger. After one week-end party she had actually been threatened with prosecution for blackmail.

Then, to cap the climax of the tragedy, came Marcia's sudden obsession with a normal, womanly love for a young man whose code had somehow remained rigidly old-fashioned. His knowledge of the girl's numerous escapades was an impenetrable wall between them. Marcia herself had made advances towards him, moved for once by dreams of a settled future, and he had wounded her bitterly by interpreting them in the light of her past habits.

Here was an utter impasse. I don't know what is to become of Marcia, and I can offer her elder sister no solution. The girl's whole future has been blackened in the blaze of a few years' youthful gaiety. The case is typical of many in certain limited, ultramodern circles. To me it indicates two outrageous fallacies in current thinking. They are: first, that the chaperon is no longer a social necessity; and second, that because young girls of today are often unprecedently wise in matters of sex, their future is safe in their own hands.

As a matter of fact, no girl in her teens can suspect the deeper truths of her emotional nature. How, under the shallow glamour of her first sense awakening, can she detect the dormant craving for normal, protected maternity? Marcia's case is evidence that instinct is not a sufficient restraint and that our outworn conventions are truly useful in protecting youth from its own smartness until the consciousness of life's greater values should unfold.

AS FOR the long since vanished chaperon, I'll leave it to our young people themselves. Did they deliberately toss the chaperon out of the window? Or did she quietly abdicate in search of amusements for herself? The twofold point I want to make is this, that adult negligence is the occasion and the model for youth's current spree and that, as an excuse for this negligence, adults point to the modern sophistication of youth—which doesn't exist.

Let me give you a perfectly representative instance of the way in which our young people are being cut adrift by their elders to toss on a sea of pleasure that they don't know how to navigate safely.

Two sisters of high school age were the victims. Their father was a prosperous business man; their mother, a prominent club-woman in her suburban social set. You've met many parents like them: college-bred, clever in conversation, up-to-the-

minute in current literature and determined not to stagnate socially merely because of family responsibilities.

One day the elder daughter gave a birthday party. Mothers used to give such parties for their children but not nowadays. These parents had a conflicting date and went to a show in town, stayed to dance with friends at a night club, and motored home after three in the morning. They had had a gay time, spiced with jazz and liquor and the usual risqué repartee of our time. So had their children. But with youngsters, under such conditions, the step from risqué repartee to risky experiments is not great. Children of sixteen, bubbling over with animal spirits, with access to dad's private stock and with no adults present!

The odd thing is that to some parents such a situation seems incredible and to others it is so much in the course of everyday events that they can't understand why it appals me.

But I'm so placed that I see the consequences. These two sisters later appeared in my court, pathetically involved in responsibilities to society. They and their parents and their boy friends had to testify most embarrassingly. A casual visitor in the court would have considered the case sordid and unusual. But it was unusual only because it concerned two sisters from the same home at the same time. To me it proves, taken with many other affairs like it, not that youth is going to the dogs, but that parents are; not that these two girls were smart and sophisticated, but that they were ignorant.

I grant you that it would be ideal if youth were so well-informed and so self-controlled that the supervision of a chaperon was needless. But if youth were steered against the dangers of an intimate good time, it wouldn't be youth. One of the great absurdities of parental complacency today is the belief that because young people are presumably well-informed they are correspondingly self-controlled.

I HAVE in mind another recent instance from my court experience. Betty, as we'll call the girl, was just under sixteen and the man in the case was past thirty, a handsome, dark-skinned foreigner with a touch of gray in his hair. He was suave, dapper and ironically at ease even on the witness-stand. His face was lightly etched with those lines about eyes and mouth which can look "so interesting" to a romantic young girl and which really signify evil.

What amazed me most was the mother. She was a wholesome, matronly woman of the Ladies-Aid-Society type. Surely, I thought, she could have been relied upon to look after her young with the solicitude of a mother hen.

Yet she had permitted this man, known to her only as a roomer in the house next door, to take Betty regularly to the movies, to carry her off on summer night drives that included road-house suppers, to bring her home from public dance halls early in the morning.

"And you saw nothing risky in this?" I asked the mother.

"Didn't you realize how easily a girl like Betty might be flattered and carried away by the attentions of an older man?"

"Well," the mother defended herself, "I thought Betty was perfectly able to take care of herself." She spoke in the bewildered uncertainty that has afflicted so many parents ever since high school students took to hip flasks and daring wise cracks. "I thought young folks today were better protected by their knowledge of life than the girls of my time," the mother added. "Everybody says they are and they act it."

So there you have it—parental neglect apologizing for itself by citing the post-war wisdom of youth, that wisdom about which

I've been reading for years and haven't been able to discover in life. Consider Betty, for instance, a sensitive, emotional girl, bashful about asking questions. Her assumption of knowledge was only armor for her timidity. Actually she knew next to nothing of elementary physiology.

And when parents tell me that this is the era of juvenile sophisticates, that our flapper-daughters have established their own clearing-house of sex information, and that they seem to know more than some of their elders, I wonder how much of it is mere bravado? And how much more of it is only a knowledge of words and not of facts?

Where, may I ask, has the younger generation gained all this knowledge we attribute to it? Certainly the old wall of timid silence between father and son, between mother and daughter, is as unbroken as ever. True, sex has become a byword of the dinner table and the press but bywords have no educational value. As for our unfettered novels and plays, dealing in sex without taboo, just imagine yourself an adolescent trying to pick up from them helpfully scientific answers to your questions!

THEN it must be that our young people are getting all their information from each other, as did their parents before them. How much do they really know than did their parents? Plenty, perhaps, about thrill, something undoubtedly of hygiene although I find amazing cases of ignorance here. But what can adolescents teach each other of the profounder truths of instinct and emotion, of psychology and ethics?

When college students take up chemistry, do we simply turn them loose in a finely equipped laboratory and let them go to it? Imagine the grotesque hodgepodge of misinformation they would arrive at before they managed to burn themselves up! The wilder portion of our youth is burning itself up today in the experimental laboratory of sex, just as it did in our day. The only difference is that modern parents are fooling themselves into the belief that the experiment is successful.

Worse than that, some prominent writers and speakers are trying to tell us that youth's experiments in casting off the older moral codes have pointed the way to a finer social state. "The elder generation," we are told, "fearful, habit-bound, stupidly conventional, supine and hypocritical, is to be led out of the wilderness by frank, free and daring youth."

As if to youth had been vouchsafed a new revelation. I wish it were so. I wish that our children were so much wiser than we that they could guide us through the maze of social problems that have baffled mankind for ages. But I deal with the younger generation every day; I see them entangled in the same old disasters that afflicted their less sophisticated parents and I doubt whether they have learned anything to teach their elders.

No. At the worst, they are simply falling into bad habits that their elders have taught them. And, at the best, the vast majority of them are perfectly normal adolescents.

They have, it is true, a franker attitude towards sex, and a freer vocabulary than their parents. But what good does that do them if we refuse to meet them halfway? They don't really know the emotional or scientific facts behind their vocabulary and we are too timid to explain.

That is the big problem of the moment. Youth has left us behind in frankness but we are years beyond them in knowledge. And the rift is widening disastrously. If many youngsters of high school age today are treating sex as a game of futile self-destructive indulgence, it is simply because of this chasm of misunderstanding between parents and children.



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In Defense of Marriage

(Continued from page 31)

convention I mean simply rules that are made by a sort of general acclamation and last across long periods of time.

To whom does contentment come, after all? Only to those who are too wise to resist these rules. The contented husband, for instance, is the husband who accepts them as unquestionably as he accepts the daily habits of his life. He says and does, not what it would be most exciting to say and do, but what he is expected to say and do. Having accepted once and forever the assumption that marriage is for eternity, he acts upon the assumption that it really is. And having made solemn oath to be a good husband, he tries his level damndest to be one.

How he arrives at this conclusion, it seems to me, is of small importance. He may arrive at it either by a romantic route, or by a cynical one. But having arrived at it, he has rid himself of the one thing that wrecks more marriages than anything else, and that is simple lack of trust. He has accepted himself as an honorable man and hence to all intents and purposes, a good husband.

For it is mutual trust, even more than mutual interest, that holds human beings together, the small as well as the great.

Woman is vastly superior to man. In a world ruled by second-rate men, marriage still stands as the best method she has of obtaining her fair portion of the world's goods.

The very fact that marriages occur at all is proof that women are more level-headed than men, for it is plainly to a man's advantage to avoid marriage as long as possible. Most men know that marriage is a bargain in which they get the worst of it. For instance, a man rarely ever wants all that marriage implies. He may want certain parts. He may want a sweetheart and stand aghast at the idea of admitting her to his bank-book, or his family-tree. In order to get the one thing he wants, he must bear with a lot of other things he doesn't want.

BUT women, with their superior intelligence, search out the weaknesses of men with the utmost accuracy and play upon them with all their superior resources. The man believes, meantime, that his gal shrinks from him, and is, in fact, gently appalled by the banal carnalities of marriage itself. He believes that he is the victor and she, the vanquished. The minute this idea begins to take definite shape in his brain, he is forthwith as good as married. In brief, he has fallen in love.

To me nothing proves the superior intelligence of women more than this very fact. What men, in their conceit, take for a deficiency of intelligence in women is merely an incapacity for mastering mental tricks of an infinitely trivial character. True women are impatient with the mechanical routine that men take so seriously.

But the increasing economic security of women is having its effect upon their whole habit of life and mind. The marriage rate is diminishing rapidly. Most male statisticians, with characteristic idiocy, ascribe this fall to a growing disinclination on the male side. This growing disinclination is actually on the female side.

Even though no large percentage of women has as yet accepted the definite doctrine that marriage is less desirable than freedom, it must be plain that large numbers of them now approach the business with far greater fastidiousness than their grandmothers or even their mothers exhibited. They are harder to please, and

hence pleased less often. The women of a century ago could imagine nothing more favorable than marriage; even marriage with a fifth-rate man was better than no marriage at all. This notion is passing.

There already appears in the world a class of women who, while still not definitely averse to marriage, have rid themselves of the theory that it is necessary, or even invariably desirable. The number of such women is much larger than is generally imagined, and that number tends to increase steadily. They are women who, with their economic independence assured, either by inheritance or by their own efforts, chiefly in the arts and professions, do as they please with no apologies.

The old order changeth. The transvaluation of values now in progress will go on slowly, and for a very long while. That it will ever be quite complete is, of course, impossible. But as woman gradually becomes convinced, not only of the possibility of economic independence, but also of its value, she will probably lose her present overmastering desire for marriage, and address herself to meeting men in free economic competition. That is to say, she will devote herself to acquiring that practical competence which now sets man ahead of her in the labor market of the world.

To do this she will have to sacrifice a certain amount of her present superiority. To take a place of full equality in a world ruled by second-rate men, she would have to commit spiritual suicide, which is probably much further than she will ever actually go. Thus a shade of her present superiority will always remain, and so marriage will remain more or less attractive to her, and its overthrow will be prevented.

At the present time women waver between two schemes of life, the old and the new. On the one hand, their economic independence is still full of conditions, and on the other hand they are in revolt against certain basic and immemorial conventions. The result is a general unrest, with many symptoms of absurd, unintelligent revolt.

But romance—that is eternal. Whatever the future of monogamous marriage, there will never be any decay of that agreeable adventurousness which now lies at the bottom of all relations between men and women. Women may emancipate themselves; they may borrow the whole masculine bag of tricks and they may cure themselves of their great desire for the vegetable security of marriage, but they will never cease to be women, and so long as they are women they will remain provocative to men.

Their intelligence, far from diminishing their charm, is an added attraction. Today their chief lure lies precisely in the fact that they are dangerous, that they threaten masculine liberty, that their sharp minds present a menace vastly greater than any which man has hitherto known and they will be dangerous forever. Men fear them, and are fascinated by them. The more enlightened they become, the more superb their technique of fascination. Two of the hardest things they have yet to bear are: first, the masculine disinclination to admit their equality, or even to admit that they possess the normal human equipment for thought; and second, the equally stupid masculine doctrine that they are without the natural instincts and appetites, in brief, that women are devoid of any sex instinct. But these two idiotic theories women are rapidly banishing. Perhaps, as they move on, they will banish even more. There are plenty left.

3,116 Miles to Hollywood

(Continued from page 21)

the while he was gone! Think of it! A Rolls-Royce to do whatever I want with for a whole couple of months!"

"Ah, that ain't so much," says Joe sullenly. "Anybody could have done that."

"Sure," Claudia retorts. "I know. It happens to everybody. Listen, Mr. McGish, if my having a few simple pleasures is so painful to you why don't you go home? I never noticed you, by the way, contributing anything very substantial around here."

"I'm willing to give you everything I've got," he tells her, "which, I don't care what you say, is more than Ethelbert is willing to do. He don't mean you no good, Claudia. I only wish the bozo would come around to my gymnasium some time where I could take a good poke at him."

"Children, children," I break in, seeing that they are about to begin tossing the furniture. "Listen, Claudia, what are you going to do with the Rolls-Royce, anyway? You might as well have the Brooklyn Bridge. You'll look simply swell driving yourself to a forty dollar a week job in that thing, won't you?"

"Oh," she chirps, "I don't expect to use it for that."

"What will you do, then?" inquires Joe. "Park it in front of the Waldorf-Astoria and sit in it so people will think maybe you are the Countess of Central Park, just idly waiting for the Count?"

SHE awards him a short poisonous look and turns her back on him. "We're starting for Hollywood next week," she confides to me.

"What do you mean, 'We'?" I gasp.

"You and me of course," she says.

"Say, listen," I protest. "You may be able to think of dropping a job so casually but when you toss mine around in the same idle manner you're apt to sprain your wrist. Hollywood! Whoops! And if you're going out there why are you so merry about Ethelbert's car? It won't do you any good having it on the other side of the country from you."

"That's just it," she crows. "You and I are going to drive out there in it. Something I've always wanted to do." On hearing that bright idea, I am simply stunned. "What do you care about a job?" she goes on. "Listen, it's a perfect cinch for me to crash the movies. Everybody says so. And I'll take you on as my personal hair-dresser for twice what you can make now."

"What does Ethelbert think of all this?" puts in Joe from the corner. "Say that guy must make Andy Gump look like the Wise Man of Gotham. Any half-wit that would take a perfectly good Rolls-Royce and literally shove it in the ditch..."

"What Mr. Lytton thinks of this plan is none of yours or anybody else's business," says Claudia firmly. "He said I could do absolutely anything I liked with the car and that's all there is to it."

"But Claudia," I managed to emit. "Even if somebody does furnish you a car, you can't live on scenery when you're out for such a jaunt as driving to California. We would have to sleep every night, to say nothing of a ham sandwich or two and a couple of tea cups of gasoline along the way."

"Oh, I have that all figured out," she explains. "I am going to get Mr. Wisenstein to finance the trip for the publicity he will get out of it."

She says it so positively that in spite of myself I begin to get a little excited. Honestly, when you have spent all your life with only the sidewalks of New York for a landscape and a trip to the zoo as your nearest approach to good old Nature, the prospect

of getting out there where it's wild and woolly has a certain amount of allure. And then, Hollywood! Even a blasé New Yorker will confess to a kind of curiosity about that hamlet. Think of strolling in some place for a soda and finding yourself sitting alongside John Gilbert or Harry Langdon!

"How long will it take us to get there?" I ask, kind of breathless.

"Oh, only a couple of weeks," is Claudia's casual reply. "They say it's no harder than taking a ride up to Yonkers, only a little farther."

"Ou!" yells Joe. "Say, you babies are apt to find yourselves stranded in Peoria. Don't you know you got deserts and mountains and a whole 'lotta' stuff like that to cross? What'll you do if your car breaks down?"

"Rolls-Royces never break down," says Claudia.

"... or if a couple of big bad boys come up and slap you on the wrist and take the baby carriage away from you? Of all the crazy ideas I ever heard of, this is the limit!" "That'll be about sufficient from you," snaps the idol.

"Listen, Joe," I put in. "It's not as bad as you make out. Honestly, Claudia and I can take care of ourselves anywhere."

"Are you absolutely determined to go?" he asks her.

"I'm not in the habit of making idle predictions," she chills.

"Well, if you are, I'm going with you," he announces.

At that Claudia breaks into a loud derisive laugh. "What on?" she screams. "Roller-skates? You certainly ain't going to ride with us."

"I got a car of my own," he says with dignity.

Claudia looks at him curiously and then as he starts to speak again she has a sudden inspiration. "Is that heap of scrap out in front of the house yours?" she demands and seeing the answer in his eyes, collapses on the davenport, her entire body shaking with mirth.

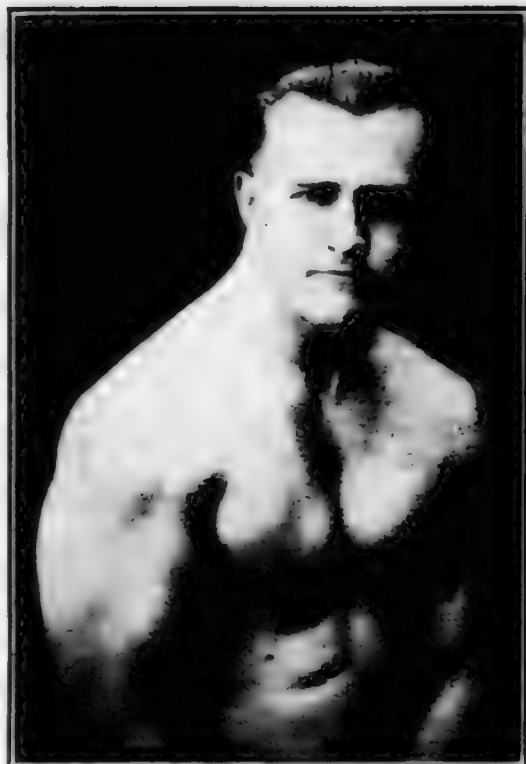
"Never mind," says Joe. He gets up and grabs his hat and coat. "That car of mine'll go anywhere Ethelbert's will and I guess if I want to go to Hollywood I can as well as you."

"You might get a job out there as trainer to Baby Peggy," Claudia jeers and at that her suitor storms out of the house. "Ain't he a panic?" she demands of me, her eyes streaming with hilarity. But my mind is busy with other things.

"Listen, Claudia," says I, "do you think you could pick me up a model sports number at the store for not too much money?" And in a moment we are lost in plans for the overland trail.

ONE week later Ethelbert has sailed for Europe and a short four days after that Claudia and I embark upon our great adventure. For, strange as it may seem, Mr. Wisenstein has fallen for my girl friend's fantastic idea with a splendid splash and has agreed to pay all our expenses, the requirement being merely that we visit the stores en route that show Thérèse models and spend a few hours in each as window manikins or something like that.

I don't know just what Ethelbert would say if he knew his precious Rolls-Royce was being used as background for such a cloak and suit festival but it is a circumstance of which he is mercifully innocent, since Claudia has thoughtfully neglected to tell him any of her plans. I do know that getting the use of the fourteen thousand dollar car gratis is Mr. Wisenstein's idea of something too good



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to jest about, and he wanders around with his fingers crossed as a battery of news-reel cameras record the details of our take-off from the front of the store. With a wave of the hand we slide into motion down Fifth Avenue and are actually off. The morning is fair and the month is June.

I must tell you here about Claudia's driving. She is all right, you understand, as long as given a free-hand and plenty of room, but the girl's brain is really not up to the standard set by her face and consequently, if you ever meet her in traffic I warn you to make allowances. Red lights, for example, mean nothing to her whatever. I don't believe she knows people have invented the word, stop, yet and so we have gone no more than fifteen blocks on our journey than we are brought to a sudden halt by a policeman who risks his life by stepping in front of the car with a white-gloved hand outstretched. Fortunately Claudia remembers where the brake is, just in time.

"What's the idea?" he demands coddishly.

"YOU should know better," she reproves him, "than step in front of a moving automobile."

"Say," is his astonished comment. "Just where do you think you're going, anyhow?"

"Hollywood," says Claudia indignantly and even he has to laugh at the way she gets it out.

"Oh," he kids her. "You must be Miss Flushing, huh! Well, listen, sister, you'll never even get to Hoboken if you don't watch them lights, get me. Back up now, where you belong."

"Don't argue," I whimper. At last it dawns on her what she has done and in her impulsive way she plunges recklessly backward. And that is how we learn that Joe is actually behind us. Claudia stops, and when we look around it is to discover a familiar antique with a familiar face grinning out of it.

"Here I am," hollers our homely gymnastic friend. "Say, you better let me lead the way. I'll keep you out of trouble."

Claudia is too astonished to speak. A moment later the lights change again; the cop whistles at her and we are off down the Avenue.

"You don't think he really expects to travel with us, do you?" she demands of me then. "I thought that crack of his was only a jest."

"He looks serious enough," I tell her, glancing backward. "Yes, he's certainly following us."

"I'll leave that acrobat so far behind he'll never know he started," she mutters determinedly, and setting her jaw, grips the wheel. But for the first hours of our trip at least Joe is right there in sight every time I look, because the traffic is so heavy that Claudia never gets a chance to go really fast. In the Holland Tunnel he is just three cars behind, and down through Jersey City and Newark he sticks right there. Once he even passes us, but Claudia can't stand that and nearly clips a fruit stand as she overtakes him madly on the wrong side.

Then we come to the open road and it's no longer a race. The Rolls-Royce, under the pressure of my girl friend's dainty toe, shoots ahead so fast that poor Joe drops out of sight astern, and Claudia's face breaks into a wide smile. She settles comfortably back in her seat and begins humming a little tune and thinking, no doubt, about the wonderful welcome she'll get in movieland.

P-s-s-s-s-s-s-s!

Our right front tire goes perfectly flat with a startling silence and Claudia says something that it wouldn't do for me to repeat, but something very appropriate.

We are standing there looking at it when Joe drives up. "Ah, you see," he greets us. "This is just why I came along. Here is where little old McGish is a friend in need. Say, Claudia, you don't want to go so fast, though. You're apt to get taken by one of

these motorcycle bozos. I was gonna tell you."

Claudia looks at him as though he had chickenpox. "Kindly move on," she withers. "We are not looking for any help, thank you."

"Aw, listen," he protests. "Come off the tall horse. Where's the tools? I'll have it fixed in five minutes and then we can all be moving on again." And he starts to climb out of the Panhard.

"Joe McGish," storms Claudia, "I wouldn't let you fix this tire if I had to walk from here to Hollywood."

Joe stops short and a funny look comes over his face. Really, he is a lad that almost never gets mad but I can see a flush running up behind his ears this time, and suddenly he jerks back into his seat. "All right, then," he snaps, clashing his old gears. "Have it your way. But I'll bet you just the same I get to the coast ahead of you." And without another word he drives off.

"That was certainly intelligent of you," says I to Claudia. "I suppose you think the tire will fix itself."

"How was I to know he would take me up," is her unreasonable demand. "If he had been half a man he would have overlooked what I said. It's things like that that I don't like about Joe."

"One of these days," I tell her, "he's liable to pet you with an iron dumb-bell if you keep on handing him deals like this. And I'll be in the cheering section. Well, what are we going to do?"

You might know what would happen to Claudia. At that moment a truck pulls up behind us, and a perfect stranger spends the next quarter of an hour helping her out of her predicament, for which he is rewarded with one of her dazzling smiles. Then we resume our progress.

Claudia is spurred by her craving to overtake her challenger and we sail down the road like an X-ray, and my thought is that if McGish could be induced to be somewhere on the track, Claudia would win the races at Indianapolis any year. But this time her effort is wasted. We could of caught Joe in a toy cart.

AROUND the third corner we come upon him, or rather his vehicle. The monkey glands or whatever they attached to it to make it run must have collapsed at his rush for speed, because the old thing is lifeless, though emitting a faint haze of smoke and a strong smell of hot buggy, while our volunteer escort is represented by a pair of the most discouraged looking feet I ever saw, sticking out sadly from underneath.

Claudia manages to come to a stop a quarter of a mile past him and with a merciless glint in her eyes makes a big circle in the road and runs back. "Going to Hollywood, are you?" she calls under the car to him as she pulls up alongside. "Say, if you would have listened to me you wouldn't be in this predicament. You big, kind protector, you. Thanks for helping me out with the tire!"

Joe's muffled voice coming from down there is abject. "Honest, I'm sorry, Claudia," he says. "I lost my temper for a minute. I was just gonna come back to you when this happened."

"This is a good time to be sorry," she tells him. "Listen, why don't you buy a pair of crutches? They'll get you some place faster."

At that Joe struggles out from underneath and presents for our approval a face smeared with grease and dirt. "I'll have her fixed pretty soon," he says. "You girls just go on I'll catch up with you."

"Oh, we'll go on all right," snaps Claudia "but you won't catch up with us. I'm sorry. I haven't time, Mr. McGish, because really, I'd like to tow you some place and leave you across the railroad tracks. Well, good-by. You'll see me again, I hope, on the screen. Take my advice and go back to New York."

And that is the last, apparently, of the race. Without further ado we arrive at our destination for the night.

The scene next shifts, ducks and daddies, to a spot somewhere in Indiana, or is it Illinois? I can't remember. Anyway it is a spot, and a wet one at that. For, the third or fourth morning out, we wake in our hotel room to discover that the heavens are weeping, as the poet said. Indeed, they are crying out loud.

"Get up," snaps Claudia and she suited the action to the word by tearing the warmth right off me. "We should have started a half hour ago."

"You're getting to be a regular tourist," I complained. "Listen, Claudia, wouldn't this be a fine day to wash handkerchiefs?"

"You'll see plenty of blue skies when we get to California," is her dictum and in spite of my loud moans I find myself, after a hasty breakfast, seated beside her once more as she steers the nose of Ethelbert's perambulator into the downpour.

"We better stop somewhere and get an oar," I warn her, going into executive session with a box of chocolates and allowing my eyes to peer out at the dripping world as I settle down to a hard day's work as a passenger.

PERHAPS an hour has gone by, and I am in an uncomfortable coma when I feel Claudia and the brakes go into action together, and looking ahead see that the road is completely barricaded. "Bridge Out," a sign informs us. "Detour—"

Claudia peers in the direction of the arrow. "And they expect me to drive down that," she says.

"Oh, as far as they're concerned you can go back to the hotel and be comfortable," I suggest to her.

"I will not," she announces and with a lurch turns off the road and into this detour. Maybe it is a road. I don't know. All I can see is mud and water, but Claudia grits her teeth and barges ahead, slithering from one side to the other. The center of it, we discover, is not so bad, but the sides—well, the less said about them the better.

We have travelled about a mile in this manner and it is raining as hard as ever, when we come to a perfectly gigantic Cadillac sedan which is making no secret of the fact that the going has gotten the better of it. Its two right wheels are in the ditch and it is reclining at a really sickening angle.

"What a stupid place to park a car," emits Claudia irritably. "How, will you tell me, do they expect us to get by?" And before I can say anything she is sounding off on all three of the imported horns that our chariot is equipped with. "Get out of the way," she shrieks.

In answer a hand appears out of the door of the sedan, making gestures that can only be interpreted as, "Go back."

"Why is everybody so anxious to keep me from getting anywhere this morning?" is Claudia's irritated query.

I suppose you think there is a chance of her going back. Listen, anybody else, perhaps, but not Claudia. In an instant she is piloting our two ton toy toward the narrow margin of road that remains clear in front of us and after that things happen rapidly. She comes abreast the Cadillac, out of which are peering the faces of a simply stunning young man and a stormy-looking old matron with white hair, and as she does so we begin to go sideways into the opposite ditch. Claudia races the motor and twists the steering-wheel frantically, but there is nothing she can do. The Rolls-Royce sinks to rest in the mud like a hippopotamus coming home, with every intention, apparently, of staying there forever.

"Now see what you did?" says my friend very coldly to the young man who is watching us out of the open window of the Cadillac.

"You should have put on your chains," he tells her pleasantly enough.

"Is that so?" she replies. "Well, I wouldn't worry about them if I was you. Now that you've got me in here, what are you going to do about getting me out?"

He throws back his head for a good ten second laugh. "Is that fair?" he asks. "All right. I'll tell you what I'll do. Since I got you in here by telling you to keep away, suppose I try asking you to stay a while. Maybe that'll do some good."

Claudia looks at him scornfully.

"I really mean it," he goes on. "You see, I'm stuck here for the day myself, as far as I can see, and your company will make things a lot happier. We'll just have to wait until somebody comes along that we can send for help. Now what can we do to pass the time? Can you sing?"

"Harold," snaps the old lady from the back seat of the other car. "Stop joking."

He looks across at me and winks. Really, he is an awfully nice-looking chap. "If you want somebody to make a play for," I murmur to Claudia, "there's a lad to just suit you. Young, handsome, wealthy..."

"Humph," sniffs Claudia, "he's nothing but a chauffeur. No, thanks."

Those are her very words, so you can't say I didn't give her a fair chance. Not that it would have done her any good, because his preference, if I can judge by his glances in my direction, seems to be for brunettes. Anyway, Claudia and the old lady both sit there handing him poisonous looks, while he and I exchange sympathy in the form of subtle eyebrow work and what do I care whether he's a chauffeur or not. So for fifteen minutes, while the rain streams down and the muddy water seeps in to the floor boards on Claudia's side—that's how deep we are—we sit there, and she hoists her feet awkwardly up on the pedals and gets perfectly pale with peeve.

At last her face brightens. "I think I hear a car coming," she announces. True enough, through the back window can be seen the approach of a brand new flivver.

I didn't believe there was room enough between us and the Cadillac for anything to pass, but evidently this mudder knew better, for by an intricate piece of guidance he navigates into the gap with about an inch to spare on each side, and then and then only do we discover to our amazement that the daring pilot is none other than our friend Joe!

YES, it is Joe, simply swelling with pride not unmixed with triumph. "Hello, Claudia," he says, displaying his gold tooth as though he was meeting her casually on Forty-fifth Street.

"Joe!" I gasp. "Where did you get that thing? And what are you doing here?"

"American cars for me, every time," is Joe's proud statement. "Say, I got wise to that big pile of trouble of mine. I 'hadda' get towed in after you left, and you bet I lost no time in making a swap for something untemperamental. Boy, this here, now, is the apple of my and Henry's eye! I've found me an automobile and I've been after you ever since."

At that Claudia speaks up. "Well, put it and yourself to some use, then. Pull us out of here."

"Ha, ha, ha," is Joe's genial response. "Say, you might as well ask a Pomeranian to pull a canal-boat! No, baby, that's a little beyond 'We.' I will, however, be only too glad to give you a lift into the next village, where you can send a truck back after your plaything." And he



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flashes his gold tooth again. Honestly, it seems that Joe is feeling top-hole, as they say across the water. He seems just bubbling over with exuberance.

"Not today, thanks," is Claudia's icy response. "But if you don't pull us out of here, Joe McGish, you can certainly avoid my company in the future."

The old lady across the road, who has been an interested listener to all the foregoing, now pipes up. "You can take me to town, young man," she says.

"Me, too," adds her driver.

And suddenly I get disgusted with this boloney of Claudia's. "Me, too, Joe," I chime in and in a moment the three of us are scrambling to change cars. "You better come along, Claudia," I call to her as I clamber in beside Joe. "Don't be foolish, now."

"Leave her be," is Joe's advice. "I'll fix her. All right." And as soon as we are all set, without another word to her he gets his flimsy vehicle in motion and we jolt into progress down the road.

"Did you see this morning's paper?" is our rescuer's first query to me.

"No," I confess. "Why?"

"Our blonde friend is all over the front page," he confides with a chuckle.

"What?" I demand. "Claudia?"

"None other," says Joe. "It seems her friend Ethelbert has heard of her elopement with his car."

"Well, he naturally would sooner or later," says I. "In fact, I think she sent him a post-card after we started."

"Maybe his lawyer had something to do with it," says Joe. "I dunno. Anyway, there it is in the paper. 'Millionaire demands model return automobile to New York. Ethelbert Lytton in London, irate because she takes Rolls-Royce from state'."

"WELL," says I, shrugging my shoulders, "I guess he don't know Claudia. She'll never turn back."

"It's worse than that," Joe tells me. "It seems Ethelbert's lawyers have sent out blanket orders that the car is to be taken from her by the first policeman that spots it outside the state, and is to be returned to the big town at their expense. I believe they have even put up a reward. They give specific orders that she's not to be molested in any way, merely that the car is to be taken away from her."

"No foolin'?" is the only utterance I can think of. "Oh, Joe, she'll be fit to be manacled."

We reach pavement about this time and the going is less harrowing. "Now where can I take you, ma'am?" Joe asks the old lady in the back.

"The large house just as you come into town, thank you," she tells him.

"Haden't this young lady better wait with you, mother, while her friend and I go on and see about the motors?" says the young chap that has been giving me palpitation of the heart ever since I first set eyes on him. "Mother!" Didn't I have an inspiration he was no chauffeur! I turn and look at him and I'm not jesting when I tell you that what I see in his face is more than casual interest.

"Thanks, ever so much," I tell them gratefully, and so it is arranged.

It is two o'clock; the rain has stopped and the sun come out before I see the caravan coming down the road. The Rolls-Royce is being piloted by a large mid-western police officer; young Wynne is at the wheel of the Cadillac, and Claudia, sitting very straight and still, is beside Joe in the Ford. I go down to meet them and there is a pause while all our hand-bags are unloaded from our late conveyance and set down on the sidewalk. The cop then drives off with it. Mr. Wynne takes the Cadillac back of the house to their garage, and we

three principals, as you might say, face each other.

"Well," says Joe to Claudia, "you're in a jam now, ain't you?"

Her answer is complete silence.

"What are you going to do?" he demands. "Go back to New York, and get the raspberry?"

Claudia darts him an angry look. "I'm going to Hollywood," she repeats the words which seem to have become a slogan with her.

"Yes?" goes on Joe. "How are you going to get there?"

"None of your business," she snaps.

"IT IS too my business," he tells her in a tone that can only be denoted as one of mastery. "Listen, I've let you give me the run around long enough, but I ain't gonna let you make a zony of yourself any more, see. Or me either. If I was a revengeful guy, Claudia, this would be my night to howl, but I ain't. Now listen. You've always sneered at my gymnasium. Well, what you don't know, I guess, is that several of my best customers are movie actors from Hollywood, and they come in my place every time they're in town, see. And there's two or three of 'em have asked me why I never opened up a place out there, and told me if I ever did they would all come around and bring their friends. All right, now. If you think I'm going all the way out to that place for my health your hair's yellower than I thought it was. I'm goin' out there to make me a wad of money, and I'm the guy, baby, that can get you the straight entry right into the studios. Listen, do you know this name?"

He repeats the cognomen of one of the screen's host of famous directors. "Well, wait'll you see how he falls on my neck."

Claudia is looking at this newly masterful creature in front of her with her lower jaw hanging slightly ajar and a growing look of happiness in her eyes. "My goodness," I can almost feel her think, "and I almost lost him."

"I'm gonna take you to Hollywood," Joe tells her, "but first I'm gonna make you Mrs. McGish! Do you get me?"

And to my utter astonishment I hear the voice of my usually irascible friend, and it is a voice so little and meek that you would hardly know it. "All right, Joe," she agrees.

"And you're gonna make the trip in my Ford, and you're gonna like it," he goes on. "Ain't you?"

"Yes, Joe," says Claudia.

"That's what I've been waiting to hear," says Joe triumphantly but fondly nevertheless. "Now come here and kiss me."

And as they melt into each other's arms I know that Claudia has got what is good for her, a boss. Mr. Wynne comes up and sees them standing there and I move over to his side.

"They're going to be married," I tell him. "And what are you going to be?"

"Oh," I sigh, "goodness knows. Claudia's going on to Hollywood, but I guess I'll have to go back to New York."

"I wish you would," is his astonishing answer but on seeing my face he hastens to continue, "because I'm going back there myself in a day or two."

And so it all ends in a mist of romance. Mrs. Wynne, when she hears about Claudia and Joe insists on the wedding being performed right there in the house, and by scrambling like mad it is actually pulled off that very afternoon. Harold is best man; I am bridesmaid and it's not at all strange, is it, that when it is over and we are standing watching the Ford drive away into the setting sun he and I find each other holding hands.

Believe me, weddings are wonderful. I'm going to have one of my own.



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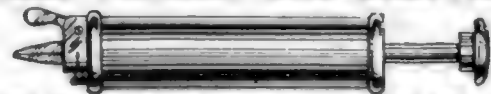
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Stop!

(Continued from page 50)

That is the ideal picture. But you ask me to turn my eyes for a moment to cases that are not ideal. We know that life today is strewn with the wreckage of hasty marriages that did not turn out that way. We must not shrink from looking at these cases. Every one represents a blasted hope. Every one is a tragedy of the might-have-been. Precious lives wasted! Precious happiness lost! Something good taken out of the world! Why do more and more marriages fail?

Most of them fail because they never stand for anything but unholy matrimony. They were based only upon sex-love, and when sex-love died, there was nothing left. If a man discovers the need of a true, high, and all-inclusive love, only after sex-love has turned to hate, the result is bound to be wreckage. He may go on, maintaining a relationship that has an outward sanction, but if to him, inwardly, it means only degradation, his marriage is only a legal prostitution. And he cannot achieve a fresh and honorable start without going through the bankruptcy court which is called divorce.

I KNOW of one couple who are today paying the price of a precipitate marriage. They were under age when they eloped, but they lied about their ages and got married. She was driven by a beautiful impulse; he, by a youthful, romantic desire. But they were, temperamentally, natural enemies. They had been brought up in different religions and when the inevitable reaction came, this difference in backgrounds was an added strain. They had no joint interests outside to ease them over the dull moments. She wouldn't take dull moments humorously; she wept over them. He wouldn't take them patiently; he raged over them. So he turned for awhile to other women as diversions; she turned to religion as a consolation. Now they are living apart. He has now fallen in love with another girl, who loves him, but his wife won't give him a divorce, because her faith is opposed to it. So he and his second lady are living together in a relationship that poisons the lives of all three.

Divorce is an evil thing but our laws make it still more evil by basing it upon criminal conspiracy and public disgrace. We cannot go on as we are, making quick and easy marriages, and difficult, dishonest divorces, based only upon collusion. Either we must have honestly granted divorces based upon the judgments of the persons chiefly involved, or we must have better-considered marriages.

Here is where I find myself in disagreement with Judge Lindsey. He believes in early marriages, and would rectify the inevitable mistakes of that policy, by making divorce easier. I believe in fewer as well as in more nearly honest divorces, and would assure them by discouraging early marriages.

If young people want to get married too soon, they will do it, anyway, no matter what we say. There is no need of our helping them to make impulsive choices by endorsing the chief cause of failure, the early marriage. I know a woman in New York who was married early enough to fit among Judge Lindsey's cases.—too early, certainly, to know her own mind. After she had brought several children into the world, and seen them well on the way to becoming problems to the community, she began to find her husband "cold." So, after some years of unhappy married life, borne with for the children's sake, she finally eloped with a somewhat younger man. Now you may say that if her marriage had been "companionate," that is to say, if there had been no children, the outcome would not have been so sad. But I ask you, who is to predict that a marriage is going to fail? Who should discourage people

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who love one another from having children. Having children may be the one thing they need to go on being in love!

I do not believe the remedy can be found in taking the ideals out of marriage. I believe in putting into it everything possible to make it binding, and to make it grow more satisfying to all that a man has in him. It is amazing to think of two people pretending to be in love and yet deliberately declining to have children for fear that they may fall out of love. I should say that any two persons who can be brought to that state of "enlightenment," could easily be persuaded not to marry at all just yet!

But, says Judge Lindsey, with the wise, emancipated youth of today, it is either a case of early marriage, or of early misconduct. Youth, in all times and in all countries, has always been the mating season. Early mating will continue, but changed economic conditions, he feels, make it necessary to change the rules of sanctioned mating, or we shall have mating without sanction.

SADLY, I confess, young people do think frankly of their biological functions more today than ever before. But I would not crowd them into indiscriminate marriage on that account. It seems to me a fair question to ask: When marriage is entered into for merely sexual reasons, is the motive any more moral than sex-gratification outside of marriage? I count all such relations as failures, whether sanctioned or not, because I would have the young person turn his sex-emotions to wholly different account. Consider what a misuse of a fine instinct is a too literal treatment of sex!

Sex is enormously important to life and work. Man is so richly endowed with sex that his very health depends upon his ability to sublimate most of it. It is like a Niagara, which should be in part diverted into the power houses. Youth is the time in which to turn most of the sex impulse into a career, or art, or physical competition. Sublimation is not an escape, not merely a pathetic way out of discomfort and disappointment; it is man's greatest force for achievement! If it is too early exploded in any kind of sex-marriage, sanctioned or not, the inspirational power of sex is lost.

A young chap whose family I know very well, has just committed suicide. In the circumstances, it is rather the finest thing he ever did. His father was a millionaire who was so used to commanding men that he thought he could command life. He carried his liquor well, and he managed his illicit love affairs with a finesse that kept them from becoming scandals. A late second marriage produced this son. Nothing was ever denied the boy. When he was sixteen, a million dollar trust was set aside for him.

The lad knew that whatever he did, he would be protected, both against the usual punishments, and against having to earn his own living. He therefore gave himself up to every immediate gratification. Everything his father did, he did, and sooner, with less caution and shrewdness. He soon ran through his allowance, and nearly all of the income from his trust fund was pledged for the payment of his debts. So he began forging checks, foreseeing that friends would step in to save him from serious trouble. But, in the long run, after dissolute habits and dishonesty had become part of his character, his friends had to turn him adrift, and his suicide was the logical finish.

The boy had some attractive qualities, and his father was a clever man who earned his great fortune by his ability. But the creed that says that every immediate appetite must be gratified, as if it were a law of being, disgraced the father and destroyed the son. What is the difference I ask myself, between the principle which underlies the proposals for sex-marriages, and the will-to-pleasure which ruined this family?

Young people think more of sex today than ever before because we do not permit them to think of anything else. And they think less of discovering their true, higher personality than ever before, because we do not permit them to get acquainted with themselves. The higher interests, for which the sex-impulses ought to be sublimated, have become more precious, precisely because it is so much more difficult to get a hearing for them in the frightfully exciting world of today. Everything conspires to keep the young person hypnotized with thoughts of pleasure, with stimulus to motion, with aspirations to possess mere things. He is constantly beset with suggestions from without; he has no time to discover that he has, inside of him, a sensitive and peculiar individuality, with needs of its own.

My friend Banks, which isn't his name, often comes to me to bewail the fact that he cannot do anything with his son. The boy is selfish and headstrong. He thinks of nothing but good times, and, at sixteen, he wants to do things which no boy of twenty-one would dare do in the old days. He cannot be kept at home, nor made to stay in school nor to hold on to a job. He takes his father's car without permission, and goes out on all-night-hip-flask parties. When the father remonstrates, the boy either jeers, or grows abusive and threatens to run away from home. There doesn't seem to be anything to do but beat him, or let him leave home, or wait until he lands in jail. The father shrinks from all of these courses as too hard-hearted.

He may be a weak and culpable father, but the truth is, the boy is being affected by some things that are out of the father's control. The world is too much for the modern parent. He expects the methods which got him through to have the same effect upon his son. And they do not work. What can a father do, I ask you, to keep his son in check, when all the boys he goes with taunt him with being a sissy if he listens to his father? They all give ample proof of having thrown off the parental yoke. It was easy enough in the old days to get away with discipline, when the other fellow's son was likely to be eating off the mantel-piece for smoking a cigarette and staying out after nine o'clock. But can a father make his son be the only boy in school who ever feels the rod? No true father wants to break his son's spirit. The thought always comes back to the man of conscience that the only discipline worth while is the desire, inside of the boy's heart, to do the right thing.

AND what are the chances, nowadays, of any discipline growing up from within? We are all confused and hurried. Modern life, in the big cities, at any rate, is a conspiracy to work psychological malpractice upon the individual. It is a conspiracy to keep people obsessed with sex, for commercial reasons. The theater, the newspaper, the motion picture, the shop selling women's clothes, all subtly play up the sex appeal, because this is the readiest way to get attention, and attention makes sales!

If we could only stop quietly, some time, to ask ourselves what it is we really want, but we are forever rushing in to change our clothes so that we can go somewhere else. People keep restlessly moving, by subway, by elevated, by taxi. The cop on the corner stands waving his arms wildly, to get people to move faster, so as not to hold up traffic! And, as we move, our mind is chiefly engrossed with the problem of safety, or of getting a seat, or of saving a minute by catching the express. The rest of our poor mind is appealed to by screaming subway advertisements, or by the newspapers we read while hanging on to a strap.

Everything that meets the eye urges us to possess more things, to dress ourselves up so as to exert more sex-appeal, and to buy something on credit in order to dazzle our neigh-

bor! Bang! Bang! Bang! Hour after hour these ideas impinge upon us, oceans of suggestion that will not let us think for ourselves, or grow naturally into any normal desire.

The young man often tries to keep his own personality, and fails. The ideas that reach him reach everybody else at the same time. If he tries to resist them, he finds himself engulfed by the great tide of human beings swept pell-mell in the same direction. It takes a great rebel to stand out against what all the rest of the world is doing. The young man is oppressed by a sense of his own unimportance, and his inability to resist the awful mass-pressure of his world. So he takes refuge from it by forming gangs of like-minded youths. But even that cannot help him. He finds he must mutiny in regiments and revolt according to pattern.

The first rebellion is always against parental authority, or its easily evaded substitute in the school. That never gets him anywhere because he always finds a greater tyrant outside. He finds a society that won't sell him what he wants, even if he has the taste to want the right things. He must still buy and do and think just what the crowd buys and does and thinks.

THE next rebellion is likely to take the form of experimenting with sex, doing whatever the world condemns as immoral. It may matter little for him that extra-marital relations injure innocent people and cause heart-breaks. But in the long run, the personal powers of the individual suffer. The sex-energies were formerly held in check by war and exercises for war, or by the more toilsome labor of plowing. Meanwhile, the young man had time to dream, to aspire, and to form plans for the future. But nowadays, the young rascal is too busy necking and petting. Sex-indulgence becomes less exciting after awhile, and must finally be stimulated by hot jazz, and peppy shows. It must be given the added excitement of alcohol. It must sometimes even be paid for afterwards with drugs.

There are some people, among them Judge Lindsey, who would attempt to remedy these evils with a new form of marriage, as a kind of cloak of respectability. I cannot just get whether they have in mind preserving the respectability of the young revolvers, or keeping up the quotations on marriage. But neither is helped. It is mere nonsense to tell wild young people, out for a never-ending round of swell times, that it will be all right if they will only pair up for some temporary kind of marriage, which they may break up whenever they want to. That won't save their energies for a well-balanced life.

Besides, in most cases, this phase of rebellion is temporary. A later revolt is still to come, a revolt that will break up any hasty companionate marriages thoughtlessly entered into. It is the rebellion of the adult person who has at last come to himself. He learns, finally, to reject the mass-suggestions of his fellow-citizens, who are still dominated by advertising and commercialized sex-appeal.

This is the time when a man learns to understand and value his own personality, and to sort out the best from the basely animal. He is now ready to make a true marriage, in which everything that should enter into the relationship will get consideration. He will think of the intellectual kinship, the interest of other people, the economics, as well as the mere sex-arrangement. If a man is

free then to enter such a marriage, it makes for his highest self-respect. But how sad for him if he makes this discovery of his own maturity only after he has yoked himself to an extravagant and disenchanting woman, who has become merely a reminder of the mistakes of his callow youth! That is why I am against proposals to encourage hasty marriages, with or without children.

But must we wait for youth to go through all of these rebellions before it discovers its own personality? I don't think so. We can do something to make our education fit the new world that has come into being.

We can educate the judgment, so that children can face all problems better, and we can give specific instruction, from the kindergarten up, in all phases of sex.

Education today does not help young people to see the whole picture. We have a ten-cent store system of education. Everything is put up in small cheap packages; the articles are not guaranteed to last; nothing is related to anything else. Youngsters are outfitted with snippets of useful education. That is to say they are given tools, but not taught artisanship. They are given drums and saxophones, but not taught music. They are given carfare, but no guidance as to where to go. So youth is not armed with the lessons of experience to use in meeting a situation which is more in need of the permanent truths than ever before.

We older people distrust the young only because we have learned to distrust ourselves. We know by what a narrow margin we hold our civilization, and we know what dark ages have come in the past when we lost that thin veneer of self-control which masks our animal instincts and cruelties. I doubt if those who would experiment with the institution of marriage realize that mankind has already tried everything which could be done to it. What we have represents the best experience of the race.

BEFORE the young person comes to the time of proposing to make experiments with sex-relations, he ought to be given enough information of the history of mating to be able to see the whole picture.

This kind of education should not stop with a history of what mankind has done with marriage and family life, but should include, or perhaps begin with, the story of what all forms of nature do about them. There is a world of thought to be had in a study of animal life. I'd have these things begin with the kindergarten, for that is the time when the boy and girl today begins to know more than he can organize without help. If the world is conspiring to make the child sex-conscious, it is up to the school system to keep pace with the new situation.

Judge Lindsey, I am sure, never encourages anything resembling a companionate marriage, until he has talked with the young people, and convinced himself that they really have ideals. He probably helps them see the picture. But he hasn't provided for such safeguards in what he publicly recommends to others. We can't always have Judge Lindsey around to talk with hasty youngsters, and without him, it seems to me, the system falls to the ground. We must therefore give more attention than he speaks of, to the ideals of marriage. If we can inculcate these, I think the young people themselves will hesitate to get married too soon.

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Is the Game Worth the Scandal?

(Continued from page 68)

in semidarkness. At the bottom we groped along a passageway. I heard him slip back two bolts and then we were challenged by two dark forms in the alleyway.

"It's Jay Kane," he whispered and the men stepped aside to let us pass.

In another few minutes we were through a back gate and out on the street where he signalled to a taxi. He opened the door, shoved me inside and slammed the door after giving the driver instructions I couldn't hear.

And then, despite my fight to keep them back, tears welled in my eyes; my nerves snapped and I became hysterical.

I caught a glimpse of Jay Kane's face and he was watching me with incredulous wonder as though he couldn't believe his eyes. Then I felt his arm slip about my shoulders and he gathered me close to him and my sobs turned to contented sighs.

I heard him saying, "It's all right now, all right." He was patting my shoulder like he would had I been a child. It angered me and I pushed him away.

At that he burst out laughing and yanked me back in his arms.

"I thought you were too hard-boiled to cry," he said.

"Oh, go jump in the lake," I answered and wished I had had enough sense to put a powder-puff in my pocket.

He laughed again and asked me where my own clothes were.

I was glad that he couldn't see me blush when I told him.

"Brainbridge must be a fine fellow to take you to such a place," he said.

"What about you? You were there," I answered.

"I went for a reason," he said.

"To find out how much money you could lose?" I asked.

"I won it all before I lost it," he assured me. "I heard the game was crooked and I went to find out. It was."

"Take off that beard, Sherlock Holmes," I mocked.

He didn't pay any attention to me but he did seem anxious to clear up any doubt in my mind that he had gone there deliberately to gamble.

"The place is run by a politician and it's crooked. We will try to close it up and connect him with it."

"Who is it?" I asked. He looked at me rather queerly. The cab stopped and I looked out of the window to see that he had brought me home.

"DON'T you know?" he asked. Something about his expression and his voice caught my attention and I waited for him to go on.

"In the future keep your clothes and keep out of there," he smiled. "You might have been down at police headquarters now. And that wouldn't look so nice in the morning papers."

"You were a darling to help me," I said, "but I would like you better if you wouldn't be so high and holy."

I put out my hand and smiled up into his eyes and then I felt his arms go about me again. His lips were touching mine and for the life of me I couldn't push him away.

When I got in the house and curled up in bed and the spell of his presence had been broken I laughed. I told myself that in the morning Jay Kane would be nothing more than a gay little adventure.

But he wasn't. When I awoke there was a new happiness in my heart that I couldn't understand and then everything came flashing back into my mind. My heart beat a little faster and it seemed as though the sun was shining as it had never shone before.

Dad was finishing breakfast when I went into the breakfast room and his face was like a thunder-cloud. I kissed him and he growled at me.

A little later I asked him if he had ever heard of a young lawyer named Jay Kane and he choked on his coffee.

"Why?" he barked.

"I just wondered," I answered. "I met him the other day and he told me he dabbled in politics a little."

Dad grunted and turned his paper.

I tried to see if there was any mention of the raid on the front page.

"Is there anything in the paper about the raid on the Colony Club last night?" I asked.

Dad's eyes narrowed to mere slits and he carefully laid his paper on the table.

"What do you know about the Colony Club?" he said.

"Why, nothing. I heard some one say there had been a raid there. That's all."

He regarded me for a moment before he left the room.

A half hour later I began thinking it all over and I remembered the curious expression on Jay's face when I asked him who ran the Colony Club. Then it all came to me.

Dad was the man Jay was after!

When I went to my room I found a check on my desk that dad had left and then I was more certain than ever. For the second time in a year I cried and I felt very much alone.

I didn't understand why I was crying at first but after a while I knew that it was because I was in love. The very thought of Jay started my heart pounding.

When he called me on the telephone at noon I giggled and stammered like a sixteen-year-old while I thanked him again for helping me the night before.

"Won't you come down and have luncheon with me tomorrow?" he asked.

Would I?

THE next month doesn't matter a great deal so far as my story is concerned but it mattered a great deal to me and to Jay.

Through it all there was always an oppressive feeling that my happiness was a thing of short duration, precariously insecure. I mentioned Jay and tried to discuss him with dad but he would only glower. And when I mentioned dad to Jay, the lines about his mouth would tighten and he remained silent.

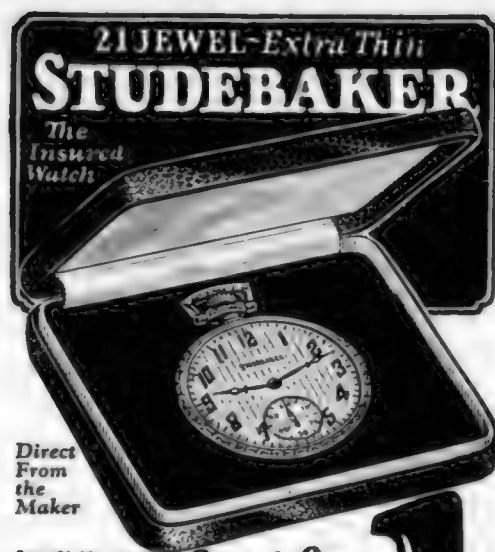
Within the next few weeks the political battle that was being waged became a personal feud between dad and Jay. Political cartoonists drew dad as the big boss and Jay as the young reformer come to slay him. Jay still refused to discuss any of it with me and when I went to dad and tried to draw him out, he would glower and pat my cheek and tell me to go play with my blocks.

When I asked dad if I might have Jay out for dinner some evening he burst into such a torrent of denunciation that it left me white-faced and trembling. And when he had finished talking he slipped into a chair and his face was suddenly old and lined and the expression in his eyes made me slip down at his feet and ask his forgiveness.

We didn't mention Jay's name again after that but I knew that dad knew how dearly I had come to love him.

As the fight moved towards a crisis I knew that the end would leave me with only one of them for the rest of my life unless I could hit upon some plan to prevent it.

It was in the middle of one of those awful nights of tossing and turning that the solution came to me. It was daybreak when I had completed my plan and fell asleep.



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The next morning I phoned Jay at his office and told him that he must come to the house to see me that evening. Of course he refused but I lied to him and said that dad would not be home. It was the night that dad and I always had dinner together.

He arrived while dad and I were sipping a cocktail before dinner. I met him at the door and led him into the drawing-room.

When he saw dad he whirled on me with accusing eyes. I stood my ground and refused to let him pass while dad spluttered and glowered trying to find suitable words to order him out of the house.

Finally I coaxed them into chairs. They sat with their lips firmly pressed together, uncompromising.

"You are the two dearest people in the world to me," I began. "My happiness must mean something to you—"

"Poppycock," dad burst out.

Jay leaped to his feet; his eyes blazed.

"Not even for you, Mary," he said to me.

"I'll see this thing through if it breaks me."

"I'll break you all right," dad thundered.

"I'll put you where you'll never start another of your blackmailing, libelous attacks."

With that Jay laughed and his eyes were scornful.

"Bluff," he said. "You know where you're going to stand when we finish with you. It is only my love and respect for your daughter—"

"Jay!" I implored but he kept on while dad bellowed at the same time.

"Listen to me," I said. "You're both going to stop. You're going to compromise on this thing and I'll tell you why. If you don't—and you both know that I have the courage to do what I say I'll do—I will give the newspapers a story that will take the fight out of both of you—"

Jay moved towards the door and I stepped in front of him.

"Wait Jay. Unless you both agree to withdraw the charges against one another and stop the muck-raking so that Jay and I can get married and the three of us can live together happily, I'll break both of your hearts."

"You're breaking mine now. One of you will come out of this fight covered with mud that won't come off. Well, I won't have it."

"Unless you do as I say I am going to climb down into the gutter beside you. I'll register in the cheapest hotel downtown and when newspaper men find me I'll be so tight they'll have to carry me away on a shutter. And if either of you try to keep it out of the papers I'll write my own story and sign it."

It seemed hours while they stood gazing into my eyes, thinking what I had said.

Then dad slipped down into a chair and buried his face in his hands and I knew that I had won with him. And when Jay took a step towards me I flew into his arms and we went over to stand beside dad.

When he looked up his face was old and drawn as though he had seen all of the horrors of life in the span of a few minutes.

Then he managed to smile. He got to his feet and put a hand on Jay's shoulder.

"She wins, son. I'll turn the reins over to you and you can run things the way you think they ought to be run."

"Why can't we all run them together?" I asked.

"Because," dad answered, "from what little I know about people you'd do all the running."

Which only goes to prove how little parents usually know about their children. Not that Jay is any cave man but when he makes up his mind, you can't move him with three sticks of dynamite and a derrick.

But if you want to know just how happy Jay and I have been for the past three years, since we were married, and how much we look forward to the glorious years that stretch out before us, ask dad. He knows.

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Go! It's Best to Marry Young

(Continued from page 51)

numerous affairs of the heart. Both the boy and the girl are getting a taste of emotional and social freedom, and by the time they decide to settle down and take a mate for life their reason for marrying is not as apt to be natural and honest.

But youth often blunders. A young girl in the throes of first love cannot believe and will not see that her emotions are but preparatory to the love that comes with satisfactory marriage. The intensity of first love is passing, but it can be given permanency by intensifying intellectual interests and maintaining sympathy, respect and affection and by maintaining what we psychologists call a positive attitude.

This brings to mind the case of a young wife who was on the point of leaving her husband when she came to me. She was pretty, clever, intelligent and was making twenty dollars a week more than her husband. Her work was interesting and unusually profitable.

Her husband was also young, easy going, popular, but decidedly not a go-getter. He seemed satisfied to dig along in his own mediocre job, letting his young wife carry the greater part of their economic burdens.

"Sometimes I despise him!" the young wife exclaimed. "Letting me pay most of the bills! I should think he'd be too humiliated to live!"

"You loved him once," I reminded her. "Oh, that!" she replied bitterly. "That was over long ago, although I was once a big enough fool to think it would last. Love surely is blind! Why, Dr. Baker, I thought Richard was perfect when I married him; it took marriage to show him up."

My job was to bring those two young people back into an attitude toward each other that would as nearly as possible recreate the emotional state they experienced when they gloriously trailed to the altar.

In this instance I was fortunate in finding them both agreeable to my plan.

IN WORKING with the young wife, I avoided any negative discussion of her husband's weak points although I did not ignore their existence because a defense of this kind would have set up within her a conflict and we should have been working against each other. We discussed other possible reasons for his indifferent tendencies. I found out what her husband's good points were and I dwelt upon them. He was tolerant, an entertaining companion, willing to accompany her wherever and whenever she wanted to go. He played the piano unusually well and never failed to praise a new dress or hat. Their sexual life was normal and satisfactory. "I guess that's all that has held us together," she admitted. By concentrating on these good points over a period of weeks, I gradually changed her negative attitude to a positive one.

With the husband it was more difficult. He resented his wife's work because he felt that it had changed her feelings toward him. She had no faith in his ability to get on in business and she accused him of being lazy.

For a long time that feeling of inferiority prevented his admission that his wife had even one good point. Finally he dug up two. Although she called him all sorts of things to his face, she was loyal to him behind his back. If they were divorced it would come as a great shock to everybody. That was admission number one, but I had to work hard to get it.

Number two tallied with one of his wife's positive attitudes; their sex relations were still the delightful rite they had always been. I had enough to start work on.

First, I had to change his attitude toward

her work. She was a designer of children's clothes, and aside from the good income she derived from it, the work itself was a joy to her. It was creative. It gave her an opportunity for self-expression.

But to the husband, her work was simply a means to an economic end. He had the usual Babbitt attitude that her work was a reflection upon him. Each pretty picture she drew paid a grocery or gas bill and brought its inevitable criticism of him. He came to feel that it was her work that stood between them and he hated it. It gave him an intense feeling of inferiority that devitalized and actually robbed him of the desire to get on for his own sake.

"What's the use?" he kept asking himself, and because he couldn't find an answer, he just drifted along with the tide. Before I had finished with him, he saw his wife's work for what it really was—something through which she was winning personal satisfaction, and only incidentally deriving an income.

HER loyalty scored a high point in her favor, although at first his attitude was so negative that he only grudgingly admitted this good quality. But the more I stressed loyalty in a wife, or in any living creature, the greater significance he came to attach to it. It appealed to his imagination. Who could fail to admire a girl who pretended to the world that her husband was all that she desired when in her own heart she felt he was a miserable weakling?

After a while they both found more and more nice things to say about each other; they recalled certain other qualities that had been overlooked or taken for granted. At the mere mention of anything disagreeable that might revive their dying antagonism, I would immediately shift the conversation into more positive channels.

The results have been surprisingly satisfactory. The husband has, of his own initiative, secured a better job and is showing a responsibility toward the economic side of their marriage that he never showed before. He has found a new faith in himself and more confidence in his own ability, and he has lost his antagonistic feeling toward his wife's work. I had a letter from the wife only a few weeks ago saying that they were both taking a short vacation and that they were exploring, like little children, hitherto unknown beauties in each other. "It has been a glorious experience," she wrote.

This method of changing a person's attitude works both ways.

Through concentrating on the negative side of an individual's character, it is actually possible for a psychologist to turn a love-sick girl from the object of her infatuation so that the thought of marriage is not only undesirable but actually repulsive.

I am thinking now of a most unusual case that was called to my attention by the family of a young girl. They were beside themselves with fear for her future and sanity. The girl held a fine position as private secretary to an important executive. To her business associates, she was a model young woman and her employer placed many confidential matters in her hands. Her business hours were long and the work was exacting, but for two years she had proved equal mentally and physically to the task.

Quite unexpectedly it came to the attention of her family that she was conducting herself outside office hours in a strange manner. She was seen to pick up men on street corners in the business district of the city and in the moving picture theaters.

She began to load her face with make-up. Her manner with her family became defiant and fault-finding. If questioned as to the change in her character she grew silent and stubbornly refused to discuss herself. She lost her position and her friends deserted her. When her family had exhausted every means in their power to arrive at an explanation they decided she was out of her mind. The day they sent for me she had locked herself in her room and for several hours had refused to eat. I stood between her and the private sanitarium to which they were thinking of having her committed.

IT WAS a love affair. The man was quite young and was engaged to one of her girl friends. He was a gay young Lothario and had found secret enjoyment in carrying on a triangular affair with the two girls. My young patient had found herself the victim of a burning infatuation. She believed him as perfect as the lily. She justified his deceit by telling herself that his kind nature and sense of honor were the things that made him stick to his promise to marry the other girl. She had not one negative thought against the boy.

He had tired at last of the three-cornered game and had told her so. He did not want his fiancée to learn the truth, so he said they must break, and he steadfastly refused to have anything more to do with her. As far as he was concerned it had been a passing fancy and he was through.

But the girl was unwilling to believe that. She thought she still had the power to stir him to great emotional depths, to hurt him, to make him sorry. So she changed from a gentle, sweet creature into a brazen little tough who picked up strange men, and she saw to it that he knew of her escapades.

That was the little story she told me of her distorted views, and that was the truth. No one else knew it. Only a miracle had saved her from physical harm. But when I came into the affair, the complex had a powerful hold. It had become a habit.

The principle back of breaking habits is to ignore them. The principle back of forming them is to give attention to and exercise them. In trying to break a habit you substitute another habit for the undesirable one. Sometimes it is difficult; the path may be worn too deeply. But in this case the path was not worn deeply; she had simply broken the trail.

There was only one thing to do, so I kept hammering ceaselessly but in a subtle manner at the negative side of the young man's character, dwelling suggestively on all his weakest points. Negative! Negative! Negative! I almost disliked the man myself. I pictured him as a rogue without one redeeming feature.

It was a tough battle, I can tell you, and it went on for weeks, but from one day when she missed her appointment, I saw unquestionable signs of improvement. Then she dropped me a note, telling me flatly that she was not coming to my office again because she feared if she saw me again she would change her mind about the man—and she didn't want to do that!

She was staying at a friend's house. She had left her people, thinking to hide away from me. Soon, however, she came again. The desire to achieve mental freedom brought her. We had a stormy interview during which she ran the gamut of human emotions. But in the end she wilted and said she never wanted to see him again.

Through friends of her family, I arranged a change of scene and work for her. The last thing she said to me was, "I don't see now how I could ever have thought I loved him."

That girl had been advised against marriage in an earlier love affair but she would have been saved much mental anguish had it occurred. And so might that vast array

of young people who are horrifying us older folks by their defiance of convention, and even decency. In my work I have come in contact with scores of young people who, driven by the sex urge, have gone so far that their parents are afraid they will go beyond the bounds of safe social conduct.

But do you know what I find?—and my findings should give new hope to those who believe the whole kit and boodle of young America is on the rocks. I find that the "wildness" in the "wild" ones is often a simple mask. They are trying to maintain a pose and a form of behavior that they believe is in keeping with the times and is considered desirable by their friends.

Of course there is a large group of young people who ought not to consider early marriage for the simple reason that they are not fitted for it. I refer to those girls and boys whose training at home has not given them a clear understanding of the need for adaptation in their relationships with other people. This includes the girls who are encouraged in a gay social life and do not know the meaning of economic pressure, and the boys who are given expensive automobiles and generous allowances as part of their college training. In them there is no self-reliance, and if there is one place where self-reliance is indispensable, it is in marriage.

How to give them this self-reliance? Work! That's the solution. And the more money they have or may inherit the more essential it is that they know how to work.

A young, harassed husband a few years ago brought to me his pretty doll-faced wife. From the expression on his face when he introduced us, I knew he was thinking, "For cat's sake her out and drown her or lose her or something."

"Something is wrong with our married life, doctor," he began, "and I don't know exactly what it is."

"BEFORE we were married, Mary spent her life dancing and going to bridge parties and teas. She was awfully popular and had lots of fellows. I was proud as Punch when she picked me from the lot, but her choice must have been wrong, or else she thought I was different from what I am. Now, if Mary wants a new dress and I say we can't afford it, she pouts."

Mary started to protest.

"Yes, you do!" he insisted. "And if she has to leave one of these pink teas before it's over to get my dinner, she acts like the world's most abused slave. I've tried to make her realize that there is a limit to how far a dollar will go, but she says that I know perfectly well she doesn't know or care a whoop about finances and that if I loved her I'd get the money somehow. I love her, yes! I guess we'd have busted up long ago if we didn't love each other so much. But when a man has talked himself black in the face explaining a thing to his wife and she can't or won't see, it's time to try something else. I'm going to leave you two alone and see if you can do anything with her."

I saw at a glance the unpleasant creature into which Mary had degenerated: whiny, unreliable, self-centered, the product of a wealthy home, the handiwork of an indulgent mother and father, yet she admitted that she craved her husband's love and respect, as well as freedom from her feeling of infantile dependence.

A year of office work before she married would have prevented such a situation. She would have had to train herself as a matter of routine to get up on time, dress neatly, be punctual, and give good service to her employer without expecting glowing praise for it. She would have been forced to fit her personality and whims into the personalities and whims of others. Not often would she have had her own sweet way.



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Although she didn't like the idea, I told her the first thing she must do was to get a position of some kind, and with the money she earned take over a certain amount of the household expenses.

She turned the searchlight on her own uselessness when she said, "But what can I do? I have never worked in my life."

I managed to get her a clerical position in the office of a banker friend where she would have to keep simple books and act as reception clerk. I explained the circumstances and he agreed to keep her if she were at all possible. I told the husband of my plan and he recognized the value in it.

At the end of two weeks my friend called me up:

"Say," he said, "I can't keep that girl. She can't add two and two and be sure it's right, and by the time she's brought a customer's name into my office, she's forgotten it. She's hopeless!"

BEING a good friend, he agreed to try it out for two weeks more, and I called the girl down to my office and told her she was lying down on the job.

I told her to go back to her job and that if, at the end of two weeks, she hadn't improved there was no help for her and I should have to tell her husband so.

"The first thing you know," I warned, "your husband is going to fall in love with some bright, efficient business girl and you won't have any right to complain."

I suggested to my friend that he give her more responsible work and impress her with its importance. "Give her something she'll be scared to fall down on," I said.

He told her that in the future she was to take orders over the phone from customers desiring to purchase stock. He told her of the large amount of money involved and of the seriousness of a mistake. He didn't tell her that he was listening in on another phone.

Confronted with an emergency like that, where it was a case of sink or swim, she rose to the situation, although she confessed to me later that she was sick with fear that her ears would trick her or her memory fail. And what was the result? When her period of probation was up, and I told her that I believed she was now fitted to handle her husband's money and run her house, she said she wasn't going to give up her work. She had found bigger thrills, stunner friends, and more pleasure in taking her place in the world as an actual working human being.

That was three years ago. A few weeks ago I received a card announcing the birth of a baby girl to that young couple. Later I saw the husband who said that a few years ago he would have been terrified at the prospect of turning a child of his over to the care of the helpless girl who was his wife. "Now," he said, "I am sure she will make an ideal mother, and you can be very certain that the little girl will be brought up in a way vastly different from that in which her mother was."

So you see, when I advise early marriage I am basing my advice on the assumption that the boy and girl have both been trained in self-reliance. The sooner two such young people marry, the better, because the younger they are the more easily and quickly they adapt themselves to the

new life. With age, people begin to lose their capacity for new experience. It becomes difficult to form new habits. They do not respond readily or happily to change.

Of course, youth and self-reliance are not positive insurance against unhappy marriage. Boys and girls should look further than each other's personality before they marry. Each should learn something about the family background of the other. If either comes from a family of neurotics they should realize that if they marry they may have to cope with a greater tendency to neuroticism in their children.

The girl who knows that the man she loves is in need of some sort of reformation, whether it is habits of living, habits of mind, intolerance, or an emotional fixation on his mother, and then proceeds to marry him in spite of it, should not be surprised if her married life becomes a round of sleepless nights and tearful days. It is not a question of how long they have known each other, but of how well they know each other and how much they have learned about each other.

There is no lovelier thing than young love and no more beautiful thing than harmony and romance at any age. But the fact remains that satisfactory and happy marriages are derived from three outstanding things:

First: Training from childhood in self-reliance and recognition of the rights of others.

Second: Early marriage, with moderation and birth control for both until safe within the bonds of matrimony. The quality we admire most in human beings is self-control and courage and in no way are they more brilliantly displayed than in the control of the sex impulse. To delay the gratification of this impulse too long dwarfs character, distorts emotion and brings about all sorts of physical and mental disorders. Hence the solution, early marriage.

Third: The realization that the first, blinding, ecstatic love will not and cannot last. By its very intensity, it burns itself out, so that unless sex is reinforced with other interests, sympathy, respect, gentle affection, and mutual intellectual interests, whether it be the desire to amass a fortune, build a little bungalow, rear a healthy family or encourage each other in the development and expression of self, there is nothing left to fall back on but the divorce courts. Thus, even though the sexual impulse may be relatively strong in the earlier years, it must be reinforced by other interests and gradually replaced with bonds that insure an enduring affection.

AND so I say, marry early and marry for love. Even though the original thrill cannot last, the sentiment will remain with you if you maintain a positive attitude toward each other. There are many definitions of love, but there is none more nearly true than that love is a powerful sentiment which is awakened when a positive image or ideal that may have been in the building for years or months, becomes associated with another individual.

You look at the virtue and beauty and nobility in the one you love through the large end of the telescope and that is as it should be. When marriage fails, it simply means that you have turned the telescope and are looking through the small end.

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What No Man Understands

(Continued from page 55)

"It's been good seeing you. Come up to the house when you can. You know Constance is fond of you."

"And I am fond of her. Give her my love. And take good care of her. By the way, you spoke of having landed some big business, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"I congratulate you. I need hardly tell you that after you have landed a job, you cannot afford to neglect it."

Richard Paxton looked at his companion wonderingly. Was he getting childish in his old age?

"Well, hardly!" he exclaimed. "When I get a good thing, I take care of it."

"That's a good rule, Dick. In business, and in love one cannot afford to take too much for granted. The most precious things need attention. Good-by, my lad!"

Dick walked on musingly. There had been a look in his elderly friend's eyes that made him vaguely uncomfortable, a look that was almost like an accusation. What had it meant?

He reviewed their conversation. Staunton had spoken of business and love requiring attention. Nobody could ever accuse him, Richard Paxton, of neglecting business. And of course he had never neglected the woman he loved. Constance would laugh at the suggestion.

Would she?

She had seemed hurt because he could not be at home for dinner tonight. Surely she ought to understand.

Staunton was getting old. Otherwise he would not have considered it necessary to tell any man not to take his business and his love for granted. Staunton was fond of Constance so there was some excuse for his being a bit foolish about her and asking the husband if he told his wife that she was pretty. Staunton had said that Constance was looking especially pretty when he met her this noon.

Where did he say he had seen her? Oh, yes, at the Astor. Dick recalled that Constance had said something about lunching there today with Norton Hastings. So that was where Staunton had seen Hastings. He had been with Constance.

Well, what of it? Surely Connie had a right to lunch with whom she liked. And her husband had a right to let her do so! And why need he tell her that she was pretty? She knew that already. There were also an abundance of friends to remind her of this fact.

Norton Hastings reminded her of it, perhaps.

DICK kept his business engagement and discussed the important affairs he had on hand until long past his own dinner hour. Then he decided to dine at his club.

He was conscious of a sensation of vague discomfort when two men commented within his hearing on the speech that Norton Hastings had made at the trial which ended yesterday.

"He's a clever chap all right," one of them remarked, "even if his methods are not always quite on the square."

His companion's glance in Richard Paxton's direction did not escape the object of the unspoken warning.

Why should anyone hesitate to discuss Hastings' methods and morals in his presence? Even though Richard knew the man, he did not know him intimately enough to take up cudgels in his behalf.

Perhaps Hastings was known as a friend of his wife's. Paxton almost wished that Constance had not been seen in public quite

so much with Norton Hastings. Perhaps it would be well to speak to her about it.

It was after dinner that the unformed suspicions that stirred in Dick's mind took a definite shape. He was in the smoking-room and had seated himself in a high-backed leather chair in a bay window. He wanted to rest and have a quiet smoke before going on uptown. Now that the big business matter that had occupied him for so many weeks was actually settled, he felt very tired.

The portière back of his chair concealed him from the two men who, an hour ago, had mentioned Hastings in his presence. They had just come into the smoking-room and stood within earshot of Richard Paxton.

THEY were talking politics and Dick paid no heed to them. He was in a kind of waking dream when he heard his own name.

"That's why I looked at you when you started to criticize Hastings," one man was saying. "Either Paxton does not know the stories about the man, or he doesn't care what kind of fellow his wife runs around with. I have seen him with her twice lately."

"She's a pretty woman, all right."

"Indeed she is, too pretty to have a husband who has no time to spend with her. It's hard on her."

"But it's easy on the other man," the second speaker said.

"Yes, and I wonder that her husband doesn't—"

Then they passed on out of hearing.

Richard Paxton walked home from his club that night so that he might have time to think.

He had neglected his wife; he had taken her for granted. That was what Staunton meant.

What was it that Constance had said this morning? Oh yes, that she had had to entertain all winter without him, and that it "looked queer." He had laughed at that and said that it made no difference what other people thought. Constance had seemed hurt by his attitude, yet when he had told her to go ahead and have a good time, she had said almost defiantly that she would.

Perhaps she had been conscious of what people were saying.

But no, she could not know! Had she suspected that, she would not have accepted Norton Hastings's attentions.

Richard Paxton felt his anger rising as he thought of Hastings. He ought to have avoided giving cause for gossip, ought to have protected a married woman against it.

Dick hailed a passing cab. He was in a hurry to reach home.

Just outside of the apartment house in which he lived he met Mr. and Mrs. Morgan.

"Oh, are you leaving already?" he exclaimed. "Why, I am just coming in!"

"Yes, and we were so sorry to miss you from the delightful dinner," Mrs. Morgan said. "Your wife explained that business was detaining you."

"Can't I persuade you to come back upstairs with me?" Richard asked.

"We left Mrs. Paxton in good company," Mr. Morgan remarked. "Hastings is with her."

"I bet he is," Richard Paxton muttered to himself.

When the elevator had left him at his own apartment, he fitted his key noisily in the door. For some reason he wanted Constance to know he was there.

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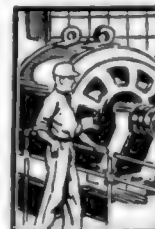
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Norton Hastings and Constance Paxton were standing in the foyer hall. The man had his overcoat on. He had evidently been saying good-by. He turned towards the newcomer with the little laugh that Richard detested.

"Ah, I am fortunate not to have gone without the pleasure of seeing you, Paxton," the lawyer said. "We missed you tonight."

"Dick, I am glad you've come," she murmured.

"I am just leaving," Hastings went on. Richard had never noticed before what an air of self-assurance the fellow had. "Your wife has given me a lovely little celebration of my rather insignificant victory in court yesterday."

RICHARD spoke quickly. "Yes, I know of it and I congratulate you. I have heard it mentioned several times today."

"Ah? It is kind of you to tell me so, I am sure. And now, good night."

He held his hand out to Constance but she avoided his admiring gaze. She was very pretty tonight her husband noticed. Her little nervous manner made her seem more childish than usual.

He accompanied the guest to the elevator. "Good night," Constance heard him say, "and again my congratulations on your victory."

Then Richard Paxton closed the front door of his apartment and strode back to where his wife was still standing. Her fingers were interlocked; her eyes searched his face.

"Listen," the husband said, and laid a strong arm on her arm. "if that man ever dares to pay you attention again, by God! I'll break his damned neck for him!"

"Dick! Dick!" His wife exclaimed; her eyes were wide with incredulity; her breath was coming fast. "Dick! Do you mean that, dear, do you mean it?"

"Mean it," he repeated. "Mean it! Good Lord, can't you see that I mean it! I tell you—"

But he got no further for with a little cry of joy his wife threw her arms about his neck.

"Oh, darling Dick, I am so glad! I do

love you! But I thought you didn't care!" He held her close to him and kissed her. "Poor little girl," he said after a while, "didn't you know that I have been loving you every minute, even though I have not said it?"

He was sitting in a big chair and she was on his lap.

She nodded, then shook her head. "Many times I have known it, but lately I have not realized it. I mean I did not realize it until just now. Why, darling, you were magnificent!"

Later she listened while he told her that at last he had brought to a successful culmination the business matter to which he had given so much time all these months. Hereafter he would be at home more, would entertain with her now that he had put across this big deal.

She smiled happily. After a long silence she drew a deep breath of satisfaction.

"How wonderful you are, Dick," she sighed.

"Why, no, I am not," he disclaimed. "I did not take genius to manage that job but it did take thought and tact."

"Oh, I was not thinking of the job," his wife explained, "although I suppose that was a good bit of work."

"What were you thinking of?" he asked.

"Of how you swore about Norton Hastings and how it made me love you more than ever! Oh, Dick, please always call me like that!"

"I always have cared," he protested.

"But you showed it tonight," she insisted.

"And, Dick, you showed it at just the right time."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, never mind!" she murmured.

He regarded her. He was silent for so long that it was her turn to inquire what he was thinking of.

"Of how you called me down once for profanity and said you hated it," he replied.

"That was different," she declared.

"Why?"

"Because it was," was the illogical assertion. "A man can't understand, Dick."

"Why?" he asked again.

"Because he is a man!"

One Day In All The Years

(Continued from page 49)

of you as the loveliest girl in all the world. I was almost afraid to look at you but Doris, you are even more beautiful than ever." He looked down into my eyes.

"And you will be married at St. Thomas in a few months' time and be Mrs. Theodore Butler with apartments in the Park Lane."

"How did you know that we were to live at the Park Lane?"

"You may have forgotten me," he said, "but you have never been out of my mind since the day I first met you. I have read about you in the society columns constantly. When I read about your engagement I hoped he might be worthy of you."

I felt I had been disloyal to my fiancé. "Theo is simply wonderful," I exclaimed.

"I hope you are right and I am wrong in our estimation of him. Doris, I didn't come down from northern China to talk about Butler. I didn't even come down to feast my eyes on you. I should suffer less in the future if I weren't talking to you now."

I wondered what he could mean. There was something very serious in his manner, something that troubled him. And it had to do with me. Garry had always been truthful. Instinctively people trusted him.

"You came specially down from northern China to see me?"

"Yes. You'll probably think me a fool. There may be nothing in it but I couldn't afford to take a chance on that."

Just then Garry gave an exclamation of annoyance and frowned.

"Mr. Butler is looking for you," he said.

"I must talk to you soon about what brought me here. Doris, it's very important; it may be a matter of life and death. I'll wait for you here at ten tonight. Tell them you have turned in. Will you? Please, Doris."

I thought of mother and I thought of Theodore. It would be hard to evade mother and Theo would get so jealous. He would find out that Garry and I had known one another years ago or he would think we were starting a shipboard flirtation and there would be a tremendous quarrel. Was it worth while?

"I don't think I'd better," I said. "Theo is so jealous and he's so big and strong." I saw him striding toward us and I knew he was angry. Garry looked, and then turned again to me.

"Your lord is raging," he said. "Protect me from his wrath. I am fifty pounds lighter and of no importance socially. All the same I shall wait for you at ten."

"Who is this man?" Theo demanded a second later. He glared at Garry. They

were much of a height I noticed. It was Theo's high shoulders that made him seem taller when they were not side by side.

I introduced them. Theo hardly bowed. He put his arm in mine and held me tight. I couldn't take my arm away without a struggle and I didn't want Garry to see that so I smiled at Theo as though I were glad to see him.

"This is the first-class deck," Theo said. "May I ask if you are a saloon passenger?"

"I am travelling second-class," Garry answered.

"Your friend," Theo said to me, "hasn't any right to be here. I'll have him thrown out. He is probably travelling steerage by his looks."

Garry didn't answer. He looked amused. I could feel Theo trembling with rage.

WHEN we were out of ear-shot I said, "Theo, I think you behaved abominably. I'm ashamed of you."

"Not more than I am of you. That's the derelict that was staring up at you when you had the nerve to ask if I knew him. As if I would know anyone like that! I expect my wife—"

"I'm not your wife yet," I said.

"We won't quarrel," he said at last.

"We have," I retorted. I could see that he was surprised at this answer. Theodore Butler was thirty, very rich and women had made a great deal of him. Dad wasn't a wealthy man and it had been Theo's experience that a girl who wanted to make a good match would stand for almost anything. I went into my stateroom and stayed there until dinner. Although Theo begged me, and seemed surprised when I refused, I wouldn't go out on deck afterward. I played accompaniments while the first officer sang. Then I yawned, said I was tired, and went, as Theo supposed, to bed.

Upon deck Garry was waiting for me. "I thought you'd come," he said.

I made my way to some deck chairs in the shadow. I didn't want Theo to find me if he strolled up and down the deck.

"I ought not to be here with you," I told Garry when I was safely in the chair, "but there are one or two things I want to tell you. I'm not going to meet you again because I'm engaged to Mr. Butler and it isn't playing fair with him to come out here like this."

I thought Garry's tones were bitter. "I wish you had always been so loyal," he said. "When I was twenty-one I loved a girl who wore another man's flowers to a dance because she knew it would hurt me."

"I was young and silly then," I admitted, "and, after all, it wasn't a real engagement." I thought of the time when Garry and I used to meet and how sweet it had seemed then. Mother made dad break off our friendship because she hadn't thought Garry would ever make money. And from the look of things mother had been right.

It would never do to let Garry know how miserable I had been when he went away. Garry had been the first boy I had ever been really crazy about. I sat there by his side and tried to make myself imagine that it had been simply a girl and boy affair that didn't count. I wasn't as successful as I thought I should be.

"I used to think your father liked me and he said if I loved you I would prove it by making money."

"My dear Garry," I said, "romance is all very well but how long does it last if there's no money to oil the wheels?"

"It's horrible to hear you talk like that," he cried. "How different you used to be. Dorie, I used to think you loved me and now you say you were merely an incomparable actress."

I felt that wasn't fair. I had loved him but it was just as well not to think too much about those days. I was surprised

when I heard him laughing. No woman likes a man to get over those first days of love no matter how thoroughly she is cured. I asked him what amused him.

"Life," he said. "The way things turn out. I took your father's advice and made money. Dorie, I'm a rich man."

He seemed to sense that I remembered he was travelling in the second cabin and wore unpressed clothes.

"I had to come second cabin or not at all," he explained. "If second-class had been filled, as the first was, I'd have come steerage. I've made enough money in oil to satisfy even your mother. And the tragedy is I believe you cared for me."

I tried to make him think I was heartless and thoroughly satisfied with the way things had turned out. It was true that I had learned a lot about life since I had known Theo. I had seen my girl friends start out so well with love and trust and come to shipwreck because there was no money. I had honestly believed that Garry was not the type to make money. I had thought of Theo's money and the luxuries he could give me and I hadn't as much difficulty in seeming cynical.

"I probably did care for you, then, but it never was serious. I thought you had forgotten me long ago."

"I wish I could," he said. "I shall try and forget the hard, cynical, disillusioned Doris and remember her as she was."

"Dear, sentimental Garry," I laughed. "Was there really anything more than just to see me that you came from North China?"

"There was a Russian woman in Peking," he said, "who had great psychic gifts. You may not believe in them. I'm not always sure that I do."

"She told you about me?" I demanded. I was interested. Garry had always been unusual, studying queer subjects but I should never have thought him ready to listen to a fortune-teller.

"She described you exactly and said I should find you on a ship bound for Yokohama. She described your Mr. Theodore Butler but not exactly as you would have described him. The Princess was not complimentary."

"Probably a faker," I said.

"I hope to God she is," he cried.

"What do you mean?" I demanded.

"Simply this, Dorie, if she is a faker her prophecies are valueless."

"What did she say?" There was something in Garry's voice that told me he was frightened at what he had heard.

"She asked me if I loved you. I told her the truth, Dorie, that I shall never love anyone else. I would not tell you this if I didn't want you to believe in the Princess. She said you were in great peril."

"**W**HAT nonsense!" I said. But, secretly, I was rather frightened. I had heard of strange things that some people were able to see and prophesy.

"I hope it is," Garry said. "She said, too, that the people with you, a woman and two men, would not be able to help you. One would be ill. That, of course, was your father."

"I should be perfectly safe with Theo," I said. "He is so strong and fearless."

"Perhaps," Garry agreed, "but the Princess said that if you were to be helped I was the one to do it."

"What a convenient fortune-teller," I laughed. "I hope you crossed her palm with gold."

"You have the wrong idea of her. She was a great lady, not the sort to be tipped. All the same I hope she was telling me all wrong."

"You don't seem to like the idea of helping me."

"How unfair of you," Garry sighed. I

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felt he was holding something back. I had come out to see Garry to tell him there wasn't a chance of reviving the old affair and here I was getting terribly frightened at what he said and feeling even more scared at what he didn't say.

"My dear, I see very well that in the old days I deceived myself," he said. "I don't blame you. I was drunk with youth and your beauty. I was not myself. I should not have blamed you. One can't compel love. The opportunity to help you is the most precious thing in the world to me. I welcome it but I dread it because if there is danger, you will be involved." "What danger could there be?" I demanded.

"DORIE, I don't know. Perhaps none, but when the Princess told me of it I felt absolutely certain that it would come. I want you to remember that if it comes I shall be at your side."

I did not tell him again since he was so much in earnest and so sweet about helping me, that in time of danger it would be Theo who would stand at my side.

"I shall not come up on this forbidden deck again," he said when I had risen to my feet. "I belong, as your fiancé pointed out so kindly, with the lesser folk." He did not even take my hand. "If what the Princess told me proves wrong, you won't see me again but you'll always have a man who loves you and wishes you the best of everything. If there is trouble aboard, I shall be there."

I hesitated a moment. I felt that I was afraid to know more of what the Russian aristocrat had said in case it were tragic. While I didn't actually believe in fortunetelling and astrology, it had the power to scare me.

"Did she say how it would end?" "You wouldn't believe if I told you," Garry answered.

"Did it end happily?" "There are two ways of defining happiness, yours and mine."

That was all Garry would tell me. When I reached my stateroom, mother came in.

"You've been seeing that man," she began.

I told her that I had said we mustn't meet again.

"I'm glad you had sense enough for that," she snapped.

"I'm not sure that I am," I said. "Do all women stifle the best in them for worldly success?"

How young and unsophisticated you are," mother said. She seized my hand and pointed out the blazing emerald that Theo had given me as an engagement ring.

"Could Garry have given you that?" she said.

I didn't answer her. I wondered if all women were punished when they turned aside from romance by becoming hard and material like my mother, who measured love in terms of precious gems.

"I had to tell Theo you had a bad headache and couldn't be disturbed. I hope you didn't run across him on deck?"

"I didn't see him," I said. I wanted to make mother uneasy. "But I was so much engrossed with Garry I didn't notice anyone. Very likely Theo saw us; he doesn't miss much."

"Nor do I when I'm well," mother snapped, "but I feel all the symptoms coming on. It's getting rougher; this boat is rolling. I shall have to trust you to remember that if you lose Theo you'll never have such another chance. You're almost twenty-three and you're the sort of golden blonde who doesn't last."

"Dear mother," I gibed, "how I have enjoyed this little intimate talk! I am not going to see Garry again, if that will satisfy

you unless we run into danger on the voyage."

"Danger?" mother cried. "What danger do you mean?"

"I don't know," I confess. "Ask Garry, he knows."

"As soon as I stepped on this cranky old tub," mother declared, "I knew something dreadful would happen and if Theo hadn't said we couldn't run into a storm I should have been frightened to death." Mother shuddered. "And did you ever see such a gang of criminals as those awful men on the lower deck? I'd be afraid to go near them but Garry seemed quite at home. Now, Dorie, don't forget that I trust you." Poor mother had to hurry away. The ship was beginning to pitch as well as roll.

Next morning I went out on deck early. I had never seen such a curious sky, all sulphur-yellow with bands of greenish black. There was not a breath of wind and I had the sort of headache I used to get when thunder was in the air at home.

"It's nothing," Theo answered when I said it felt like a storm. "Although we are in the region of the circular storms they are over for the season. Ah, skipper," he called out as an old grizzled man hurried by. "How's the barometer?"

"She's going down," said the captain, "and I don't like it a little bit."

Theo looked at his retreating figure. "Darned old liar," he said. "I distinctly asked if there was any danger before I booked our passage and now he says the glass is going down." Theo's manner changed. "I'm not worried for myself. I enjoy a good storm. I'm thinking of you."

"I've never been in one," I said. "It would be an experience."

"You don't know what you are talking about," Theo said in an annoyed tone. He left me without a word and accosted one of the deck-hands. He came back to me frowning. "That man says every so often they do get a late typhoon and then it's a bad one."

I wondered just for a moment if Theo could be afraid. I think he must have sensed this for he immediately said it was on account of father that he was worrying. It might be dangerous for him so soon after his operation. I thought it was sweet of him to worry so when most men wouldn't give the matter a thought.

"I can feel a breeze," I cried. After the stifling heat it was welcome. "How dark it's getting. Let's go forward and get all the wind there is."

"I DON'T like this darkness," Theo said. "Those deck passengers don't like it either." I could hear them muttering loudly down below. I noticed, too, that the ship's officers were suddenly very busy, and sailors were lashing all movable things fast. I did not understand the reason but I knew that something unusual was happening. Theo rushed off to the quartermaster and his voice was trembling when he came back to me.

"A typhoon's coming," he said. "Good heavens, Dorie, we may all be drowned. This is the most dangerous bit of sea in the world. They had no right to tell me there was no risk."

Almost as he spoke the darkness became more intense and the cries from the men on the deck below grew louder. The wind rose and great waves swept the lower deck. Like monkeys, the swarthy, fierce-eyed men clambered up to our deck. They were making for the boat. The soldiers tried to beat them back and I heard an officer shouting that it was impossible to launch boats in such a sea as this. But the men, perhaps because they did not understand the sailors' warnings, pushed on.

Knives flashed, men shrieked, women screamed and I, who had wanted to see a storm just for the experience of it, beheld

murder. I saw boats launched by these crazed passengers drop straight from the davits into what seemed a boiling ocean. Some of these men from the lower decks began to loot. In another minute officers, with drawn revolvers, guarded each doorway.

In the excitement I lost Theo. Then I heard his voice high over other voices. I thought he might be trying to help the officers keep the looters back. I thought perhaps he had gone to see if my parents needed his protection. I thrilled to think of his bravery. Poor mother and dad! I could be of no help to them so I stayed where I was, trembling and scared.

THEN I learned the truth. In that awful moment, when I believed death was at hand, the most vivid, agonizing thing I had to face was the knowledge that Theo was a coward. He was not helping the sailors to keep the mob back! He had not gone to help mother and dad! The big, strong, handsome man I had idealized, was a cringing, imploring thing begging to be taken into a boat that was being launched. I saw him shoved back by crazed men—struck, threatened, and he made no answering gesture of anger!

I looked about for Garry. I realized suddenly that of all people in the world, I wanted him most. I felt weak. I was of no use to anyone. I was not allowed to go below so there was nothing I could do for my parents. Then I saw Garry coming toward me.

"The boats are useless," he said, "but there are some rafts astern. Hold on to me."

How we managed to get to the extreme stern of the pitching boat I don't know, but after an incredibly long time we did get there. All the rafts had been cut adrift. Here we were at the stern of the pitching vessel alone in a world of our own. Garry seemed to know just what to do. He dragged me to the one spot that was partly protected from the wind.

"We're safe here," he said. "If she sinks she'll go down by the head."

"You don't seem frightened," I said and thought of Theo.

"My dear," he said tenderly, "can't you understand that this is my hour, the hour I never thought to see?"

"One day in all the years."

"One hour in that day."

How cold your hands are." He kissed them. "Darling are you afraid?"

"Yes," I admitted, "but not so much now that I'm with you, Garry. Theo was—" I stopped. I did not want to bring that scene back to my mind.

"I know," he said, "I saw him. It wasn't his fault. So many men are not brave in moments like these."

I wondered how I, who had never been courageous, could sit still in this dreadful storm with Garry's arms about me and mine about him, and not be panic stricken. "Is there any hope?" I asked him.

"While she's afloat there's hope," he answered but I could feel that he was just trying to reassure me. "What boats were not launched and sunk, have been battered in. I'm afraid this tub has sprung a few leaks."

Then I remembered that this blackness was not night but day. Presently the real night would descend. I knew that would be the end. How curious it was, I reflected, that a great disaster like this had been needed to make me realize Garry was the man I loved. And for my sake he had

come willingly to his death. How small everything seemed now except love. I had always been such a coward and now I was no longer afraid. The things I had set so much store on were silly and worthless.

"Hold me tight, Garry," I whispered. "I am not afraid but I am very, very tired."

Whether I slept from extreme weariness or whether I fainted, I don't know but when I was next aware of anything the storm had passed and I was lying on a bench in the main saloon. Mother was at my side. Beside me, dad was facing Theo. Behind them, in the background, stood Garry looking very drawn and tired.

Theo's face was badly cut and one eye was black. When I suddenly sat up whatever conversation had been in progress was stopped by the fuss mother and dad made over me. I could not at first understand why Theo didn't say anything or why Garry only looked at me with eager, questioning eyes.

It seems I had slept for hours. The vessel was broken down in mid-ocean with half her passengers lost and two of the officers washed overboard.

Dad called to the man in the background. "Come here, Garry," he said. "Mr. Butler has asked the captain to put you in irons for a brutal and unprovoked assault on him. The skipper has enough to worry about as it is and since two of his officers are lost he asked me to look after the matter. What about it?"

"Well," Garry answered, "what about it? I hit him two or three cracks as he was fighting his way through a mob of women trying to get into a boat."

Dad's voice changed. "Boy," he said, "I know you did. I saw you handle him and it did me good. Why did you let him off so light?"

"I hadn't time," Garry said. "I was looking for your daughter."

"I don't think Mr. Butler need stay any longer," Dad said. "I will report to the captain."

Theo slunk out of the cabin and not even mother tried to comfort him. She had seen her defeat and had no spirit left to fight.

I KNEW very well why Garry still kept away from me. He was wondering whether I was the same girl now when danger was past as I had been when I thought death was at hand. It was just like Garry not to take an advantage. The first overture would have to come from me so I called, "Garry, come here."

Garry knelt down beside me, and looked into my eyes for a moment before he put his arms around me.

"Dorie," he said, "you mustn't make any mistakes this time. I couldn't bear it again."

"Darling," I murmured, "if you don't have me I shan't have anything worth while in life." I knew then that he had forgiven me for my disloyalty. I wondered in that moment how he could be sure of one who had broken faith with him once as I had but on his face there was only love and triumph.

"Dorie," he whispered, "that Russian woman said there was great peril ahead for us but that if we survived this typhoon there would be no more storms."

When we went out of the saloon together the sun was shining through the port-holes and the battered ship was resting on a tranquil sea. I knew that I, too, bruised a little perhaps, but unhurt, had only peace ahead of me.



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